

VOL. XXI. (XL.)  
1880.

[THIRD SERIES.]

NO. LXXXI. (CXCIV.)  
SEPTEMBER.

# THE MONTH

AND

*Catholic Review.*



LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BURNS AND OATES.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON; M. H. GILL AND SON.

GLASGOW: H. MARGEY. PARIS: A. XAVIER.

BALTIMORE: JOHN B. PIET. NEW YORK: P. O'SHEA.

NEW YORK AND MONTREAL: D. AND J. SADLIER.

---

Price Half-a-Crown.

*All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.*

**TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MONTH AND  
CATHOLIC REVIEW.**

THE Subscription to *The Month and Catholic Review* for all countries included in the Postal Union is the same as in England and Ireland, *i.e.* 30/- a year *paid in advance*. Foreign Subscribers can receive the numbers at this rate by sending their addresses and subscriptions to the Office, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square. Cheques to be drawn upon any London Bank, and Money Orders upon the Post Office, London, payable to Mr. JOSEPH HAGUE.

---

**ST. JOSEPH'S  
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,  
48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.**

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

---

**TERMS.**

**I. For Subscribers who pay in advance:**

For a Month.....	1 Vol.	at a time...	<i>Two Shillings.</i>
For One Quarter .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>..... Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year .....	1 Vol.	„	<i>..... Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>... Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year .....	1 Vol.	„	<i>... Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year .....	3 Vols.	„	<i>..... One Guinea.</i>
„ In the Country	4 Vols.	„	<i>..... One Guinea.</i>

**II. For Families in the Country and for Book Clubs.**

For a Year .....	25 Vols.	„	<i>..... Five Guineas.</i>
------------------	----------	---	----------------------------

Special arrangements can be made for Book Clubs where recent publications are not required.

**III. For Casual Readers who pay in advance:**

Threepence—1 Vol. at a time, which may be kept a week.

**IV. For all who do not pay in advance:**

Sixpence for 1 Vol. at a time, and Postage Expenses incurred in recovering Arrears.

---

**REGISTERS FOR GOVERNESSES, AND OTHERS  
REQUIRING SITUATIONS.**

The Managers of St. Joseph's Library have also for some time opened a Register for Catholic Governesses, and are in constant communication with families seeking the services of such ladies. They also receive the names of servants wanting employment, and keep a list of vacant situations. *No fees whatever are charged, except for postage.*

l  
7  
g  
e.  
t

d  
n  
e  
s.





WORKS BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE.

*The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.*

Vol. I. 7s. 6d. Vol. II. 10s. 6d.

*Vita Vitæ Nostræ Meditantibus Proposita.*

Cloth, 7s. 6d.; calf, 10s. 6d.

*The Life of our Life: a Harmony of the Gospels.*

In Two Vols. Price 15s.

*The Sermon on the Mount.*

Three Vols. Price 19s. 6d.

*The Life of Blessed Peter Favre.*

FIRST COMPANION OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. From the  
Italian of Father BOERO. Price 6s. 6d.

*The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.*

Edited by the Rev. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. Second Edition.  
Price 3s. 6d.

*The Chronicle of St. Anthony of Padua.*

"THE ELDEST SON OF ST. FRANCIS." In Four Books. Price  
5s. 6d.

LONDON:

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN STREET & PATERNOSTER ROW.

ST. JOSEPH'S LIBRARY, 48, SOUTH STREET, W.

## BURNS AND OATES' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**The Life of S. Angela Merici and the Ursulines.** By Rev. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D., Author of "Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church," a "Life of Pius IX.," &c. One vol., large 8vo, 397 pp., with frontispiece representing S. Angela before a Crucifix. Price 7s. 6d.

**Life of S. Francis of Assisi.** By the Rev. LEOPOLD DE CHERANCE. Translated from the French by R. F. O'CONNOR. Price 7s. 6d.

**S. Ignatius and the Jesuits.** A Sermon preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on July 31, 1880, by Father THOMAS A. BURKE, O.P. Price 1s.

**Catholic Belief.** Third edition, revised. 412 pp., cloth, gilt lettered. Price 7d. each; post free, per doz. 7s.

"This work will be found interesting and useful, not only to Catholics, but to those Protestants who wish to have just a knowledge of what Catholics really believe without having to read long controversial treatises, for in this book, which bears the Imprimatur of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, the Belief is stated briefly and simply."—From the *Franciscan Almanac*, 1880.

"We have seen no book of a popular kind better adapted to effect the twofold purpose of the solution of the Protestant prejudice and the arming of the Catholic against the attacks of the objectors. The low price of the book, 320 pp. (now over 400), places it within the reach of all."—*The Tablet*, October 21, 1876.

**New Testament.** Now ready, cheap edition. Price 1s.

**Manning's Love of Jesus to Penitents.** Third edition. Price 1s. 6d.

**Rose Le Blanc.** By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. Cloth gilt. Price 2s. 6d.

**Examples in Book-keeping by Double Entry.** First Series; from which a knowledge of the whole system of Book-keeping may be easily acquired. By a professional accountant. Price 1s.

**The Christian Mother, the education of her children and her Prayer.** From the German of the Rev. W. CRAMER. Translated by a Father of the Society of Jesus. 256 pp., cloth gilt. Price 3s.

**The Way of Cross.** From the original Italian Devotion of St. Leonard of Port Maurice recited in the Coliseum of Rome, by the Ven. Archconfraternity Degli Amanti di Gesù de Maria al Calvario with all indulgences of the original, by W. H. ANDERDON, S.J. Cloth, 6d.; paper 4d. and 3d.

**Maria Monk's Daughter.** An Autobiography. By Mrs. ST. JOHN ECKEL. Pp. 400, price 4s.

**S. Catherine of Siena and her Companions (the History of).** By AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," &c. One vol., Royal 8vo, pp. 680. 12s. 6d.

**Sketch of the Life of S. Thomas of Canterbury.** By Mrs. WARD, author of "Gospel Stories," "Stories from the Old Testament." Cloth, bevelled edges, 4s.

**The Growing Unbelief in the Educated Classes.** An Investigation. By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. Price 1s. 6d.

**Cathedra Petri; the Titles and Prerogatives of S. Peter and of his See and his Successors,** as inscribed by the early Fathers, ecclesiastical writers, and Councils of the Church. By C. F. ALLNATT. Pp. 124, wrapper, price 4s. Second Edition, much enlarged, reduced price 3s.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES, 17 and 18 Portman Street, W.,  
and 63 Paternoster Row, E.C.

PRIZE MEDAL.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

Under the patronage of His Eminence the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

JURORS' REPORTS—WAX AND CHURCH CANDLES—EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.

HIS LATE EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN,

In a letter addressed to FRANCIS TUCKER and Co., on the subject,

**W**AX CANDLES WITH PLAITED WICKS, says: "I have found them fully equal to the recommendation you gave them, and can sincerely, in my turn, recommend them to the clergy for the use of the altar."

Finest quality, with Plaited Wick, patented, 2s. 2d. per lb. Second quality, ditto, 2s. per lb.

Two Pence per lb. charged extra if a credit be taken over Three Months.

PRIZE MEDAL, VEGETABLE CANDLES.

Best quality, 1s. 5d. per lb. Second quality, 1s. 3d. per lb. Third quality, 1s. 1d. per lb.

One Penny per lb. charged extra if a credit be taken over Three Months.

Carriage paid to the nearest country Railway Station on Orders not less than Five Pounds in value.

FRANCIS TUCKER & CO.,

South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square. Manufactory: Kensington (Established 1730). The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax Candles for the use of the Altar.

**B**ISHOP AND SON, Builders of the large Organs at St. George's Cathedral, the Oratory, Brompton, &c., and Patentees of the Simplified Pneumatic Action, recently applied to the large organ in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street.

250, MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

**B**IRKBECK BANK, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE. Current Accounts opened according to the usual practice of other Bankers, and Interest allowed on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £25. No commission charged for keeping Accounts.

The Bank also receives money on Deposit at Three per cent. Interest, repayable on demand.

The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of charge, the custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks and Shares.

Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued.

A Pamphlet, with full particulars, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

31st March, 1880.

*The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Four Millions.*

**H**OW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession and no Rent to pay.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

**H**OW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with Immediate Possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes.—Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

A Pamphlet, with full particulars, may be had on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

## MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW.

### CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1880.

#### ARTICLES, &c. :—

1. Some Late Biographies. II. Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat.
2. A Bygone Oxford. *By the Rev. Francis Goldie.*
3. Colonists and Savages in South Africa. *By the Rev. A. G. Knight.*
4. When George the Fourth was King. No. II. *By Percy Fitzgerald.*
5. The Genesis of Error. Part the Second. *By the Rev. T. A. Finlay.*
6. Belgium and the Holy See.
7. The Faith of Catholics always the same. *By F. O'Hare.*

#### CATHOLIC REVIEW.

##### I.—Notes on the Press.

1. Patrons and Congregations in the Establishment.
2. Agnostics in Parliament and in the Press.

##### II.—Reviews.

1. The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle. *By W. J. FitzPatrick, LL.D.*
2. Ecclesiastical Annals of Salisbury. *By William Henry Jones, M.A., F.S.A.*

##### III.—Notices.

1. St. Ignatius and the Jesuits. A Sermon preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on the 31st of July, 1880. *By Father Thomas Burke, O.P.*
2. Unpublished Essay by Dr. Doyle. An Essay on Education and the State of Ireland, by an Irish Catholic. With explanatory remarks by W. J. FitzPatrick, M.R.I.A.

All Advertisements to be sent to Messrs. BURNS and OATES, 17 Portman Street, W.

## JOHN HARDMAN AND COMPANY,

BIRMINGHAM,

Metal Workers in Silver, Brass, and Wrought Iron,

GAS FITTERS,

ENGRAVERS OF MEMORIAL BRASSES,

Artists in Stained Glass and mural Decorators,

Medallists, &c.

MESSRS. J. HARDMAN AND CO. having lately rebuilt their Show Rooms in London, and made considerable improvements and additions to them, have now a much larger stock of Art Metal Work on view, of which they respectfully invite an inspection from Architects and all who are interested in Ecclesiastical Art.

LONDON ADDRESS:

13, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AGENTS:

BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

## *Some Late Biographies.*

---

### II.—MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

#### I.

WHEN, after his ten months of retirement and plotting at Elba, Napoleon returned like a meteor to the throne of France in 1815, his sudden reappearance caused many well justified alarms in the minds of some of his former friends or adherents: We say, friends or adherents, for the two names were not by any means synonymous in the latter years of the Empire of Napoleon. He had, in fact, disgusted most of those who once loved him, and revealed his almost unfathomable meanness to most of those who once adored him. In various ways and degrees, a considerable number of men who had held high posts near his person had made their peace with the returning Bourbons, and even accepted office under them. In many of them this was no sacrifice of principle at all. They wished to serve France above all things, and France was now, by Napoleon's own act, however unwilling that act might have been, placed under the dominion of her old royal race. In serving him, they had wished only to serve their country. It is true that the doctrine of Legitimism—a modern, and by no means a Catholic, doctrine, in its extreme form—was openly avowed and propagated with a certain amount of persecuting zeal by a large number of the returned *émigrés*. It may have been the doctrine of the Court, but it was not forced on all who consented to take office. Thus many sincere Liberals—in the English sense of the term—were able to continue their services to the State without any political apostasy. In truth, there was far more freedom under Louis the Eighteenth than under the Emperor. Thus, there was no reason why Napoleon should indulge any personal piques and spites which he might feel against former servants of his own, if, whether officially or unofficially, they had seemed to accept with satisfaction the new state of things, under which France

was left in possession of so much more of the gains of the wars of the Republic, Consulate, and Empire, than her enemies, in their hour of victory, might fairly have given her. Looking back on the doings of the Allies after the first abdication of Napoleon, as we do, from a distance, it seems to us little short of madness in them to have left him at large and so near to French shores as in the island of Elba. Perhaps it is easy to be wise after the time—perhaps some of the Allies may not quite have wished to get rid altogether of the possibilities of a Napoleonic reaction. The truth seems to be, that the arrangement which placed him at Elba in the possession of nominal sovereignty, was one of the many very foolish things which originated in the brain of the Emperor Alexander. But, at all events, Napoleon's return seems not to have been dreamt of by the immense majority of Frenchmen—including, of course, not only the Bourbons and their more ardent supporters, but also the old friends of the deposed Emperor, who had showed themselves so easily reconcilable to the new sovereignty. Thus it was that, when he actually came back, and seemed not much less certain to remain in France than he had before seemed certain never to re-enter it, there was a considerable panic among his former followers. His wisest course would have, no doubt, been to say nothing about defections, if defections they could be called. But Napoleon never was wise in matters of feeling. His residence in Elba had not changed the man. He was as full of spite as ever—as likely as ever to avenge himself savagely, if he could do so with safety.

M. de Rémusat, the husband of the lady of whose memoirs we are about to speak, had been "First Chamberlain" and "Director of Theatres" under the Emperor, and his wife had been at first a sort of lady companion to Madame Bonaparte, in the comparatively humble days of the Consulate, and then "Dame de Palais" to the Empress Josephine. They seem always to have been liked and trusted by Napoleon, at least as much as he liked and trusted any one, and the affection between poor Josephine and her lady-in-waiting was very sincere. Madame de Rémusat left the Court with her mistress, before the arrival of the new Empress, Maria Louisa. Neither the husband nor the wife had shown any devotion to the new royalty of the Bourbons. They had sought nothing but retirement and obscurity. M. de Rémusat is to become better known to us, if we understand his grandson aright, by the future publi-



cation of some memoirs, and the lady has revealed herself in the book before us, though its true importance lies in its revelations concerning Napoleon and a few others, especially Talleyrand and Josephine herself. Nevertheless, both husband and wife felt instinctively that the return of the Emperor was a personal danger. As a matter of fact, M. de Rémusat was "exiled"—that is, he was forbidden to live at or near Paris. Nothing was said of Madame de Rémusat—but in her sudden fright she did a much more mischievous thing than go into exile, and a thing which would have immensely gratified Napoleon's animosity against her if he had known it. Her true offence, and that of her husband, in the eyes of Napoleon, was that they had found him out—that having begun with admiration, they had finished with disgust, almost with hatred, for hatred follows on disillusion so cruel as those of which they had had the experience. So, as soon as Madame de Rémusat heard from her sister, Madame de Nansouty, of all the persecutions which were in store for those whom the Emperor considered his enemies, she began to reflect that she had possession of a set of documents sufficiently unpleasant to the pride of Napoleon to bring about the ruin of half a dozen families. She had been in the habit of jotting down, day after day, in the form of letters to a friend in the country, her recollections of what she had seen and heard at the Court, during the many years in which she had been one of its most intimate subordinates. There is no reason for thinking that in this she was betraying confidence in the proper sense of the words. There is no pretence for supposing that her writings were coloured by malignity or party spirit. For a long series of years, Madame de Rémusat had been devoted to Napoleon, and it was no one but himself who had taught her what an unmixed ruffian he was. The great danger in the possession of these manuscripts was that they were so true. At all events, they were honest and sincere—for we may still have our own opinion as to the correctness of some of Madame de Rémusat's judgments of persons and things, and it is a confessed fact that she was the partisan of the whole Beauharnais family, Hortense included. Documents such as these might well have seemed to Napoleon, if he had had the time to think about the matter, quite treasonable. At all events, Madame de Rémusat showed her opinion as to what he would think of them if they were discovered, by committing them, then and there, to the safe custody of the flames. Her son, then a

youth of seventeen, came into the room as she was accomplishing the holocaust, and actually helped her, without knowing what he was doing. He thought that it was but a copy which was being burnt, and that the original was safe elsewhere.

## II.

It may be asked how, if this is the true history of the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, they are now published both in France and in England? Some years after, in 1818, the reading of Madame de Stael's posthumous *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* suddenly woke up in Madame de Rémusat the desire to write herself something about Napoleon. At the same time her son had written a review of the same work for a Paris magazine, and was struck with regret that his mother's memoirs had perished. He had found out that he had been one in helping their destruction, and the subject had been so painful, that by common consent it was never mentioned in the family. M. de Rémusat, the father of the editor of these volumes, wrote to his mother to express his fresh access of regret and remorse, just as she was herself beginning to repair the mischief as far as lay in her power. The letter in which he urged her to this new task deserves to be quoted, for it may be considered as describing in brief the main features of the most interesting volumes before us. The son begs his mother to read over old newspapers and almanacks, to recover if possible her old letters, especially to her husband, and then to endeavour, as far as possible, to reproduce her own impressions of the time. "Show how, like so many other honourable and reasonable persons, you were shocked and disgusted at the horrors of the Revolution, how you were dragged on by natural but not considerate aversion, how you were seduced by an enthusiasm for one man which, at the bottom, was highly patriotic. All were at the time strangers to politics. No one had any fear of the empire of one man. Instead of fearing, all longed for it. Show then how he who was the man of that time became corrupted, how he gradually revealed himself, in proportion as he grew in power. . . . Let people see the sad necessity under which, while losing your illusion concerning him, you became all the more dependent on him, and how you were more and more obliged to obey him as it became more impossible to do so heartily; how, in short, you first believed his policy, because you were deceived about his person, and



then learnt from finding out the truth about his character what was the truth about his system—how moral indignation led you on by degrees to what I may call political hatred."

Madame de Rémusat was thirty-eight years of age when she began to recompose her memoirs on the lines here indicated. She had intended to speak of five periods, into which her reminiscences of Napoleon naturally divided themselves—but of these she only lived to accomplish three, which land the reader at the beginning of the war with Spain in 1808. Thus the time of Josephine's divorce, which took place in 1809, and the five years which intervened between that ill-omened act and the fall of Napoleon, remain untouched in these volumes. Madame de Rémusat died suddenly, at the early age of forty-one, in 1821. The substance of the volume before us is very much what might be expected from the recommendations given by her son in the paragraph which has just been quoted. There can be no doubt that the memoirs have lost a great deal of that ineffable charm which characterizes so many such works, especially from the hands of Frenchwomen, in the fact that they are but the attempted repetition, after an interval, of a work written as time went on. They are not what the original memoirs would have been. Perhaps they are more full of reflections, perhaps they are coloured with a tint of uniformity, instead of betraying page after page the growing changes of the mind of the writer, and no doubt many facts have been forgotten, and some few incorrectly remembered. All this is inevitable. But Madame de Rémusat was much better able to begin and carry on a new work in 1818, from the fact that she had written so much in former years, day after day, on the same subject, than she would otherwise have been. And, after all, the main value of these memoirs lies in the clear, distinct, and ineffaceable impression which they give of the character of Napoleon. As to this, we may fairly say that no one could have created it. It almost carries the certainty of its own accuracy on its face. Everything is harmonious. We shall intimate to what extent the portraiture can be ascribed to animosity. The other portraits are, as far as we can judge, in harmony with the history of the persons to whom they belong. We have already indicated the one exception, which it is almost impossible not to think it necessary to make. But, if Madame de Rémusat, the devoted friend of the Beauharnais and the consequent enemy of the family of the Bonapartes, has been

too partial to Hortense and too hard on Louis Bonaparte, it does not of necessity follow that Louis was a paragon of virtue and Hortense one of the most abandoned women of a very bad period. The marriage of the parents of the late Emperor of the French was insisted on by Napoleon, against the will of both the persons who were its victims, and they have at least the excuse which this truth suggests. It is not quite pleasant to lose the idea that there was in the Bonaparte family one brother at least who might be considered as exceptionally good. The public conduct of the King of Holland, especially in ceasing to be King of Holland, has always been generally admired. That he was a suspicious tyrannical husband, and that his virtues, or supposed virtues, were mere feints, is a good deal to take for granted on the testimony of a personal and devoted friend of his wife. We see all through Madame de Rémusat's book indications of the fact that she was a person who very easily took the colour of thought of the people with whom she lived. In the general question between the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais, she was probably on the right side. But there are not many kind words about the Bonapartes from the beginning of the work to the end. We cannot help thinking that Louis suffers with the rest. Then, as to the perfect integrity and purity which is here claimed for his wife, it must be remembered that Madame de Rémusat did not live with her as she lived with Josephine and Napoleon. Her testimony is chiefly negative, and we must take it as the kind judgment of a friend, which we may hope to be true, but as to which we cannot feel certain, especially when it is put side by side with the extreme severity of the judgment passed on Louis Bonaparte.

Madame de Rémusat's present memoirs begin with a chapter called "Portraits and Anecdotes," in which she sketches Napoleon himself, Josephine, and the chief members of their two families. At the very outset of the volume, therefore, we are reminded of the influence under which these memoirs were to a considerable extent drawn up. And perhaps it is in this that they differ from what they might have been if the originals had been preserved to us. The influence of which we speak is that of Talleyrand. In her third volume, the authoress describes the gradual growth of the intimacy between herself and the Prince de Benevento. He amused himself with her, found her, probably, more sincere and simple than most of the ladies with

whom he was accustomed to distract himself, and he seems to have ended by giving her a good deal of his confidence. The chief lines of the portrait of Napoleon are evidently drawn after Talleyrand. The chapter contains two of the best anecdotes of Napoleon which Talleyrand had to tell. Of course, here as in the rest of the work, there are unmistakeable traces of the observation of a woman. But it is well to note at the outset that Madame de Rémusat repeats what she heard rather than saw, and must not be supposed to be always perfectly original. There is a mournful interest about the account which Talleyrand once gave her of his own early years. He was the eldest of his family, but he was lame, and this misfortune caused him to be sent away from his home to the care of an old aunt in the provinces, and from thence to an ecclesiastical seminary, for which he had no taste or inclination whatsoever. He spent many years thus at St. Sulpice, more solitary than the rest of the students, on account of his malady, writhing interiorly at the tyranny which condemned him to a career for which he had no vocation, and becoming even as a youth a cynical hater of the world around him. When at last he was allowed to revisit his parents, they received him with the utmost coldness. Not a kind or affectionate word was flung to him. He was already in orders when he fell in love with a lady of the family of the Montmorencys, and he thought afterwards that the Pope would have released him from his obligations if the Revolution had not broken out. He was just in the state of mind and heart, therefore, to welcome it when it came, to embrace its cause, and from that moment he became its victim, carried by the stream in whatever direction it flowed. One day, when yet a student, we are told, he was leaving a church after a sermon, and was attracted by the distress of a young lady who had no defence against the rain. He gave her his arm and took her home. She was a poor child who was being forced against her will to become an actress, and when she told her story to Talleyrand, he told her his, and they became intimate.

A beginning like this explains much of the melancholy career of the man certainly of the greatest capacity who ever served Bonaparte. Talleyrand's case was probably that of a great number of French ecclesiastics in those days of worldliness and indifference, when the revenues of the Church were so large, and when it was customary to confer benefices even on boys. Talleyrand's character was wanting in energy.

Perhaps he thought nothing very much worth the trouble of exertion. "It is very certain," writes his friend, "that a lamentable indifference as to good or bad was the foundation of his character. But it is just to say of him that he was always on his guard against erecting immorality of any kind into a principle. He feels the value of virtue in others, he can praise it well, he respects it, and he never seeks to corrupt it by any vicious system. It even seems as if he took a sort of pleasure in looking at it. He has not, as Bonaparte has, the wretched idea that virtue exists nowhere; that it is only one more ruse and one more affectation. I have often heard him praise actions which were a severe criticism on his own; his conversation is never either immoral or irreligious; he esteems good priests, and likes to show approval; he has in his heart goodness and justice, but he does not apply to himself what he appreciates in others. He has set himself on a plane of his own, and judges himself by a different standard. He is weak and cold, and for a long time past he has been so *blasé* to everything that he goes in search of distractions, as a palate that has lost its edge seeks for piquancy in food. All serious thoughts, if applied to moral subjects or to natural sentiments, are a pain to him; they bring back reflections of which he is afraid, and he tries to ride off with a joke. A crowd of circumstances have surrounded him with empty depraved people who have encouraged him in a thousand follies; they are convenient to him, because they draw him away from his own thoughts. Still they cannot preserve him from a profound *ennui* which makes employment in matters of importance an imperious necessity to him. These great affairs do not fatigue him, because he never takes to them with all his energy. It is very seldom that he puts his soul into anything. His intelligence is of the highest order, he often judges right. But he acts feebly, softly, disjointedly. He disappoints all expectations; he gives much pleasure, and never gives satisfaction, and ends by inspiring you with a sort of pity, mingled with a true attachment in persons who see much of him."

It is Metternich, we think, who reports Napoleon's saying, that he always employed Talleyrand in affairs which he did not wish to succeed. But Talleyrand knew the world far better than his master did—and, as a matter of fact, Europe owed a great deal to Talleyrand in his use of his influence in leading Napoleon to make peace after his enormous successes, and, in a

certain very true sense also, Napoleon was equally his debtor on those occasions. He must often have despised the Emperor. Madame de Rémusat tells, in this chapter of anecdotes of which we are speaking, the story of Talleyrand's lending Napoleon, when he was setting out for Egypt, a hundred thousand francs. Napoleon came to see him when he was ill, and mentioned his want of money. Talleyrand told him to open his desk, where he would find the sum mentioned; Napoleon embraced him with transport. After his return he repaid the money, and then asked what on earth had made Talleyrand so generous? He said he had often been puzzled how to explain it to himself. Talleyrand said he had no motive at all. He was very ill; he might never see his friend again; he was interested and attracted, and he had no other thought behind. "Then," said Napoleon, "you acted like a dupe." Perhaps this anecdote belongs rather to the character of Napoleon than to that of Talleyrand. But what a picture is this that is here given us, by an intimate and affectionate friend and admirer, of a man who had talent enough to rise to any height in any career, a man who would certainly have done honour as well as good service to his country if he had been allowed to follow his true vocation, a man who, with virtue and high principle to guide him, might have been one of the greatest of French Ministers, instead of the scoffing and cynical servant of one Revolution and fugitive Constitution after another!

## III.

We have mentioned Talleyrand in this place chiefly for the purpose of pointing out how great was his influence on the writer of the memoirs before us, but the picture which they present of him is only inferior in interest and graphic force to that of Napoleon himself. We must now proceed to matters more directly concerning the principal subject of the book before us. There was a time in Madame de Rémusat's life when she spent several hours daily alone with Napoleon. He was at the camp at Boulogne, preparing his army for the invasion of England, or rather, as it turned out, for the war with Austria which was decided by the Battle of Austerlitz, M. de Rémusat was with his master, and fell suddenly so ill, that his young wife was obliged to go to the camp to nurse him. Napoleon was very kind to her, made her always join him at his *déjeuner*, and seems to have chatted with her familiarly about himself, his early years, and the beginnings of his greatness, as well as on

literary matters, in which his tastes were certainly strange. He told her how he had been in Paris during the Revolution, and had been shocked at seeing soldiers in uniform attacked by the mob. He would have defended the monarchy if he had been commissioned to do so. Probably he would have had no hesitation in using cannon to fire on the mob in defence of the King, as it was by this simple expedient that he saved the Assembly from the sections on the Twelfth Vendémiaire. It was to do away with the sinister impression of having been too successful on this occasion that he demanded the command of the Army of Italy. At that time and afterwards, he told Madame de Rémusat, he kept up some correspondence with the banished royal family—at least with their adherents—and received very magnificent offers if he would play the part of Monk. But he had no confidence in the Bourbons, and looked higher for himself than a certain number of millions of francs and a duchy. He could have brought about the restoration, he said, without great difficulty. On his return from Italy, he was an object of interest and suspicion, and entered on the expedition to Egypt for the sake of getting out of the way. He spoke of his time spent in the East as the happiest of his life—the time at which he most of all gave way to his ideal dreams. He thought he had never been more able and skilful than after his return from the East. He amused every one, and received overtures from every one, without committing himself to anything but the advancement of his own plans. Siéyes came to him with his Constitution, the Jacobins with their plans, and the Royalists with theirs. When his *coup d'état* made him the master of France, there was no party which did not in some measure rest its own hopes on him.

It is very natural that we should find Napoleon showing great ability and skill at the outset of his career, for it was then that he was most on his guard, and had not yet won the position which afterwards enabled him to despise his subjects rather than court them. Madame de Rémusat speaks of a journey which she made with the First Consul and his Court before the date of the conversations of which we have been speaking. It was a sort of triumphal progress in the north-eastern provinces and Belgium, which was to prepare the way for the assumption of the Imperial dignity. When they got to Ghent, outside the old frontiers of France, the people were more curious than enthusiastic. Napoleon was at first out of humour, but he soon



saw that he must win them as they were to be won. He saw the people of Ghent were devout, and under the influence of the clergy, and that he must spend a long time in church and court the priests. Accordingly, the next day, he assisted at a long High Mass, with every appearance of recollection, and entertained the bishop, whom he completely seduced. After this he had plenty of applause when he showed himself in the streets. At Brussels a magnificent ceremony was to take place in the cathedral, and the clergy were waiting at the door to escort the First Consul to the throne which had been prepared for him. Suddenly it was found that he was missing. They waited in vain, and at length it was discovered that he had entered by a side door, and was seated on the throne. He had just heard how Charles the Fifth, on a similar occasion, had glided in by this same side door, to avoid parade, and he thought that perhaps the door would now bear his name, as well as that of the Emperor. It was during this journey that Napoleon told Madame de Rémusat his opinion on gratitude and other such sentiments. He said that some friends of hers, whom she had helped to obtain the restoration of their estates, would not be prevented by that from rejoicing at his assassination, if it were to take place. He spoke with great contempt of mankind, but he pulled her ears when she implied that he despised the French. That, he said, must never be allowed.

It was soon after this, as it appears, that the decisive point in Napoleon's career was reached. He was already, as it were, on the footsteps of the throne, and his friends and enemies alike were full of anxiety as to the next scene in the wonderful drama. He had to pay the penalty of all usurpers, at least of all aspirants to power which does not seem naturally to belong to them. He was surrounded by dangers, and was obliged to choose on whom he would lean. We are no sticklers for the indefectible rights of any family to a Christian crown. There is no reason for supposing that families, like nations themselves, do not incur the forfeiture of the position to which they may have once been raised, in the providence of God, when they have neglected their duties, and failed to discharge the Divine commission which they have received. It cannot be considered a crime, in itself, for Napoleon to have accepted the crown of France, which, as was truly said of him, he found lying in the mud and raised on the point of his sword. If he had been faithful to his mission, his name might have lived in

history as that of a great benefactor of mankind and a great servant of the Church. If he had been less eager to grasp the sceptre, it would have come into his hands as it came into the hands of David. But Napoleon had none of the virtues of David. He had been brought up in a bad school. He had been intoxicated by success, he had long known no law but that of his passions, except so far as he had taught himself to keep even the indulgence of his passion in subordination to his interests and his policy. He was one of the most selfish men that ever lived. And he had, notwithstanding all his talent, all the blindness of selfishness. Talleyrand, the cool sneering cynic by his side, saw through him from the first, but Talleyrand had not principle enough to risk himself for the sake of guiding him—if, indeed, Napoleon would have allowed it. It is quite touching to read the pages in the first volume of the work of which we are speaking, in which the writer traces her own growing disillusion as to the man who had certainly shown her very great personal kindness, if not affection, and in whom she had been for the time inclined to believe. The disillusion of Madame de Rémusat must have had its repetition in the minds of thousands of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen at that time.

## IV.

As Napoleon drew nearer and nearer to the throne, the parties around him began to feel that if they could not make him their own, they must rid themselves of him. His life alone stood in the way—so they thought—of the restoration of the Bourbons, or of the return of the Jacobins to power. There was but one great name in France beside his own—that of Moreau. Pichegru had some following, and had allied himself with the Royalists. The nerves of the First Consul had probably been sufficiently shaken by the thunder of the infernal machine—the first of a number of such instruments, which were so universally to fail of their immediate purpose, and yet to produce results so considerable. Now came the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, the arrests of Moreau and Pichegru, and Captain Wright. Napoleon determined to let his enemies see that he would not shrink from shedding blood, even the blood royal of France. He determined moreover to ally himself irrevocably with the Revolution, by putting an impassable barrier between himself and the partisans of the Bourbons. The issue of this determination we need not draw out in detail—



further than by mentioning the so-called suicides of Pichegru and Wright in prison, and the still more certain crime of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The pages which Madame de Rémusat devotes to the description of her recollections of that Passion Week of 1804, are certainly among the most striking of the volumes. On the Sunday, Passion Sunday, she began her week of service at the Tuileries. Josephine told her that they were to spend the week at Malmaison, and that she was glad to be out of Paris. The Consular party set out soon afterwards, Bonaparte in a carriage alone, his wife and Madame de Rémusat in another carriage. The latter remarked the silence and constraint of her mistress. But Josephine was not the person to hide her feelings long, and she soon told her companion that Caulaincourt had been sent to seize the Duc d'Enghien. So audacious a violation of the rights of nations was of itself enough to frighten any one. But Madame de Rémusat saw at once that the Duke's life was at stake. Josephine said she was afraid it was so. She had already exerted herself to the utmost with her husband, but the tears and entreaties of her companion prevailed on her to make another effort. Not much passed that evening. Madame de Rémusat found the Consul playing at chess with a calm and indifferent air, when the time came for her to make her appearance.

The next morning, Josephine told her that she had entirely failed. The "policy" of Napoleon required this sacrifice. He must break openly and entirely with the Royalists. The Duc d'Enghien was a party to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, he was the tool of the hatred of England, his military reputation was likely to gain him influence with the army. The army must break once for all with the old dynasty. "A death which brought peace was not a crime—the orders had been given, there was now no room for retreat." Josephine told Napoleon that the matter was made still more odious by the employment of Caulaincourt, whose family had formerly been in the service of the Princes de Condé. Napoleon's answer was characteristic. "He did not know what she told him about Caulaincourt—but what did it matter? If Caulaincourt was compromised, it was no great harm—he would be a better servant to himself." Josephine spent part of the day in gardening, of which she was fond. She had a cypress planted, and her companion remarked to her on the appropriateness of the incident.

Madame de Rémusat tells us that it was again her entreaties and protests which determined Josephine to make one more attempt; but the next morning she was told "all was useless: the Duke would be at Vincennes and would be 'judged' that night."

When they went down to dinner, Bonaparte was again playing at chess. He called Madame de Rémusat to him, asked her to advise him, and spoke to her very kindly. He made her sit by him at dinner, and asked her a number of questions about her family. The little Napoleon, the son of Louis and Hortense, the favourite of the Consul, was put up on the table, and his uncle amused himself at watching him tumbling about among the dishes and upsetting them. After dinner the Consul sat on the ground and played with the child. His gaiety seems to have encouraged Josephine to think that he had some stroke of clemency in reserve to surprise her with. He remarked on the paleness of Madame to Rémusat, and she said she had forgotten to put on her rouge. He joked with Josephine, and then began to romp with her in his rude indecorous way. Finally he bade Madame de Rémusat come and play chess with him. "He did not play well," says she. "He did not observe the rules as to the moves of the pieces." He began to mutter verses, as he was fond of doing—among others, the verse in which Augustus, in Corneille's play, says sarcastically,

Soyons amis, Cinna,

and some others from *Alzire*, which seemed to refer to the clemency which is a Christian duty.<sup>1</sup>

The game continued till General Hullin was announced. Then Napoleon pushed the table away, and went out into a gallery, spending the rest of the evening with Murat, Hullin, and Savary. Madame de Rémusat went to bed, hoping that mercy might still prevail.

It was in the dead of that night that the Duc d'Enghien, who had arrived in Paris that morning, and been transferred to Vincennes, after a few hours at the Temple, was awakened to stand before the tribunal which was to judge him. Hullin, already mentioned, was the president—he must have gone from

<sup>1</sup> The passage runs thus—

Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence ;  
Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance ;  
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,  
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner.

Malmaison to Vincennes. Savary, the Chief of the Police, stood behind the chairs of the Military Commissioners, who, impressed by the intrepidity and high bearing of the prisoner, were shrinking from their task. There was no evidence against him but his own admissions, and he was found guilty of charges which these admissions contradicted. He almost prevailed on the court to forward his demand for an interview with the First Consul; but Savary said such an audience would be inexpedient. The sentence found him guilty of having fought against France, and of intriguing for the seizure of Strasbourg; and the paper on which this was communicated to Napoleon was sent back with the words "Condemned to death" written on it. It was early morning before the whole tragedy was completed in the ditch of the old château. Madame de Rémusat says that she went downstairs early, and found Savary in the *salon*, pale and troubled in countenance. Josephine soon joined them, and then he avowed that all was over. "The Prince," he said, "had died with great courage." Savary showed Josephine his ring, his hair, and the letter he had written to Madame de Rohan.

We have not space enough at our command for a full transcription of Madame de Rémusat's account of the day which followed the night of the murder, the arrival of one visitor after another, a long stream, Eugène Beauharnais, Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, Consuls, Ministers, and the like, all more or less overcome by the terrible character of the deed which had been accomplished, none courageous enough to question it, many servile enough to compliment its designer. The Jacobins in Paris rubbed their hands—Napoleon was now their own man. Poor Caulaincourt, who had not been told what was to be the issue of his mission, and who thought that the life of the Prince was safe, was in tears at his own dishonour, and is said to have spoken in strong terms of reproach to his master. He retained the feeling for a length of time, though Napoleon gradually won back his devotion, at least, his service. He became Duke of Vicenza in the new *noblesse* of the Emperor, and once, in the campaign of 1813, spurred his horse between Napoleon and a shell that was about to burst, and thus risked his own life for him; but the same evening, when a friend spoke to him about this act of devotion, he said it was true, but still "he should not believe there was a God in Heaven if that man died on the throne."

But Napoleon heard but few complaints, and still fewer reproaches. He was conscious of what he had done, and that evening he did not attempt to be gay. He had a large party assembled—Joseph Bonaparte, Bacciochi, Fontanes, Murat, Dubois, and others. A stiff silence reigned. Napoleon, as was often the case, keeping up what conversation there was. He talked a great deal about history with Fontanes, comparing himself to Henry the Fourth, to Turenne, to Catinat, speaking with admiration of Frederick of Prussia, and gliding into a defence of great men who had been thought to be violent when they were only politic. He made Fontanes read some extracts from the intercepted letters of Drake, the English Resident at Munich, who had been in secret correspondence with an agent of Napoleon's, employed as it seems to entice him into a plot against the First Consul, and then spoke in defence of his own policy in putting down conspiracies with a strong hand. "The Duc d'Enghien," he said, "had been a conspirator like the rest, and though there was little to be feared from the Bourbons, he was himself obliged to repress and punish the foolish persons who made themselves their tools. I have shed blood, it was my duty," he concluded, "and may have to shed more, but without any angry feeling, and simply because bleeding enters into the combinations of the medicinal side of politics. I am the man of the State, I am the French Revolution, and I will sustain its work."

When Napoleon, after some days, showed himself at the Opera, he was received with the applause which usually greeted him. Europe might protest and be shocked, but Paris was "contente." It cannot be doubted that, in a miserable and temporary manner, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien was a "success." It showed people that there was much of the tiger in Napoleon, it made his enemies and friends alike fear him, it did not hinder his advance to the Imperial dignity, it did not even prevent his coronation by Pius the Seventh, who saw in him simply the impersonation of the secular power with which he was to make peace for the sake of the Church. In a certain sense, it bound his own followers more closely to him, for they became responsible in the eyes of Europe for his deed, and so were cut off from other combinations. It gave a character to the whole French Empire as long as it lasted. Henceforth there was no hope of a change in France produced simply from within. But when Napoleon came to fall, the murder of the

Duc d'Enghien was the one act from the responsibility of which he most of all tried to free himself. He denied at St. Helena even that Josephine had tried to prevent him from carrying out his design, he tried to throw the blame on his Ministers, who, he said, prepared the whole plan and then submitted it to him without his fully understanding it, he accused Talleyrand of keeping from him a letter in which the Duc d'Enghien offered him his services as the price of his mercy. All these things appear to be entirely false. The plan seems to have been his own conception, and it is sufficient disgrace to his subordinates that they allowed themselves to be made his tools in the matter. It is but too clear that, even at this time, Napoleon had no counsellors who had the courage to check him and differ from him. Talleyrand told Madame de Rémusat that the design of the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien had been communicated to him and the two Consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, and that all three had kept silence, without remonstrating. Fouché denied afterwards that he had any part in the plan, and it is to him that is to be attributed the famous saying, that "it was worse than a crime, it was a mistake." Savary had a story, which he told after the first Restoration had taken place, according to which Pichegru had been mistaken for the Prince. A spy of the Government had related to the police that he had been present at a meeting of conspirators against the life of the First Consul at Paris, and that a person had come in, to whom all the others showed great marks of respect. At the same time it was reported that the Prince had fixed his abode at Ettenheim, but that he had been invisible for some days, and it was thought he had gone to Paris. It was at once concluded that he had been the person present at the meeting of conspirators. Afterwards the spy identified Pichegru as that person—but in the meantime the Duke had been seized and executed. It is certain that not one of the persons concerned was willing afterwards to take the responsibility of the act, and it is not less certain that it was Napoleon himself whose mind conceived and whose strong will forced it upon all his tools.

A crime like this, submitted to without protest by France, and practically condoned by the crowned heads of Europe, who may well have thought that it was beneath them to utter useless protests, determined the arbitrary and irresponsible character of the remainder of the career of the man who could attempt it and execute it with impunity. If we read

afterwards of the mixture of cruelty and meanness with which Napoleon treated the Spanish royal family, or the Pope, or the King and Queen of Prussia, or a dozen others, nothing of all this goes beyond the ferocity shown in the murder in the ditch of Vincennes. If we afterwards find him so overbearing as to disgust his most faithful friends, if, in the campaign of Leipsic, and before that time, he could so little brook advice or remonstrance that his generals were afraid to tell him of his grossest mistakes or to suggest alterations in his most headstrong and foolish counsels, it is but the same man before us to whom the two Consuls and Talleyrand listened when he was proposing this murder without daring to utter a word of reproof. After all, the selfishness and the meanness and the overbearingness of Napoleon strike us so forcibly because they were in him the exaggeration of qualities which the ordinary run of bad men spoilt by success share, though history has seldom had to deal with a character whose follies and miseries wrote themselves in such gigantic letters in the annals of his time, a man whose vices and crimes were to so large an extent fraught with the misery of his fellow-creatures. "Napoleon le petit" meets us constantly in every day life—the world teems with men equally unscrupulous and equally vile in every moral characteristic, though they are happily the plagues of their own families or the tyrants of some small community, instead of being the scourges of the world and the persecutors of the Church.

## V.

What was peculiar in Napoleon, among men of the same stamp in point of selfishness and petty despotism, was that he had so little refinement, so much vulgarity and uncouthness, so few of the gifts of manner and bearing which go to make people seem well-bred when they are not. The volumes before us are full of specimens of this. Perhaps the eye of a woman, a lady of good family, whose accession to the household of Madame Bonaparte, in the early days of her husband's power, was almost enough to give it a sort of distinction, a lady who had but little ambition for herself, and who kept aloof, as far as she could, from the intrigues which surrounded her, was just what was wanting to give posterity the thousand little touches which make this picture so painfully complete. Napoleon, she tells us, could not speak good French, nor pronounce his words well. He had no graces of manner. He did not know how to come into a room, nor how to take his seat, or how to speak to a



lady. He could not bear the trouble of dressing himself carefully, nor of allowing others to dress him. He would poke the fire with his feet, and scatter the ashes over the room. In his passions with Josephine, when she had so much reason to be jealous and was indiscreet enough to reproach him, he would break the furniture of the room to pieces. He was ravenous at his meals, having all the dishes on the table at once, and partaking of one dish after another without observing the order of the courses. He could not dance, except very badly, and in ball-rooms or drawing-rooms he would pull people about and make remarks on toilettes which brought the colour into the cheeks of the ladies to whom he spoke. In the days of his Imperial magnificence, when the Court had to proceed in state from one part of the palace to another, he would walk so fast as to destroy all the decency of the procession, making the ladies and great officers shuffle along in their grand dresses and trains, as if they were escaping from a fire. Talleyrand once said to him that good taste was his mortal enemy, and that if he could have destroyed it by cannon it would long ago have ceased to exist. He was dirty in his habits, as his clothes bore witness. We have already mentioned that he played chess without regarding the rules of the game. Once he must needs drive a "wagonet," four in hand, himself, and, with his usual clumsiness, he drove violently against a gate-post, and put the Empress and others under his charge in some peril. He liked to ride at full speed down a steep hill, regardless of the nerves of those who had to follow him. But there were worse forms sometimes taken by his headstrong wilfulness. He had a snobbish delight in making mischief, in repeating to you what some one else had said—or not said—against you in confidence. He would go about in his masked balls and insinuate to husbands to suspect their wives, and then he was angry if any disturbance ensued. If he was challenged himself, he immediately showed who he was, and would allow no liberty. He would sometimes boast of those so-called "successes," which even the most profligate gentlemen never reveal. It was his plan to separate people, that they might depend on him alone; to destroy characters and reputations, that he alone might shine; to make people compromise themselves in public, that he might be more secure of their service. His meanness was indescribable. We know how he tried to filch a Concordat from Consalvi, different from what had been agreed on, and how he tricked

the Emperor of Austria out of a treaty of peace. He made Talleyrand buy a stately palace and furnish it for entertainments, promising him to pay the expence—but when the palace was opened for the purpose for which he desired it, he would not pay the money. He dealt in the same way with several of his marshals, though his policy made him see the wisdom of keeping them ordinarily in good humour. He rewarded them, in fact, magnificently—but all the time no one was safe from some act of shabbiness and meanness, in which Napoleon sometimes seemed almost to revel.

His self-control was remarkable. He seemed never to do more than to lend himself to the indulgence of any violent passion. His smile, the sweetest thing about him, would follow upon a storm. More frequently the storm followed on the smile. The writer before us tells us how he would be playing almost joyously, certainly gaily, with the little Napoleon<sup>2</sup> of whom he was so fond, full of fun and frolic, and good-humour, up to the moment when it was announced to him that the "circle of the Ambassadors," whom he used on certain days to receive, was formed, then how his countenance would change the instant he had said to his wife and her lady, "Allons, mesdames!" and then how he would astonish the Ambassador of the Power with which he wished to pick a quarrel, by the vehemence and fury of his reproaches. In the same way, though he was constantly unfaithful to his wife, and indulged his licentious whims freely, he never let any one get an ascendancy over him, and he delighted in breaking off his intrigues before they came to be long-lived.

His habitual subordination of everything to policy, was probably the principle of which he was thinking when he made his famous avowal to Talleyrand that he was essentially cowardly. Talleyrand was counselling him, when the affairs of Spain were giving him great trouble and threatening him with positive danger, to withdraw his armies betimes, proclaiming publicly that he had been mistaken in thinking that the

<sup>2</sup> This little Napoleon, the first child of Hortense, and of whom her step-father seemed to be so fond, died while the Emperor was in Poland in 1806, to the great grief of his mother and Josephine. His death brought about a kind of reconciliation between Louis Bonaparte and his wife. But Napoleon seemed to care nothing for it. The day after the news came to him, Talleyrand had to remonstrate with him on his apparent indifference. There was to be the reception of a deputation of nobles and the like to offer their condolences, and it would only be decent for the Emperor to wear a grave air of mourning. He said he had not time to give way to regrets like other people, and to trouble himself about the dead.



Spanish nation wished for freedom, and that, as it was so, he would desist from the attempt to make them free. Talleyrand said there was still time to do this without being suspected of cowardice. Napoleon took him up at once. "An act of cowardice?" he said. "What does that mean? Be sure that I should not fear to do such an act, if it was useful to me. At bottom, there is nothing noble and nothing low in the world. I have in my own character all that can help me to strengthen my power, and to deceive those who try to understand me. To speak frankly, I am cowardly, essentially cowardly. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to do what in the world is called a dishonourable action. . . . The only thing, therefore, to do to-day, is to see whether what you advise is in accordance with my present policy, and to find out besides," he added, Talleyrand said, with a Satanic smile, "whether you have not some secret interest in leading me to this step." He was certainly not lacking in personal courage, and he so despised public opinion as to honour and dishonour, that he would never have shrunk from acting according to his interest even if it had been to run away.

No doubt, his intelligence was one of the greatest which has ever been seen. His capacity for business and for administration was almost on a par with his intellect. It was this that made him retain the mastery of France after he had once seized it. His administration remains, in its effects on France, to this day. But it was the administration of a despot. It has made modern bureaucracy possible in almost all the countries of Europe, and has put weapons of immense power into the hands of the persecutors of the Church as well as of the oppressors of the people.

## VI.

It would be surprising if memoirs such as those of which we have been speaking did not contain here and there precious statements about points which are, more or less, obscure in history. The lately published *Memoirs of Metternich* contain a curious statement about the marriage of Josephine, as to which there was, of course, inquiry, both at the time of the coronation by Pius the Seventh, and when the divorce of the Emperor was proposed as the preliminary to his marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. Metternich's statement is that the Pope was anxious from his first arrival in Paris to ascertain whether he was to be asked to crown Josephine, but that all

information of the programme was studiously kept from him, till the day on which the programme itself was published—the day before the ceremony. The Pope then found out that he was expected to crown the Empress. He had been invited only to crown the Emperor, and no mention of the Empress had ever been made to him in connection with the ceremony. What was he to do? If he refused to perform the part assigned to him, he exposed himself to the anger of Napoleon, which might at once defeat the object for which he had undertaken the journey to Paris, in defiance of the fears of many of his advisers. On the other hand, if he made no protest, he might have on his conscience the blame of having solemnly recognized a merely civil marriage. Consalvi afterwards told Metternich, according to the latter, that the Pope made up his mind to make his protest and to refuse to solemnize the coronation, unless some proof were furnished him of the religious character of the marriage. While he was in this state of mind, two or three French bishops, whom Consalvi named to Metternich, but whom Metternich does not name, came to visit the Pope, who spoke to them of the trouble under which he found himself. The bishops reassured him, telling him that the marriage had been perfectly correct and religious, and giving details. Some days after the coronation, the Pope found out that he had been deceived by these bishops, and then thought it best to make no public protestation, though he continually urged Napoleon to repair the dishonour which had been done to him, and to rectify his marriage.

This is Metternich's story, told on the alleged authority of Consalvi. It is, however, altogether contradicted by the account of Madame de Rémusat, not to speak of other graver authorities. Madame de Rémusat was Josephine's intimate lady of honour at the time, and was present when the Pope reached Fontainebleau, and at the coronation itself. Her story is that Josephine, who was always in fear of a divorce, with which Napoleon threatened her whenever he was out of humour with her, which it was the object of his family to bring about, and which was in itself desirable on the political ground that he would strengthen his hold on the nation if he had a direct heir, skilfully availed herself of the occasion of the coronation to obtain the help of the Pope in forcing Napoleon to make her marriage indissoluble and indisputable. This, according to Madame de Rémusat, is the true version of Josephine's conduct,

which by some writers has been set down to scruples of conscience as to her condition as a wife. At all events, from whatever motive, the second time that the Pope came to pay her a visit of ceremony at Fontainebleau, Josephine confided to His Holiness that she had not been married to Napoleon in the Church. Pius the Seventh was very kind to her, called her his daughter, praised her for the manner in which she employed her power, and promised to exact of the Emperor that a religious marriage must precede the ceremony of the coronation. In fact, says Madame de Rémusat, the Emperor was forced to consent, and they were married by Cardinal Fesch, two or three days before the coronation. Madame de Rémusat says that two days before this ceremony, her own husband had to take to the Empress the diadem which she was to wear on the occasion, and he found her in a state of joy which it was impossible to conceal. That morning, she told him, an altar had been erected in the private room of the Emperor, and Cardinal Fesch had married them in the presence of two aide-de-camps. After the marriage, the Cardinal gave her a written attestation, which she always kept with great care, and would never give up to Napoleon, although he constantly tried to get possession of it. This, at least, is Madame de Rémusat's statement, though it has been said by others that Napoleon managed to gain possession of the document. The absence of the parish priest from the marriage at the Tuileries was afterwards used as the argument for the invalidity of this union. Napoleon also declared, with singular audacity—instancing thereby his avowed principle of making everything, even honour, give way to policy—that he had withheld his own consent from this forced marriage.

Although there are some discrepancies of detail between Madame de Rémusat's story and that of other equally authentic statements, as to the marriage of Josephine and Napoleon before the coronation, we must be glad to get rid of Metternich's version of the Pope's conduct, and especially of the conduct of the French bishops. Madame de Rémusat may not be perfectly accurate, in this as in other matters, but her evidence is independent, and therefore valuable, as to the fact of the marriage by Cardinal Fesch. She tells us that this Cardinal always protested that the marriage was valid, but we know that he did not hesitate to bless the religious marriage of Napoleon and the Archduchess. Perhaps in the whole matter no one con-

cerned comes out without some suspicion, except the Pontiff himself. It is a measure of the general correctness of Madame de Rémusat's views, that she seems to appreciate the simple dignity of Pius the Seventh. She tells us that, on his first arrival in Paris, the people were more curious than reverent in their behaviour towards him, but that his calm and majestic manner soon made him respected and honoured, not only by those whose faith was fervent, but by the population generally. He had no doubt much to suffer. Even on the day of the coronation, Napoleon had the extreme bad taste to allow him to be kept waiting for hours on his throne in Notre Dame. At the banquet which followed, the Empress sat between the Pope and the Emperor, with the latter on her right hand. They were served by great officials. There was then a concert, which the Pope listened to—but when some ballet dancers came in, he got up and retired.

But the value of these memoirs is rather that of the class to which they belong, than that which belongs to statements verified by documents, and proceeding from the pen of a grave historian. The editor claims special merit for one chapter in the third volume, in which his grandmother describes the life of the Court of the Emperor at Fontainebleau, when he was at the height of his power in 1807. It was a sort of attempt to rival Versailles in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Besides the Emperor and Empress, the chateau received the Queen of Holland (Hortense), the Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Grand Duke (Murat) and Grand Duchess of Berg, the Princess Pauline (Borghese), "Madame Mère," the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the "Prince Primate," the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, the Princes of Mecklenburgh and Saxe-Coburg, and a multitude of others, Talleyrand, and the other Ministers of France and Italy, and so on. Certain days of the week were allotted to receptions, balls, and plays. There were plays twice a week. The Emperor "received" once, the Grand Duchess of Berg and the Princess Borghese each gave a ball once a week, and the Empress also had her circle. The great Ministers and officers entertained on certain days, and there was a table provided for those who had no special invitation. No one dined with Napoleon and Josephine except by special invitation. There were hunts on certain days, and the ladies were to appear in a fixed costume, the household of each "princess" wearing a different colour. The Emperor attended

the hunt, but did not always follow it. He rode where he liked, and sometimes put the hounds out by changing his path. Though he cared little for it himself, he could not bear if the hunt failed to catch the stag. He kept up his habits of hard work, rising early, breakfasting alone, giving audiences all day long till the evening. The Ministers had to come from Paris just as if he was at St. Cloud, he never thought of the distance. Thus some audiences, which he was accustomed to give on Sundays after Mass, were not changed, and the unfortunate officials had to start from Paris at midnight. After all, when they were in the gallery in which he received them, he would walk by them sometimes without giving them a word or a look.

The receptions were very tiresome. No one dared to speak freely—there was no conversation, no amusement. All were afraid. Napoleon complained once in Talleyrand's presence that he had collected all these people for the purpose of amusement, and yet he saw nothing but long faces, every one looked tired and sad. "Yes," said Talleyrand, "the reason is that pleasure cannot be dragged along at the beat of the drum, and you are here just as with the army, you always seem to be saying to all of us, 'Now then, ladies and gentlemen, forward! march!'" Poor M. Rémusat, who was charged with the preparation of all the *spectacles* and plays, was at his wits' end. He had, as Talleyrand said, to "amuse the unamusable." The Emperor would have all the best actors and singers from Paris, and yet would not have the theatres at Paris interfered with. He would change the plan on the day fixed for the performance, and would listen to no remonstrances as to impossibility. And after all the pains taken to please him, he would show no signs of satisfaction. The tragedies—for he constantly chose tragedies—were terribly dull. No one ventured to applaud in his presence. The ladies went to sleep, and every one left the theatre tired and worn out. And then Napoleon was angry, and blamed everybody concerned.

There is a great deal more of the same sort in the chapter of which we are speaking. But we must hold our hand. The impression which is derived from the whole picture is, after all, not very surprising in a Christian point of view. Here was a master of the world, a "king of men," to use the old Homeric appellation. When we look at him closely, what a pigmy, what a baby, what a snob, nay, what a scoundrel it is! "These be thy gods, O Israel"—these are the men whom Providence raises

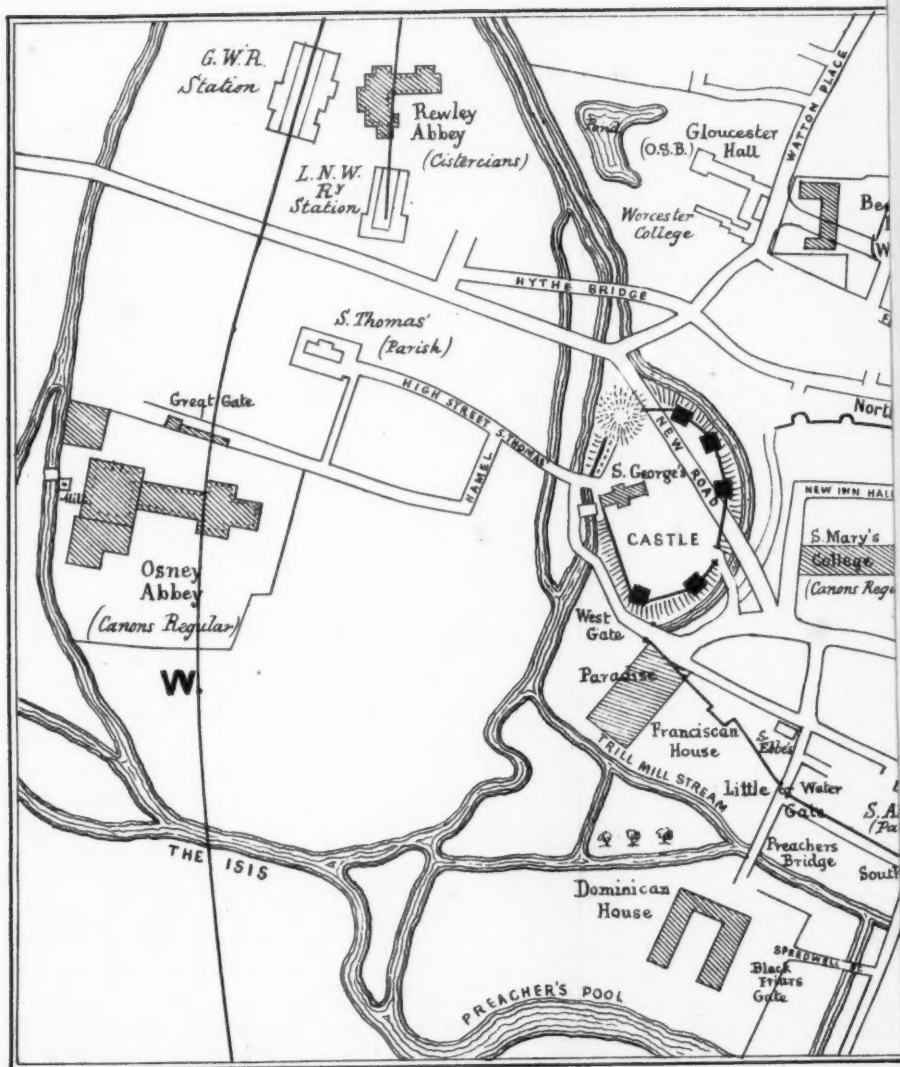
up from time to time, to do His behests in scourging and purifying the world. He works His own ends through them, and, if they could have been faithful to their end and executed the mission which was committed to them with a simple aim at His service, their natural pettiness and misery would have been overcome by Divine grace, and every feature of their character ennobled and strengthened for good. There is no ruin so great as that of a great instrument of God. The noblest talents, the greatest opportunities, the Providential order of the world which brings immense power to their hands—all are made useless, and worse than useless, by the simple malignity of selfishness.









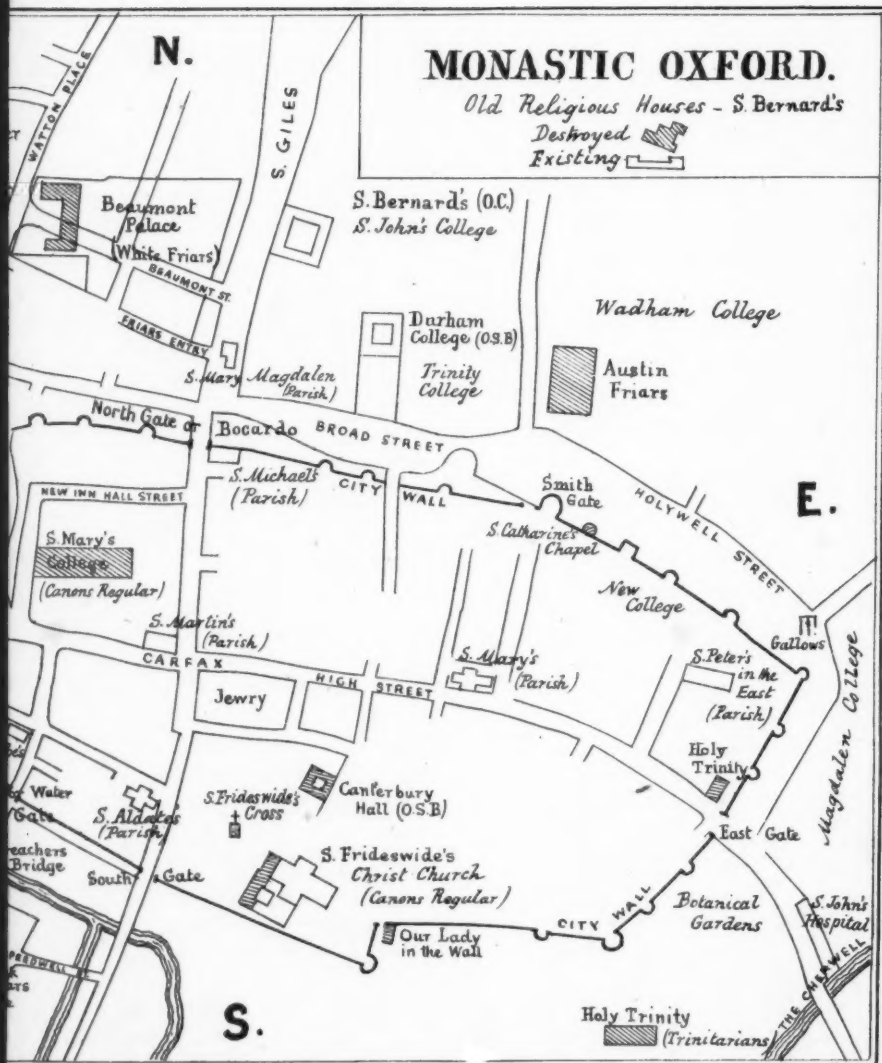




# MONASTIC OXFORD.

Old Religious Houses - S. Bernard's

Destroyed   
Existing 







## *A Bygone Oxford.*

---

IT was a close, dull day in the end of June. The Bodleian was almost deserted. A solitary German student was working hard in one of the compartments. The officials were quiet at their posts. The few strangers who passed lazily along the show cases of the Bodleian proper seemed awed with the *genius loci*, and did not dare to break in upon its silence. I was seated in a corner of the Selden Library, one of Dugdale's charming folios before me, wading through the cartulary of an Oxford abbey. The slight rustle of the leaves in Exeter College Garden heard through the open casement, faint bursts of soft music from the organ in the Sheldonian were the only sounds that reached me, as struggling with sleep I tried to finish the long list of Saxon donations in the charter before me.

I was on the Thames, broad and bright, the trees on its banks in their fullest glory. The meadows were crowned with long rich grass. The cattle on the pastures were browsing in the shade. The boat was a strange craft, not made by Clasper; but the boatman was stranger, and his language strangest of all. It was with difficulty I could understand what seemed a very intensified *patois* of Oxford countryfolk. I was aware that I was on my way from Abingdon with letters commendatory from the Lord Abbot to the Abbot of Osney and to the heads of other religious houses of Oxford. Iffley was passed, and the long pastures of Horspath, though we had been stayed at more than one lock and paid more than one toll with sundry mutterings of the boatman at the greed of churchmen who, so he seemed to think, had made those locks simply to lighten his purse. And now the city walls of Oxford came in sight with a cluster of many towers and spires rising over them and around them. We caught a glimpse of Corpus Christi College shining brightly in its newness, by its elder sister of Merton, beneath the graceful spire of St. Frideswide's. The boat shoots at last under the arches of the Great Bridge. It is crowned by

a lofty gateway, to which my boatman points and straightway crosses himself, as he mutters the name of the great wizard friar who used from that vantage point to search for answers amidst the stars. He doffs his cap to St. Nicholas' Chapel, where dwelt the hermit, so called, the custodian of the bridge.

And now there comes in view a sight quite unfamiliar. Grey enclosure walls coming down to the waterside girdle in a vast religious house, over which towers a stately church. Beyond it and confused with it is another group of buildings, out of which rises another church not less sumptuous, to which the massive towers of the castle serve as a background. Across park-like meadows, bosky gardens, and long avenues, surrounded on both sides by broad streams, the Monarch of the Scene is a cathedral-looking church. As it is due north, it stands up against the sky a vast pile some three hundred and fifty feet in length; one lofty and massive tower at its west end, another but smaller at the intersection of the transepts and nave. As the boat rounds the promontory on which stands the nearest religious house, the neighbouring group of buildings and the great church opposite, with the abbey at its feet, become more visible, another abbey comes in sight, further on in front, and only less stately than those nearer hand. And as we pass beneath antique bridges and near foaming mill-races, two other monastic buildings are seen, behind and beyond the great castle, but still outside the city walls,—one a picturesque group of various roofs, out of which rises a noble chapel, with pleasant gardens stretching to the waterside; the other towering over it with a half palatial look, with a church and spire, from whose tower rang out a merry peal of bells. It was an Oxford, but not the Oxford that I know. The gas-works, the dreary streets that run down to the Isis, the big breweries, the unsightly railway stations, and their still more unsightly sidings, that now are, were not. It was a vision of Oxford as it was before the spoiler had gone forth, before the Friars Minor and Friar Preachers, before the monks of Osney and of Rewley had been driven out and their houses of prayer and study levelled to the ground, before the Religious of Mount Carmel had been forced to give up to Henry the Eighth the palace which his ancestor had dedicated to God.

The big bell of Bodley boomed, swinging leisurely on its wheel. I lifted up my head from the open pages of Dugdale on which it had fallen. A vision of beauty was gone. I could



only grope for the dead bones from which it had sprung and strive again laboriously to reconstruct by further study the fair dream I had dreamt that day. And to come down to a matter-of-fact world, it is hard to realize that this is no dream, but a feeble presentment of an historic past.

The visitor to Rome, however slightly acquainted he may be with its past history, is constantly confronted by ruins which tell him that the city of to-day is built over another city grander and greater as worldly things go. The visitor to Oxford feels at once that he is in an old world city, whose very streets and domestic buildings seem of a distant past. Magdalen and New, and the great quadrangle of Christ Church, by contrast with our manufacturing towns of yesterday, tell of a period so distant that one never imagines that buildings—perhaps greater and grander still—existed before these Colleges were thought of. And yet a little investigation will prove this to have been the case. May I offer myself as a guide, not because I know much, but because I have learned enough to regret that more is not known, and with the hope that others more fitted will fill in the study I venture roughly to sketch?

#### ST. FRIDESWIDE'S.

One monastic building yet remains to Oxford, if not in its entirety, yet sufficiently perfect to give some notion of what we have lost by the greed of Henry the Eighth and the zeal of his reforming, but not unselfish, abettors. The building remains, but carefully stripped, under three reigns, of all that art and self-sacrifice had done to make glorious the house of God. And fortunately, for it was owing to no special reverence on the part of its preservers, this building, which was spared in the general wrecking, was the most venerable and the most venerated of all its peers. Familiar to every one who has seen Oxford is the Early English spire of Christ Church, rising out of the noble buildings of Wolsey's College. How many remember that this spire marks out the sanctuary which was the nucleus around which City and University gathered! In the troubled days of the Saxon period, somewhere in the eighth century a subregulus, a petty king of some sort, was ruler in Oxford. Tradition calls him Didanus, which Dr. Ingram boldly translates into Æthelbald, the powerful King of the Mercians. But I fear Æthelbald might stand better for Algarus, the villain

of the story.<sup>1</sup> The wife of Didanus, the Lady Sapiola, bore him a daughter so given to a life of prayer and penance, that when Sapiola died—in 727 (?)—Didanus built a convent for his gentle Frideswide. Into its enclosure she retired with twelve companions. A Prince Algarus had lost his heart to the holy maiden, and in his lust and power despised her solemn vows to God, and would have carried her away by force. With but two companions she dropped secretly down the river to Bendon or Abingdon, some ten miles off, where the great Benedictine Abbey afterwards was built. There St. Frideswide lay concealed in an outhouse bowered with ivy. The tyrant, balked of his prey, threatened to destroy Oxford unless he were told where she lay hid. But close by the North Gate, near St. Michael's Church of to-day, he was stricken with sudden blindness. The visitation touched his heart. He bewailed his intended crime, and straightway asking God for his sight for St. Frideswide's sake, it was restored to him. Not till Henry the Third's time did any monarch after that dare to enter her church. The Saint returned to Oxford. But three years later she sought for a deeper solitude in the marshes of Binsey, and in the quiet of the streamlet-girdled woods of a semi-island she built herself an oratory. At her prayers a well gushed up at the west end of the church. It is still known as St. Margaret's, and became so famous for its healing powers that a large village with twenty-four inns was built hard by, of which no vestige now remains. After her death, which took place on October 9, in 740, St. Frideswide's body was buried in the convent church at Oxford, which changed its name from St. Mary's to St. Frideswide's, and our Saint became the Patroness of the town. Her festival was kept on the anniversary of her death, and was celebrated most solemnly.

The first authentic record of Oxford we meet with is in connection with her church. In the hideous massacre of the Danes planned by Æthelred the Unready, the fugitives from Oxford took shelter in the tower of St. Frideswide's Church, and as the place could not be taken by storm, fire was put to the building—it was probably built of wood—and it was utterly destroyed. The royal murderer—let us hope—repented of his crime, as useless as it was vile, and not only rebuilt the church, but endowed it with fresh gifts of land. The charter in behalf of "myn own mynster" "in Oxenford" was signed

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Lingard, *History of England*, 1849, vol. i. p. 137.

on the octave day of St. Andrew *circa* 1004 by the King, by Archbishop Ælfric of Canterbury, Archbishop Wolstan of York, and by many a bishop and by many a noble. It is not clear what priests served the minster at this time, for the place, like the Abbey at Bath, had ceased to be a house of religious women during the Danish invasions. It seems to have been alternately a collegiate church with secular canons, and a religious house.

About 1111 or 1121, a learned priest named Guimond was Court chaplain to Henry the First, and he took it ill that while his dissolute and tyrannical prince nominated to bishoprics and benefices men who were but slightly educated, the learned clergy were passed by. So, when saying Mass before the King on one of the Rogation Days, he came in the Epistle of the day, taken from the fifth chapter of St. James, to the well-known passage: "And it rained not for iii. years and vi. months." But pretending to blunder over the Roman numerals, he read it as follows: "And it rained not for one, one, one years, and five, one months." The courtiers smiled at the chaplain's apparent ignorance, and when Henry afterwards rebuked him for it, Guimond answered: "You give benefices to people who read just like that. Know, sire, that henceforward I will be the courtier of none but the Great King Who grants not mere temporal but eternal favours to His servants." So Guimond left the world for the cloister, and when the Bishop of Salisbury, Roger, the King's Chancellor, installed the Canons Regular of St. Augustine in St. Frideswide's, that prelate placed Guimond over them as their first Prior. Henry, who with all his faults was magnificent and royal in his gifts, endowed the Priory with large possessions, probably restitution of property alienated at the Conquest. He gave among other gifts the livings of All Saints, St. Peter le Bailey, St. Michael, half that of St. Aldate, and of two other city parishes, now no more, St. Edward's near King Edward's Street, and St. Mildred's, whose site is now occupied by the Hall of Exeter College. Henry presented also to St. Frideswide's the old home of the Virgin Saint at Binsey and the land round about, and a church was built there soon after, which spite of later alterations is standing to this day. Stephen and his rival, the Empress Maud, vied with each other in their grants to the shrine of Oxford's Patron Saint.

It was possibly under the active rule of the first Prior that the building of the church, much as it stands to-day, was begun

in earnest, and it was carried on zealously by Prior Robert the Bald, of Cricklade, and Philip his successor. It is not necessary to go into the archaeological question as to how much, if any, of Æthelred's church was preserved in the Norman work of the Augustinian Priors. But Prior Robert was just the man fit to design and to carry out the grand church of which so much is left to us. He was a man of mark in his day. From the English Pope Adrian the Fourth he obtained the sanction of Papal confirmation of the property of his house. During his thirty years as Prior he held important posts in the University, and was Chancellor in 1159. His long term of office left so little for his successor to do that he was able in the first year of being Prior, 1180, solemnly to translate the relics of St. Frideswide from the chapel on the south side. Was this on the site of the Chapter House, where an old door with the zig-zag moulding has been said to have been the entrance into an older church? The Bishops of Winchester, Ely, and Norwich, the Legate of Scotland, took part in the function, and God honoured His virgin Saint with miracles. Later on the beautiful Early English double aisle on the north side was erected, and on Saturday, September 10, 1289, the relics were translated to this place, and laid in a new and more costly shrine, in presence of William de la Corner, Bishop of Salisbury, and Edward Earl of Cornwall. A still richer shrine is said to have been made at the close of the fifteenth century. The wooden chamber built above a rich perpendicular tomb between the north aisle and the Lady Chapel, now the Latin Chapel, is pointed out as St. Frideswide's shrine, but it is more probably the watch-room, which served, as the similar oaken room in St. Alban's Abbey, to keep guard over the jewels which adorned the feretory. Where precisely this stood is not clear. Anthony à Wood was told by Archdeacon Holyday, in 1661, that it used to stand on the north side of the choir, where in his time the choristers sat, between two pillars, that it was surrounded by iron rails, and that the Saint's effigy was reclining upon it, the head borne up by two angels, and that in Dean Duppa's time it was taken down and a perfect figure of the Saint found in the tomb with bay leaves and ribbons. But this seems like a description of Lady Montecute's tomb, now existing, the noble giver of half of Christ Church meadows to the Priory, as an endowment to her chantry. At all events, we find that St. Frideswide's remains were borne on great days to the high

altar. Her feast was ordered by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in 1481 to be kept throughout the Province, the saint having been canonized by the Pope together with SS. Osmund and Ethelreda. She has been honoured for many centuries at Bomy, in the diocese of Arras, where, till the great Revolution, there was standing a church dedicated to her under the name of St. Frewisse. How great was the devotion to the Saint is shown by the long list of offerings to her shrine, by the endowments of lamps and chantries, by the solemn procession of the Chancellor and scholars of the University each Mid-Lent Sunday and Ascension Day, to pay their homage at her shrine, and by the numbers of pilgrims who came to pray before her tomb.

Among the last of these was the noble-hearted Katharine of Arragon. She was staying with her royal husband and a splendid Court at the Abbey of Abingdon, but her devotion made her push on to Oxford. Perhaps the troubles of St. Frideswide had their attraction for the sorely-tried Queen. She withdrew from the hearty state reception given her by the University men to pray in quiet at the shrine. This was in 1518.

Additions and adornments were still being made, for we find that James Zouch, whose tomb, stripped of its brass, is under the great window of the north transept, and who died in 1503—the pencases and ink-horns on the tomb mark him out as a lawyer by profession—left money to be spent on that transept.

But shortly after Katharine's visit, Cardinal Wolsey, then in the height of his power, obtained from Clement the Seventh the grant of the Priory, its buildings and lands, to create for the advancement of learning and the glory of his name the grandest College in Christendom. At the same time and for the same end the Pope gave him some other religious houses, which with a second grant amounted in all to about forty-two, and of which the revenues were valued at £2,000 of money of the time. Littlemore Convent, or the Mynchery, was one of these. The Papal Bull arrived in 1542, the religious of St. Frideswide's were transferred to other houses, their Prior Burton going to the Abbey of his Order at Osney, and the Cardinal at once began to make a clearance for his new building. And here our story rightly ends. But a word or two must be said on the ancient Priory and what remains of it now-a-days.

Wolsey pulled down fifty feet of the church, which he began to remodel in the style of architecture fashionable in his day. But even after so much of the church had been pulled down, there were no less than eight altars left, besides the high altar. He swept away also the west side of the Cloister. The Chapter House, the Slype or passage from the Cloister to the burial ground, the Prior's House, and the old Refectory, both now divided into rooms, still remain. A fire in what became the Chaplain's quadrangle, near the new wing looking on Christ Church Meadows, caused some other portions apparently of the old Priory at the south-eastern portion to be blown up in 1669. Where now is, or was, the fountain in Tom Quad stood St. Frideswide's Cross, from which, as from St. Paul's, sermons used to be preached. Wolsey had only completed his new kitchen and hall, and built in part the east, south, and west sides of the great quadrangle, and laid the foundations of a splendid chapel on the north, when he lost the favour of his King, whom he served better than his God. Henry at once grasped all the revenues of the suppressed houses, and but for strong representations, the whole College would have been no more. As it was, the works were stopped, till after the surrender of the great abbeys the ruins of Abingdon and Osney made cheap quarries for the little the avaricious monarch chose to add to what his favourite had left unfinished. And in memory of its royal benefactor the name was changed from Cardinal's College into King's.

In 1539 lust of gold, under cover of hatred of superstition, stripped of its treasures the shrine of St. Frideswide, the centre and the reason of so many centuries of generous gifts. Some six years later we find from an inventory that there was still treasure to spoil in the sacristy of the church. There were pyxes, thuribles, crosiers, cruets, chalices, and chrismatories of silver and silver gilt, and amongst other vestments, fourteen copes of cloth of gold, and some sixteen more, and a set of High Mass vestments of red velvet embroidered with silver and pearls, and golden threads.

*Hic requiescit religio cum superstitione*—"Here lies religion with superstition," was the epitaph which some Elizabethan divine wrote over the bones of the virgin Saint, which had been dragged from their hiding-place and mingled with the remains of an apostate nun, called by courtesy, the wife of Peter Martyr, himself an apostate Canon Regular, whom Cranmer had made



Canon of Christ Church, and Protector Somerset Professor of Theology.

In the November of 1610, the steeple was adorned with the grim trophy of George Nappier's head. Son of an honourable Oxford family, to whom the old Manor House of Holywell then belonged, he had given his life cheerfully at the gibbet by Longwall, not far from his father's house, for the faith of St. Frideswide, of Prior Guimond, and of those who had built the monasteries and colleges of Oxford.

OSNEY.

Little does the traveller imagine as the train passes by the cemetery, just outside the Great Western Station at Oxford, that he is going over the site of what was one of the grandest monastic piles of England. The Norman lords of Oxford, the D'Oyly, had gained great territory and power. In the reign of Henry the First, Edith, the wife of Robert D'Oyly, the second of that name, persuaded her husband to give the southern half of Osney, an island formed by the two branches of the river Isis, to found thereon a house of Canons Regular. My Lady Edith "used to walk out of Oxford Castle with her gentlewomen for recreation, and that oftentimes; when in a certain place in a tree, as often as she came, certain magpies used to gather to it and there to chatter, and as it were to speak unto her. Edith much wondered at this matter, and was sometimes sore afraid as at a wonder." She asked advice of one Ralph, a Canon of Frideswide's, and he told her at once they were not birds but souls in Purgatory, asking that for their sakes she would build some building for the sake of God—as her husband's uncle had built and endowed the Collegiate Church of St. George within the Castle Garth. So with the approval of Archbishop Theobald of Canterbury, and of the diocesan Alexander of Lincoln, and being backed up by her sons, Edith obtained from her husband, a soft and pleasure-loving man, to devote all his lands in Osney Isle for the new foundations. Thus in 1129 a house of the Canon Regulars was founded. Small in its beginnings, like most things born to be great, the steady inpour of donations made it before long a rich and powerful Abbey. Robert D'Oyly added to his first grant magnificent endowments, all his property in and about Oxford, the Churches of St. George and St. Mary Magdalen, and the Church of Kidlington. The actual enclosure of the

Abbey can be roughly stated to have been the southern portion of Osney island, of which the northern boundary was an imaginary line drawn a little south of St. Thomas' Church near the railway stations. At present the site is occupied in great part by Osney Mill, and the land around it, by St. Thomas' Cemetery, and the sidings and goods stations of the Great Western Railway.

Crossing the bridge under the Castle, called of old Bookbinders' Bridge, into High Street, St. Thomas', we turn to the left down the broad street called the Hamel, and then along the lane to the right, and we should have found the enclosure wall of the Abbey on our left, of which some still appears to exist. A few steps more would have brought us to the first and lesser gate of the Abbey, from which a row of buildings, bearing the beautiful name of *Domus Dei*—"God's House," stretched up to the Great Gate. It served as a home for poor scholars and retainers of the Abbey, and besides being endowed, alms were given in kind to the in-dwellers from the refectory of the Abbey. A small church facing the gate, and dedicated to St. Nicholas, served as a parish church for those who were subject to the Abbey. When their numbers increased, and access within the Castle walls to St. George's Church became practically impossible, St. Nicholas' was enlarged, and took the name by which we know it of St. Thomas'. There can be little doubt that it was in this church that the young Edmund of Abingdon, known to us as the sainted Archbishop of Canterbury, placed his ring upon the finger of an image of our Lady, as a pledge of his innocence amidst the wild licence of the thousands of youths of every country that then frequented the Oxford lecture halls. A statue of our Lady in a niche crowned the Great Gate, and on either side were sculptured the arms of St. George, and those of the D'Oyly, quartered with a pastoral staff, the armorial bearings of Osney. Many a meal given without stint has been received by weary tramps under the capacious shelter of its splendid vaults. Beyond you found yourself in a vast courtyard or "quad" of cut stone, with a conduit in its centre, from which the whole house was supplied. Then on your right you entered the cloisters, which stood at the west end of the Abbey Church, its oaken roof richly carved with the arms and rebuses of various benefactors, the chiefest of whom was Abbot Leech, who built three sides of the square. Opening off it on the south side, up a flight of stairs, was the spacious refectory, elaborately adorned

with sculpture, which, too, was owing in great part to Abbot Leech, who rebuilt it about 1247. The kitchen was at the west end, while further on to the south, beyond the refectory, and close by the Mill Race, was the firmory or infirmary for the sick monks, with a private chapel for their use. The dormitory, no doubt, occupied one side of the cloisters, possibly the western portion. Another splendid building of Abbot Leech was the Abbot's House, which was at your right as you entered the great gate, adjoining the head of the mill stream. The dining hall was fit for any palace, and kings and barons often were entertained there. Like the public refectory, it was approached by a noble flight of steps, broad enough for six men to go up abreast. There was a chapel, with kitchen, and stables attached to the house. Besides these buildings, there were the Frater house for the lay-brothers, the school house, brewhouses, a bakery, and slaughter houses, the mill, and the great barn, whilst numbers of workmen, as tailors, bookbinders, illuminators, and wax-chandlers, who lived outside the water gate, had their workshops within the Abbey precincts. The gardens, with avenues of elm trees, orchards, fish ponds, and dovecots, stretched southward to the waterside. The monks had also a tannery for leather and the much required parchment, on the old branch of the river below the mill stream.

But the central object of the Abbey is yet to be visited—the magnificent church, of which some idea can be gathered from old sketches of its ruins, from the curious window to Bishop King in the north aisle of Christ Church, and from descriptions by those who saw it in its glory and after its fall. The choir was long, as usual in monastic churches, and a Lady chapel was projected at the east end. A magnificent tower rose over the intersection of the nave and transepts, and another still loftier was at the west end, bearing the finest peal of bells in England. Of these seven out of the ten were the gift of Abbot Leech. He it was also who, with the help of a good knight named Beaufort, built the nave and the Lady Chapel, as statues of these two worthies erected in the church did testify. Another Lady Chapel was built by Prior Thomas de Kidlington on the north side of the choir. The high altar was given by Prior Appleby, and was consecrated in 1267. There were other twenty-three altars, many in separate chapels, others, no doubt, affixed to the piers of the nave. Good William of Worcester, not always quite accurate in his measurements, writing in 1480, tells us that the

total length, including the Lady Chapel at the east end, to the great western tower, was 332 feet, while the space under the tower was 20 feet, making a total from east to west of 352; its width, with three aisles, 100 feet, surely the width of the transepts. The choir was bright with tapestry, the windows glowed with stained glass, rich carvings and statuary made arch and wall full of life and meaning. Splendid tombs of marble, incised slabs, and brasses, added to the glory of the church. Lady Edith, the foundress, reposed under an effigied tomb on the north side of the high altar. She was figured as one who had devoted herself to God, and bore in her hand a heart, while on the wall above was painted the story of her coming to Osney, and the trees with the chattering magpies.

The civil wars, the spread of Wicliffism, at least in its milder form of hatred of religious orders, perhaps, too, the immense wealth of the Abbey, all combined to diminish the number of vocations to the cloister. The appointment of Bishop King Suffragan Bishop of the diocese, a Cistercian monk, by Henry the Eighth as Abbot *in commendam*, to gather the wool and eat the fruits of what had been left for other ends, no doubt reduced still further the number of the community; and when the hireling Abbot did as he was bid, and surrendered the Abbey to the new head of the Church in England, there were but twelve choir monks in the vast enclosure. This was in 1539. Two years later the same unfaithful shepherd got his reward, by being made, by the supreme authority of Henry, Bishop of a new see which took its title from the Abbey. Gloucester Hall, of which we shall have to speak, was given as the palace of the Lord Bishop of Osney. The Abbot's house became the deanery, and the Canons were installed in other parts of the monastic buildings.

But the Tudor Pope, as usual, wanted money, and as Pope, church lands were his by right. If St. Frideswide's must be preserved, it would be economy to make it serve two purposes, as chapel for what survived of Wolsey's College, and as cathedral for the new diocese which was taken from the see of Lincoln. So Henry sold Osney to a rich clothier, one Stump, the same who turned the grand abbey church of Malmesbury into a cloth factory. But the royal vicegerent reserved to himself the church, the cloisters, and the wood. Then the work of demolition went on apace. We have some accounts which picture to us its ruin.

"Imprimis to Poppyng Jaye, the joiner, for taking down the stalls and sydes of the choir and high altar and other things in the church for eight days. Item to Poppyng Jaye himself, three days for taking down the roof of the church. Paid to Mr. Raynolds for melting the lead of the church and casting it into sows. Paid to William Plummer for taking down the lead of the cloister." Henry was fond of lead, a valuable and marketable article. "Item for taking down the bells for six days. Item, four days for taking down the battlements of the church and upon the porch. Item, 26th September, for carriage of great bell to Frideswide." Again, "Slate at Osney kitchen taken down, the kitchen and fermory taken down. Item, to a labourer, pulling down stone at Osney Church for the masons that took the work to task at Frideswide's."

Only two bells of the ten existed uninjured in the days of Anthony à Wood. Two, one in his time, another then recast, bore inscriptions to our Lady.

In Queen Mary's reign enough of the church still remained for Mass to be said therein; perhaps it was the choir. The nave evidently was unroofed. But towers and walls were standing when Agas drew his map in Queen Elizabeth's days, and the central tower and vast portions of the wall existed till the sieges of Oxford in the Parliamentary Wars. King Charles' earthworks seem to have passed right over the site, and the abbey mill in his time became a powder mill. Bases of columns, coffins of lead, are still unearthed in the cemetery and by the mill. These and part of a barn close by are all that remain of the glories of our Lady of Osney.

#### THE BLACK FRIARS.

The Preaching or Black Friars lost no time after their institution in finding their way to the schools of Oxford. At the Second General Chapter of their Order, held at Bologna, under their glorious founder, St. Dominic, Father Gilbert of Frasinetto was sent in 1221 to England with thirteen friars. They came to Canterbury with Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, who on his return from Palestine had met them at Bologna, and were by him introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton. When his Grace heard they were preachers, he bade one of them to take his place in a church where he had himself engaged to preach, and so pleased was he with the result, that ever after he showed himself a true friend and

protector. Isabella, the widow of the Earl of Oxford, had chosen one of the Dominicans as her confessor, and the very first year of their arrival in England she gave them a site in the heart of the Jewry of Oxford, within the old parish of St. Edward's, somewhere behind the present Town Hall buildings, a site they had selected both because near to the public schools, which were then, as now, behind St. Mary's, and in the hope that they might be able to spread the faith among their Jewish brethren. The Fathers arrived on the 15th of August, a day of good augury for them. Their first Superior, Father John of St. Giles, was famed as a holy and learned theologian, as a successful professor, and as a skilful physician, and the great Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop Grostête, pays a high tribute in his letters to the Father's zeal. On the site granted to them, Father John erected an oratory and lecture rooms. Walter Mauclerk, Bishop of Carlisle, then Lord High Treasurer of the realm, who some years later—in 1246—resigned his bishopric, to put on the black and white habit of St. Dominic in that convent, gave them an additional plot of ground adjoining. Their house must have been of some importance, if it be true that the great Assembly of 1258, known by the name of the Mad Parliament, met within their walls. In this house the children of St. Dominic welcomed the sons of St. Francis on their arrival at the University. Whether, however, the site, as is probable, proved too circumscribed, or the Jews unconvertible, or the religious were annoyed by the rival claims of St. Frideswide's and St. Aldate's parochial authorities, their chapel lying half in the one and half in the other parish, or whether it was all these causes combined to persuade them to seek other quarters, they moved to another site in 1259.

If you go down by the east end of St. Ebbe's Church into the uninviting region beyond it, you come across Friar Street and, further on, Blackfriars' Street, and at the river side we find Friars' Wharf. We are evidently on Dominican ground. In old days the city walls coming down from the castle on our right passed by Pembroke and Christ Church Colleges to where they still may be seen at the back of Merton College. Some remains of them exist in Brewer's Street. And just where that street runs into Littlegate Street there was, as the name suggests, Little or Water Gate, with one of the many streams of the Isis flowing outside it. This was called the Trill Mill Stream, and flows from the Castle Mills, near



which it diverges from another affluent and runs towards Christ Church Meadows. Now-a-days it is covered over, but its course is easily traced behind Paradise Square, under Bridge Street, through Rose Lane, and so across St. Aldate's Street, when it comes again into the light in Christ Church Meadows, and flows into the Isis below Folly Bridge. It is, as we shall see, an important boundary. Across that stream, Preachers' Bridge led you from Little Gate to the islet given by King Henry the Third to the friars. Another water-course flowing into Trill Mill Stream, and which used to run between Friars' and Blackfriars' Street, formed the northern boundary of the conventual property; while a stream running more or less parallel to what is now St. Aldate's, and was then Great Bridge Street, formed the western limit. Preachers' Entry, now Speedwell Street, gave access by a bridge from that side to the Blackfriars' Gate. The main stream of the Isis was the southern boundary. It is not easy to say how far the site extended westward. Henry's royal gift included a house with enclosures of three acres to the east, a grove on the west, and a messuage near the gate. Another benefactor, Richard the Miller, gave them property near their entrance into St. Aldate's Street.

The friars sold their old property in the Jewry to one Fitz Hamon, and with the proceeds, forty marks, and the donations of benefactors, they built themselves a handsome convent, which they entered in 1245, and a new church, which, as well as the convent, was dedicated to St. Nicholas, in which Mass was first said in 1246, on the anniversary of their entrance into Oxford just a quarter of a century before. But it was not till 1262 that it was completed and consecrated by Bishop Grostête, the fast friend of the Dominicans and Franciscans. Among their many benefactors was that "courteous and kind knight," Sir Peter Besills, of Besillsleigh, who built the great stone bridge of Abingdon. He built the south aisle, besides leaving £120 for six stained glass windows. Building was still going on in Edward the First's reign, for that sovereign gave one hundred feet square of stone from one of his quarries at Wheatley in 1272. In 1280 there was such a flood on April 26 as had not been for thirty years, and the following Whit Sunday King Edward honoured the General Chapter of the Dominicans, which was held that year at Oxford, by his presence, and he made them a grant of some land to enable

them to protect themselves from future inundations. Nor was he the only royal personage who visited them. Edward the First, when Prince of Wales, stayed "with his folk" in the Lent of 1264 "at the Friar Preachers'."

As the bishops of the diocese had no residence in Oxford, they made the Dominicans' house their dwelling-place, whenever they came to the city. The schools, or lecture-halls, formed an important portion of the buildings. There were several, some for philosophy, some for theology. The public acts, or disputations of theology—by which scholars in those days, as is the case abroad, gained their degrees—took place in the chapter-house, or church, while those of philosophy came off in the cloisters. The library was well furnished for the times.

A history of the house would be a history of the Order in England and of the University in which, with the sister-house of the Franciscans, it played so prominent a part. Neither can the disputes between the University and the friars, disputes turning on the privileges granted them by the Holy See, have anything but this passing notice. We can merely mention some of the great men who lived and taught at St. Nicholas'. Robert Bacon, elder brother or uncle of the celebrated Franciscan, became a Dominican late in life, and having been long time a professor of theology, continued to teach it in the old schools at St. Edward's. He had been an intimate friend and a pupil of St. Edmund of Canterbury, and afterwards wrote his life. Richard Fisacre, one of the most learned men of his day, and a great admirer of Aristotle, was a bosom friend of Friar Bacon. They both taught together, and died in the same year. Robert Kilwarby was many years professor of philosophy at Paris and of theology at Oxford. Among his scholars was St. Thomas of Hereford, whose confessor he was, and with whom he was very intimate for the eleven years that he held the post of Provincial of the English Dominicans. He presided at the public defension when St. Thomas took his doctor's cap. Father Kilwarby became Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally Cardinal Archbishop of Porto. William Macclesfield, who had taken his doctor's degree in theology, no mere title of courtesy in those days, was named Cardinal Priest of Santa Sabina, the church of the convent hallowed by St. Dominic's presence at Rome. Benedict the Eleventh, who conferred on him this honour, was himself a Dominican, and had been General of the Order. The hat, however, only arrived when Father Thomas was in his

grave. Walter Joyce was made Primate of Ireland, and his brother Thomas Cardinal of Santa Sabina, dignities they both deserved by goodness and learning alike. Thomas is said to have been a pupil of the glory of his Order, St. Thomas Aquino, at Paris. It was when on an embassy from Edward the Third to Pope Clement the Fifth at Lyons that he received the purple. Cambridge contests with Oxford the glory of Robert Holcot of Northampton, who put off the ermine of a judge to become a friar, and as such spoke at the Council of Basle in defence of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Among a host of eminent controversialists, Robert Dymock—was he of the family of hereditary champions?—was chosen by vote of the University to be their champion against the followers of Wycliffe. One of the Priors, Simon de Bovil, was in 1238 Chancellor of the University.

Cardinal Joyce, Sir Peter Besills, and many other illustrious men were buried in the Church, or in the graveyard.

In 1540, Henry the Eighth sold the site and buildings, with those of the Franciscans, for £1,094. An alderman, William Freer of Oxford, soon afterwards purchased it, pulled down the church and most of the house, and sold the bells and the stones. He found a purchaser of these in Sir Thomas Pope, who used them to erect the wall which runs along Park Street, the enclosure of the grounds of Trinity College. The rood loft had been transported to the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. Not a stone has been left on a stone. The Prior's house was standing in 1773, but even in Elizabeth's reign, Agas writes it down in his map as the Grey Friars, so utterly had its memory passed away. Coffins of lead containing skeletons, with parchment deeds and their seals, medals, and rings, have constantly been dug up, even so late as the last few years, during the excavations for the new drainage scheme.

#### THE FRANCISCANS.

The Franciscans were not long in following the Dominicans to Oxford. The first Grey Friars landed in England on September 10, 1224, three years after their brethren of St. Dominic. At the close of October two of their number went on to Oxford. One was Father Richard de Ingerworth, a priest some thirty years old—the first of his Order who had preached on this side the Alps. He afterwards became first

socius or adjunct to Fra Agnello of Pisa, the Provincial of England, and finally Provincial of Ireland. The other was a novice, Richard of Devonshire, a youth in minor orders, famed even then for his obedience and his patience. This virtue they sadly needed. For as they journeyed on to Oxford, after passing Baldon, a village north of Dorchester, because the floods were out they were unable to go further. So they asked for hospitality at a monastic grange, some six miles off Oxford, perhaps at Great Milton, probably at Culham. They implored the monks to give them food, for they were starving, and shelter from the wild beasts that prowled about in the forest. Their strange dress, almost, says the Chronicler of Lanercost, *omnis fatui nati*, that "of any born fool," puzzled the brother porter. He took in their message to the Prior, who, with a sacristan, cellerar, and novice, formed the small community. Either they were thought to be mummers, let in for the sake of a little honest amusement, and driven out again when the mistake was discovered; or, as Bartholomew of Pisa has it, the grave Superior would have nothing to do with strolling players, and bade the porter to send them about their business. The Benedictine novice seems to have detected a look of higher things in the humble pair. At all events, when the other inmates of the grange were in bed he stole down to the porter, and bade him let them into the hay-loft, while he went and brought them bread and wine. The brother did so, and the novice commended himself to their prayers. That night he dreamt a terrible dream. He saw the Prior and his community before the Just Judge, and a man dressed in the strange garb of the strangers, the poor man of Assisi, witnessing against them. He awoke and found his brethren struggling in their beds and gasping for breath, and the sudden death of the Prior but shortly after made such an impression on all around that Rading, the Lord Abbot of Osney, became a Franciscan. But the two were off betimes, and found a hearty welcome at the Dominicans of the Jewry, dining in their refectory and sleeping in their dormitory for a week. Then they took a house from Robert the Mercer, just within the south western part of the walls, between Little Gate and St. Ebbe's Church. There they stayed till summer time, and left for Northampton. They had possessed no public chapel, but the good seed was sown, and the people of Oxford welcomed them back when kindly Richard the Miller let them another house and a farm hard by, close to where they

lived, but outside the walls. Here they were soon joined by first graduates and men of good birth of the University. The first Guardian, or Superior of the house, was William of Esseby, till then a novice, yet so far advanced in the true spirit of a religious that, when asked by the Provincial of France while in that country if he wanted to go to his native land, his answer was he really did not know whether he wanted, because his will was no longer his own, but his Superior's. The building commenced on the site of the miller's house. The foundation began in the strictest poverty. Even the infirmary, where we should expect the most comfort, was no higher than a man's stature. Neither was there for several years any guest house, so important a part of a large religious house. The site they occupied was very circumscribed and insufficient. In 1221, however, a wealthy citizen of Oxford, one Thomas Wanlong, gave them an additional plot of ground. To this the Archdeacon of Oxford, Richard Mephram, a very learned man, added another piece of ground. A certain Lady Agnes made them a present of a property which is now known by the name of Paradise. Ralph de Maidstone, Bishop of Hereford, who in after life became a Franciscan, was one of the benefactors through whose generosity the church was begun. The building went on quickly, for the good people of Oxford gladly gave a hand and worked with a will for the popular friars. The sight of a quondam bishop and a former abbot carrying the stones and the mortar with the rest of their brethren must have served as a spur to their zeal.

As the bulk of their property lay outside the castle wall, leave was obtained from Henry the Third to close the lane which ran under the fortifications from Watergate to a postern near the castle, and to level the wall for that distance, provided they built another round their convent grounds. But as these were now so extensive, they seem not to have availed themselves of the permission, but to have opened a postern through the wall instead, while a chapel the friars were building on the north of their property was allowed to serve as a portion of the contemplated wall. King Henry had given them an island across the Trill Mill Stream, and allowed them to build a bridge to connect it with their house. This islet became a pleasant garden and a well shaded grove. The King was fond of coming from his palace at Beaumont to the friars, and they gave him the exceptional privilege of right of entry into their inner

cloister. Fra Agnello di Pisa, the soul of the Order's first works in England, erected a humble lecture room, and to save his young religious from mixing with the turbulent spirits in the public schools, he secured the services of a succession of able professors from without. Grostête, then one of the first scholars of his day, headed the list; then came Peter, afterwards a Bishop somewhere in Scotland, Roger de Wesenham, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and Thomas the Welshman, who became Bishop of St. David's. Both these last were officials of the diocese under Grostête, the former Dean, the second Archdeacon of Lincoln. With such masters no wonder a school of eminent theologians was formed. In 1308 Father Adam Marsh, or De Marisco, the *Doctor Illustris*, was appointed lector or professor, the first of a long line who made Oxford famous throughout Europe. His successor was Eustace de Normanville, who had been in the world a gentleman of fortune, and who became Chancellor of the University.

In 1309, Clement the Fifth gave the Franciscans the house and property of the Friars of Penitence of the Sack, on the suppression of their Order by a decree of the Council of Lyons, which limited the number of mendicant orders. Several of these religious joined the Franciscans. The number of students from all parts of the world who came to study in the convent was the reason of this gift. The site included the ruins of two extinct parish churches, St. Budoc's and St. Bennet's, and brought the boundary of the convent on the west right up to the stream which runs from the castle mill into Trill Mill Stream. An entry from Friars Street, now Church Street, their northern limit, led out from the Convent Close through the City Walls into the city, possibly the present Penson's Gardens, but the chief entrance was in the street that led from Preacher's Bridge to Little Gate.

Meantime the buildings went on apace. Friar Henry de Resesby, the Socius of the Father Guardian of Oxford, appeared after his death to his late Superior, and told him that if the Franciscans were not lost on account of the grandeur of their buildings and their want of fidelity to the spirit of their rule, they would at least be grievously punished. The warning seems to have been little heeded. New lecture-rooms had been built, and were in use when Wesenham was professor. The church grew and grew. Among its many benefactors was the wealthy and open-handed Richard, King of the Romans, by



whom it was greatly enlarged. His wife, Beatrice de Falkenstein, was buried before the high altar in 1277, under a splendid tomb. William of Worcester again comes to our help to enable us to realize the size of the church. He has noted down that the choir was 136 feet long and the nave 180, making the total length 316, twice the present length of Christ Church. The total breadth apparently at the transepts 180 feet, 60 feet broader than those of Christ Church, Oxford. The nave was 40 feet broad, and there were twelve side chapels, each 12 feet by 12, in the north aisle, each window of these chapels had three compartments, and all were filled with stained glass.

The libraries of the convent, for there were two, were of some note. One was reserved for friars who had taken their degrees, the other was open even to the lay-students, of whom many—as was the case in the other religious homes—were entrusted by their friends to the care of the friars and lived in their house. Grostête is said to have erected the libraries, and he left to them his collection of books. His friend, Adam of Marsh, bought a number of Hebrew Bibles at the time of the expulsion of the Jews. Many years after, in 1433, let us hope under pressure of bad times, a part of the books was sold and was bought by Dr. Thomas Gascoigne, Chancellor of the University, and other sales took place afterwards. Some of the volumes were given to Balliol library, and there they are to this day.

The roll of celebrities of the Franciscan house at Oxford is long. Perhaps no religious house can boast of one so glorious. The names of Roger Bacon and of Duns Scotus need no praise from us.

Then there was William Occham, the brilliant founder of the nominalist school of philosophy, the turbulent advocate of Cæsarism and extreme views about evangelical poverty. One of the students, Peter Philardo of Cyprus, styled the "Doctor Refulgens," afterwards became Pope under the title of Alexander the Fifth. Friar Bungay was like Friar Bacon in his love of natural science, and like him too in the evil repute it gained him of being a magician. He lectured at Cambridge as well as at Oxford. His successor was John Peckham, the professor of St. Thomas of Hereford—*facile princeps* among the teachers of his day, a great student of science, who after being summoned to Paris and then to Rome, was named Archbishop of Canterbury in 1279. Others friars of this house obtained

the mitre, William Gainsborough, professor of theology, then Master of the Sacred Palace, created Bishop of Worcester in 1302; and William of Alnwick, made Bishop in Southern Italy.

The brethren of the heroic Friar Peto, the trusted friends of Catharine of Arragon, met with as little sympathy from the English Herod, as did the followers of Duns Scotus from the humanists of their times. The dissolution in 1539 found the convent in true Franciscan poverty. The property, some five acres in extent, was divided into three lots, and let to various burgesses of Oxford. It was at last sold to one Richard Gunter and his wife, who soon levelled church and house, cut down the trees, and the very memory of the site is well-nigh passed away.

#### THE CARMELITES.

If the Crusaders brought back from the East many things which Christendom would have been better without, we have to thank them for transplanting to Europe the venerable Order of Mount Carmel. The first of the body who came to England arrived about 1238, nor was it long before some of the White Friars, so called from their white cloaks, came to study at Oxford. But for some time they had no regular house. St. Simon Stock, the English glory of the Order, was one of their first students here. He took his degree about 1244. Ten years later Lord Noel de Meules, of Somersetshire, a former Governor of Oxford Castle, gave them a site on Stockwell Street, now Worcester Street, which ran from Broken-hays, or Gloucester Green, to the Manor of Walton. It was where the southern portion of Worcester College now stands. In 1256 a very rich burgess of the city, Nicholas Stockwell, from whom the street probably took its name, finding the site so confined that the monks were unable to erect a chapel and other buildings which they required, gave them a courtyard adjoining. On this, with the leave of the monks of Osney, for it was in their parish of St. Thomas', and supported by such powerful friends as Ela Countess of Warwick, Richard Earl of Cornwall, and Lord Noel de Meules, a chapel was erected. Ten years later another narrow strip of ground, running down to the river, was purchased by them for garden and pleasure-grounds, now part of Worcester College Gardens.

There was a Friar Bastion in the community who as poet laureate had sung the victories of Edward the First over the Scotch. When Edward the Second went on his ill-starred

expedition to Scotland, he took with him this religious, then Prior of the Oxford house, to sing his successes. As the luckless King fled from the rout of Bannockburn, he vowed to our Lady to build a house in England for the White Friars should he cross the borders in safety. But when he reached York, the royal treasury was empty, and so Friar Bastion suggested that he should make over to his Order the royal palace of Beaumont, facing the then White Friars' convent. The grant was made in a Parliament at York of the "manse of our manor," and it was ordered that twenty-four friars, students of theology, should be there maintained—a pension of five marks per annum being allowed for each by the King. The Carmelites let their old house and grounds to the Benedictines of Gloucester Hall, and King Edward gave to them two tenements opposite that building on their side of Stockwell Street.

The palace, so often the home of our sovereigns, the birth-place of Cœur de Lion, continued to serve as a royal residence, and Henry the Sixth, among others, lived there. So healthy was the site esteemed, that invalids begged to be allowed to board and lodge there, and many were the benefactions the house thereby received. A large and handsome church was erected on the southern portion of the site, thanks to the generosity of Henry the Fifth and of one of his successors. The tower erected over the room in which Richard the First was born had a peal of bells. Several splendid monuments adorned the church.

There were two lecture rooms, one for theology and another for philosophy, from which issued a host of celebrities of the Carmelite Order. Perhaps the best known is Richard Lavingham of Ipswich, a professor of theology, who as confessor of Richard the Second and a famed preacher against Lollardism, was murdered by the communistic followers of Wat Tyler with Simon of Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury. He left behind him a number of works, of which a list of sixty-two is extant.

Among the lay-students who lived in the house was Reginald Pole, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury.

The library was a long room, near the church, where a large number of manuscripts were carefully chained to the desks. The refectory frequently served as banqueting hall of the kings at Christmas and Easter time.

At the dissolution the whole property, an area of over

eight acres, was let for £3 4s. But a few years later, 1541, Henry the Eighth sold it to Edmund Powell, of Sandford, one of the many cormorants of the day, for £388, subject to an exchange of seven farms the vendor possessed at Windsor. Powell pulled down a great part of the building, and we find in the Oxford records a load of the stones being carted in 1546 to St. Frideswide's. The refectory served for a few years as a refuge or workhouse to the poor, who had lost their best friends by the dissolution of religious houses, till 1596, when it was pulled down, and Archbishop Laud afterwards employed the stones to build the new quadrangle at St. John's College.

Some remains of the church were still standing when some years back Beaumont Street was made, and now the only memory of the great Carmelite house is the so called Friars' Entry, which bears the name of what was the approach to their convent from Magdalen Street, facing the west end of Magdalen Church.

#### THE AUSTIN FRIARS.

In the year 1252, memorable for the great plague, some friars of the Order of St. Augustine took a small house near the schools in Oxford. They had made their mark abroad as men of learning and holiness, and Pope Innocent the Fourth the previous year had given them the privilege common to mendicant orders of founding houses throughout Christendom. They soon attracted notice, and met with a noble benefactor in the person of Sir John Handlow of Borstall, in Buckinghamshire, who purchased a site for them outside the city walls in Holywell parish. It was bounded on one side by Beaumont Street, now called Park Street, and on another by Holywell Street. Pope Gregory the Tenth confirmed the gift, the royal authority approved it, and a Mayor of Oxford added two additional plots of ground. Upon this large piece of ground he built from a quarry of his own not far off, a church and house of cut stone for the friars. The timber he procured from Shotover, of which forest he seems to have been the ranger. He died before the whole was completed, but his heirs faithfully fulfilled his instructions to finish what he had begun. The friars had at first, like the Benedictines and Cistercians, attended lectures at the Franciscans, but the discussions waxed so hot, that Archbishop Peckham, himself a Franciscan, forbade their attendance, and they began to have lectures at

home. Later on a spacious hall for theology, and another for philosophy, were built, so spacious that from 1267 till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the magnificent divinity school was completed, the public defensions of theology of the University were carried on at the Augustinians, and the disputations of logic and philosophy till the dissolution, every Batchelor of Arts being obliged to dispute these once a year with the friars. So crowded was the hall on one occasion that a plague broke out, and for a year the discussions of theology were transferred to St. Mary's Church. So that "doing Austin's" was a phrase in use till the beginning of this century for what was left of the old system of scholastic tourneys.

Capgrave, the historian and panegyrist of the Henrys, the counsellor and confessor of Henry the Fifth and his brother, Humphrey of Gloucester, John Low, or Lobbe, confessor to the sainted Henry the Sixth, a learned theologian, and afterwards Bishop, first of St. Asaph's, and then of Rochester, John Banard, who was Chancellor of the University in 1411, are some of the many celebrities of this house.

At the suppression Henry the Eighth let the whole of the buildings to Thomas Carwarden, who rapidly turned them into money by selling the stone and the timber. Edward the Sixth sold the property to the Duke of Suffolk, and in King James' time it had come into the hands of the city, to whom the fair at the priory gates brought in an annual revenue. Nicholas Wadham and his wife, the daughter of Sir William Petre of Ingateston, Catholics at heart, if not openly, had thought of building a College for English Catholic youth in Venice, but at last it was resolved to make a new foundation at Oxford. Nicholas died before he could carry out his design, and Dame Dorothy completed the purchase of the old site of the Austin Friars, and began by levelling to the ground what ruins still remained, and erected her new college to the north of the old buildings.

One relic alone now remains—the brass of Walter Curzon and his wife Isabella, which was taken by his family at the suppression, and re-erected in their parish church at Waterperry. The name is dear to Oxford Catholics, for in their ancient mansion of Waterperry the Curzons always gave shelter to the hunted priest.

REWLEY.

Richard, King of the Romans, whose name has so frequently

occurred in these pages, left by will a foundation for three secular priests to pray for his soul. His son, the Earl of Cornwall, by what right it is hard to say, interpreted the legacy freely—"trusting that the monks would pray more devoutly for his father"—and founded, somewhere about 1280, a monastery near Oxford for an abbot and fifteen monks of the Order of Cîteaux, then but lately reformed. The community were an offshoot of Thame Abbey. The founder endowed the house with nearly all his property in North Osney. An Oxford lady gave them her farm, Black Hall, in St. Giles', with twenty acres around it, and a meadow near Osney, in return for which she covenanted that the monks should pray for her soul and those of her parents. Owing to these benefactions the abbey grew, and from fifteen monks there came to be endowments for twenty-one, represented by a double row of elm trees, twenty-one in number, stretching from the outer to the inner gate, while one more stood for the abbot. Until Archbishop Chichele built St. Bernard's, the students of the Cistercian Order in Oxford generally made this abbey their home. Our Lady of Rewley stood on that portion of Osney which is on our right after we cross Hythe Bridge. A large gateway bearing the double-headed eagle of the King of the Romans, and the arms of his son, led up to the monastic buildings. A stone dug up in 1705 bore the record that Ela, Countess of Warwick, built a chapel there *cujus premium sit Christus in gloria*. Another stone recorded *Elæ de Warwick Cometissæ viscera sunt hîc*. The abbey stood on the opposite side of the river to Worcester Gardens, and the church was on your right as you went up from the Great Gate, which stood due south. The buildings lay just behind the North Western Station.

Henry the Eighth gave the abbey, with the manors of Wolvercote and Walton, once the property of Godstow, to his favourite doctor, Owen. But the same year later he took it back, and reserving to himself the bells and the lead, gave it to Christ Church. Mr. Parret, the then organist of Magdalen College, sold much of the stone of the church for the Lady chapel at St. Mary Magdalen's Church. In Hearne's days the Chapter House and a considerable portion of the house were still standing. The sidings of the London and North Western have swept away all remains, save a portion of the enclosure wall, and a perpendicular gateway on the river side near Fisher's Row.



## GLOUCESTER COLLEGE.

An Order so distinguished for scholarship and learning as that of St. Benedict could not keep outside the intellectual activity of Oxford, and though their founder loved the mountains and the valleys, the schools were the proper training-ground for his sons.

We find Benedictine students from Winchcombe Abbey at Oxford as early as 1175. St. Alban's and other houses also had students about the same time at the University.

In 1283, Sir John Giffard, of Brimesfield, founded a house for the young monks of Gloucester Abbey, which was called Gloucester Hall, either from the Abbey to which it was attached, or from the original proprietor of the estate, Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, from whom it had passed by sale to the Knights of St. John.

It was on St. John's Day that the Baron of Brimesfield made his final arrangements with Abbot Reginald in his abbey of Gloucester for the new foundation. Its site is that of Worcester College of to-day.

When in 1278 William Brok, one of the student monks, took his doctor's cap at Oxford, the first, perhaps, of his Order, one hundred gentlemen, all the monks of his monastery, five great abbots, not to speak of bishops, all came on horseback to honour the event by their presence.

So successful was the foundation, so pleasant the site, that other Benedictine abbeys wished to share its advantages, and the liberal founder, in 1300, bought additional property, on which the various houses built each one a separate hall or manse for their students. A tax was levied on the Benedictine foundations by the General Chapter for this purpose. A scutcheon of the abbey over the door told to whom each hall belonged, and all were subject to a common Superior. Of these halls there were twenty-five. Glastonbury, St. Alban's, Westminster, Canterbury, Abingdon, Bury St. Edmund's, were among those who shared in the benefits of Gloucester Hall. Magdalen College, Cambridge, then called Buckingham, was the house of studies for the remaining abbeys at the sister University. The hall of Malmesbury can still be distinguished by a shield bearing a griffin; that of Norwich is next to it, signed with a plain cross; both on your left after passing by the hall on your way to the gardens. Poor Sir John, the generous founder, met a felon's death, being hung as a traitor in Edward the Second's reign outside the walls of Gloucester.



A chair of theology was established here in 1343. In 1420, the Benedictine bishops and abbots of England raised a chapel of such dimensions, that it was usually called the Church of St. Benedict. The chief benefactor was Abbot John de Wethamstede, of St. Alban's, who was so princely in his donations that public thanks were voted him in 1423, at a Chapter at Northampton, and he was named the second founder. He built the gateway, which still exists, at the north of the building facing Walton Place. To him the church owed its stained glass window representing the Crucifixion, our Lady and St. John the Baptist. He built a sacristy and the library which faced to the street, where are now the iron gates of the principal entrance. Humphrey of Gloucester gave to it largely of books. To these the literary abbot added his own works, with a Latin verse in each, assuring the thief who dared to steal them that the halter of Judas or the gallows would be his lot.

The refectory ran parallel to the library on the other side of a small quadrangle where the library now-a-days stands. The church occupied the site of the present chapel. Besides Abbot Wethamstede, this hall boasted of many illustrious scholars, Thomas Walsingham the historian, Winchcombe the chronicler of Evesham Abbey, and Thomas Mylling, a great Grecian, who became Abbot of Westminster and then Bishop of Hereford. Anthony Kitchen, the well-known Bishop of Landaf, was once Prior of this house.

When the great abbeys fell, Henry granted the place to a valet of his guard; but four years later he bestowed it on his new Bishop of Osney for the episcopal palace. Somehow or other, like so much other spoil, it got back into the royal grasp in King Edward the Sixth's time, and we find that gatherer-in of church lands, Lord Williams of Thame, at work tearing down the church and the library to sell the materials. Queen Elizabeth, who kept the see of Oxford vacant for nine months that she and her favourites might enjoy its revenues, sold the place to a William Doddington. How Sir Thomas Whyte bought it, and how, in course of time, it became Worcester College, does not enter into our subject. We cannot help remarking that in Elizabeth's reign, under the name of St. John's Hall, it shared with Hart Hall the privilege of being a sort of refuge for Catholics, and that three out of four of its first principals were of the old faith. The first missionary bishop after the schism, Dr. Bishop, was one of the scholars.

*looked. x*

## DURHAM COLLEGE.

But a few years after the foundation of Gloucester College—in 1290—Mabille, the Lady Abbess of Godstow “gave to God and our Lady Saint Mary and to St. Cuthbert,—and to the Prior and Convent of Durham,” lands near Canditch, the stream of clear water which ran in the moat outside the city wall, where now is Broad Street. At the same time the Prior and Canons of St. Frideswide made over on perpetual lease to the same monks two plots of land hard by. Other gifts were made by various burgesses of Oxford. Here Richard de Hotoun, Prior of Durham Abbey, built a college for the students from his monastery, whose monks paid two hundred marks yearly for their support. There was, however, no fixed endowment. In 1338, Edward the Third, in compliance with a vow he had made at the battle of Halidon Hill, gave up to the new college his advowson of one of the richest livings in the diocese of Durham. But for some reason or other, his intentions were never carried out: certainly not through any fault of the then Bishop of Durham, Richard Bury, the learned lover of books. For we find him in 1345 adding to the material building, giving in addition money towards an endowment. After his death he made the college heir to his rare collection of books, which formed the first approach to a public library in this University. The building was erected in 1345, and it is still in existence on the east side of the quadrangle. Thirty years later, Bishop Hatfield gave four thousand marks, a splendid endowment, for eight monks and eight lay-students, youths from Durham and Yorkshire. In return they had to recite daily after meals the *De Profundis* and the prayer, *Deus qui inter Apostolicos*, for their founder and his friends.

In the college chapel, dedicated as was the college to the Blessed Trinity, our Lady, and St. Cuthbert, whose figure adorned the east window, there was a side chapel on the south side dedicated in 1421 to St. Nicholas, the patron of children, and St. Catharine, the patron of philosophical studies. On the screen were the following verses—

Who dares St. Cuthbert's land to steal  
Will surely meet an evil end.

At the suppression of Durham Abbey, Henry the Eighth gave the college to the new chapter. The books of the library were dispersed, some going to Balliol, others to Duke Humphrey's,

the predecessor of Bodley's Library. When Edward the Sixth, or those who ruled in his name, thrust Bishop Tunstal into the Tower and dissolved his see, the college passed to the fortunate Court physician, Dr. Owen, who, when Queen Mary came to the throne, sold it to another, who, like himself, had grown fat on church spoils, Sir Thomas Pope, Lord of Tittenhanger, one of the monks of St. Alban's. Sir Thomas thereupon—let us hope in a spirit of reparation—founded the College of Trinity. Among the magnificent church plate which, with rich vestments and ornaments, he gave to the chapel, was a chalice which he had bought after the sacking of St. Alban's. The founder died in the last year of Mary's reign, and all his splendid gifts to the chapel, save the chalice, were swept away at the advent of Elizabeth. The President, Thomas Slythurst, was expelled for his faith, and like so many of his time, died a prisoner in the Tower in the following year, 1560. One of Sir Thomas Pope's first scholars, Christopher Wharton, who fled to Douay and was there ordained, was hung, drawn, and quartered at Knavesmire, outside York, for the same glorious cause.

#### CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

After two destructive plagues in 1349 and 1360 had thinned the attendance at the University, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon de Islip, bought a number of halls near St. Frideswide, and on their site built and endowed a hall for the monks of Canterbury and secular students. By a charter signed at Mayfield in 1363 he endowed twelve scholarships, four for monks of the Abbey of Christ Church, the rest for secular students. To this end he appropriated the livings of Mayfield and Pageham, and intended to add other gifts. A secular priest, bearing the ominous name of John Wyclif, had been appointed Warden, but was turned out at the suit of the monks, who from that time were the heads of the house. William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, added five scholarships for laymen, three of which were to be paid by the Archbishop of the time being. On one of these foundations no doubt Cardinal Morton sent his page, the future Chancellor of England, the martyr Thomas More, and here for two years he studied. Henry the Eighth at the dissolution of the house with its hall, chapel, and kitchen, let it for ten years, and then granted it to his College of Christ Church, where Canterbury Quadrangle occupies its site and preserves its name.

## THE TRINITARIANS.

As one passes along the walk by the Cherwell in Christ Church Meadows between the Broad Walk and the Botanical Gardens—once the Jews' burial ground, there can be seen on the other side of the stream some slight remains of old Milham Bridge. A path used to lead across the meadows from the postern attached to St. Frideswide's by our Lady's Chapel in the Wall to St. Edmund's Well, which was on the side of the further branch of the river, and was reached by a second bridge. Between Milham Bridge and the East Gate, opposite to the south-east angle of the city walls, Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, purchased from the Hospital of St. John, which now forms part of Magdalen College, a site on which he erected a house and chapel for the Friars of the Order of the Redemption of Captives. Later on the community purchased Trinity Chapel, the property of St. Frideswide, within the East Gate and land adjoining, now the southernmost portion of New College Garden.

A plague in 1351 carried off nearly all the friars, and when in 1379 Archbishop William of Wykham purchased their property, they wished to return to their old site. This they had let to Merton College, but to their surprise they found it had devolved to the Crown. Leave was given, but shortly after the city authorities distrained it for non-payment of rent. The town granted a lodging for one priest alone, and the house became a refuge for poor scholars under the name of Trinity Hall. A Trinitarian Father, John Amery, was principal when the suppression came. Parrett the organist secured that post in 1546. He pulled down chapel and house and built in their stead a barn, a stable, and a pigstye. On the site by Milham Bridge the Jesuit Father Wolfe, a former member of the University, lived for many years secretly from 1622, working for souls, watched over and waited on by two faithful sisters who had devoted their lives to the service of God. Father Wolfe died in 1673 at the Dolphin Inn, in St. Mary Magdalen's parish. Beloved by his flock, his learning and piety seems to have found him many friends, especially at New College, and to them probably was owing his liberty in days of persecution.

## THE CRUTCHED FRIARS.

The Crossbearing or Crouched Friars came into England in Henry the Third's reign. They settled first in Oxford near

Broadgates' Hall, now Pembroke College, near South Gate. Richard Cary, then Mayor of Oxford, made them a present of the site in the reign of Edward the First.

About 1348 they built themselves a house near St. Peter's in the East, on its south side, from the proceeds of a legacy left them by the good Mayor. The building was to serve as a house of studies for their Order at the University. But the Abbot of Osney ordered them off, and the bishop of the diocese backed up the command, and we hear no more of the house of the order. It seems to have been swallowed up by the large establishments which now surround St. Peter's.

#### ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Like the other religious, the Canons Regular, a rich and numerous body, sought to found a general house of studies for their young men in Oxford. Henry the Fifth had already granted them leave to acquire land for this purpose, but it was not till the reign of Henry the Sixth, and by a fresh permission, that, in 1435, Thomas Holden and his wife gave to the Order a large site lying between what are now Cornmarket Street, New Inn Hall Lane, and Queen Street. The founder began a chapel, which was completed after his death, and he and his good wife were buried there under a fair marble tomb with a brass bearing their effigies. Over the chapel a library was built, Holden having left £20 to buy books for it, besides vestments and church stuff for the sacristy. The college was dedicated to our Lady, and was subject to the General Chapter of the Order. Besides the young monks there were a certain number of lay-students who lived outside in lodgings, when the College was full, but attended chapel and hall as in the other colleges, serving as acolytes, thurifers at the High Mass on feast days. Erasmus was a guest of Prior Charnock's here in 1497. The college lingered on after the suppression of the religious houses for some few years as a hall for students. Then it seems to have fallen into the hands of Lord Williams of Thame, whom we find in 1556 selling the timber and slate of the building. The very same year one John Feteplace—in the general restoration under Queen Mary—gave it back to the University as a secular hall, on condition that the Canons Regular should not desire to have it again. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth Lord Huntingdon obtained it, and his widow, in 1562, gave it as a sort of industrial, or blue coat school, for the poor of Oxford.

But the charity was not long-lived, and the buildings became the property of Brasenose College.

The beautiful chapel, or what remained of it, which had come into other hands, was at length sold in 1656 to that College, which used the materials for the foundations of its new chapel. The Great Gate opposite to the New Inn Hall and a portion of the cloister leading to it still remain, showing the elaborate character of the former buildings.

#### ST. BERNARD'S.

Archbishop Chichele, before beginning his splendid foundation of All Souls, built a house of studies for the Cistercian or Bernardine monks, who up to this time had either been housed at Rewley or scattered about the town. Many of the religious, unwilling to face the privation of community life, declined to come to Oxford, and this was one of the motives which urged the Archbishop to build St. Bernard's. Founded in 1436, the last of the religious establishments, it is the one whose fabric has suffered the least. At first the front alone, with the curious kitchen, vaulted in stone, in the basement story was completed. The south side and hall were not finished till 1505, and Bishop King, an old student of the house, consecrated the chapel as late as 1530.

At the suppression, which so shortly followed, Henry, as usual, took the bells and lead, and gave the rest to Christ Church. Sir Thomas Whyte bought it in Queen Mary's reign to found there his College of St. John.

Founded by a Catholic, the faith clung to it even in Elizabeth's reign. Alexander Belsire, the first President, was expelled for his faith, and so was his successor, William Elye, who becoming a religious across the seas, was thrown into Hereford Gaol, where he lay for a long time.

We cannot forget Father Campion's connection with the college, of which he was one of the earliest glories.

Honest Anthony à Wood, when recording the fall of the Franciscan House, dared not dwell on the thought lest his tears should stay his pen; and when Dr. Johnson "viewed the ruins of the Abbeys of Osney and Rewley, after at least half an hour's silence, he said, 'I viewed them with indignation.'" And grief and indignation must be the feelings uppermost in the mind of any one who reads these pages.

FRANCIS GOLDIE.



### *Colonists and Savages in South Africa.*<sup>1</sup>

---

THE time has arrived for preparing from official reports and private sources a consecutive account of the Zulu War, and we have a new and startling illustration of the difficulty which attends every serious attempt to write contemporaneous history. It is in these days of multiplied opinions an easier thing to move armies than to find out why they were put into the field, for an impartial historian, anxious to instruct posterity, has to extract the truth from contradictory statements of fact urged with equal vehemence by witnesses who should be competent to speak.

Miss Colenso represents Cetewayo<sup>2</sup> as a just and beneficent ruler according to his lights, the war as the final infamy in a long course of deliberate injustice,<sup>3</sup> Sir Bartle Frere as a man capable of magnifying a few peevish words into a declaration of hostility, in order to make out of them an additional pretext for crushing an innocent nation, which had the misfortune to lie athwart the path of his pre-determined policy of conquest.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, a gentleman residing at Port Natal, who for some years past has devoted his attention to South African affairs in connection with the possibilities and prospects of Catholic missionary enterprize, describes Cetwayo as a daring and ambitious autocrat, who had at last fully made up his mind to have Africa for the Africans and Natal for the Zulus, if fighting could do it. The war, according to Mr. Wilmot, was an absolutely necessary act of legitimate self-defence, unless the inhabitants of Natal were bound in conscience to forsake their homes, to sacrifice their property, and evacuate the country; for this, according to him, was the only alternative method of saving their lives. Under this point of view he regards Sir Bartle Frere as an upright and wise statesman, who, by dealing severely, but

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Zulu War.* By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. Richardson and Best.  
*History of the Zulu War and its Origin.* By Frances E. Colenso. Chapman and Hall.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 160, 162.

<sup>3</sup> P. 7.

<sup>4</sup> P. 232.

at the same time honestly, with the savage chief, preserved her Majesty's subjects from the nameless horrors of a barbarian invasion. Manifestly the question turns upon the interpretation of Cetywayo's behaviour. Both our historians appeal to the actual issues of the war for the corroboration of their diametrically opposed opinions. The one thinks that no one now can doubt that the threatened incursion was a 'colonial scare;' the other is equally confident that the reality of the danger, now happily past, has been placed beyond dispute.

A 'scare' of the kind is a very natural emotion, in a civilized colony separated by only a narrow river from a large tribe of warlike savages, under a single chief, whose caprice is a law to his subjects. Such a 'scare' becomes still more intelligible where colonists are living intermixed with a native population, which may be expected in the event of an invasion to sympathize with the invader. But the same circumstances which make an occasional alarm not unreasonable evidently contain a large element of most real danger. It may indeed be a false report that the foe is actually marching down at some particular time, but also it may at any time be only too true. If it were abundantly clear by the facts of the case, now that all is over, that the Zulu War was founded in a false alarm, utilized by an unprincipled statesman for the furtherance of a project previously formed, there would surely be many honest men in the colony who would feel grieved that they had been betrayed by a fit of nervousness into aiding and abetting a most nefarious war, and who in their resentment would not deal tenderly with the reputation of their seducer. Now it seems to be admitted that, even after the termination of the war and in cool judgment, the general feeling of the colonists of Natal has been that of gratitude for a great escape,—gratitude to Sir Bartle Frere. Those who live on the spot have, except when a panic prevails, the best right to form an opinion about hard facts and immediate consequences, and it is certainly unjust to impute to the colonists collectively a fixed resolve to justify a crime. Many of those who from a distance criticize colonial views are prejudiced against the colonists, under the false impression that they have treated the Zulus with constant cruelty. This is an error of ignorance possible to men who have not learned to distinguish a Boer from a Natal farmer. There is too much concurrent testimony from men who agree in nothing else about the evil deeds of the Boers, to doubt that they in great part deserve

their reputation, but the Zulus themselves have repeatedly borne willing witness to the difference in the character and conduct of their English and Dutch neighbours.

They [the Zulus in 1869] beg that the Governor will take a strip of country . . . in such a manner . . . as to interpose in all its length between the Boers and the Zulus, and to be governed by the Colony of Natal, and form a portion of it if thought desirable.

The Zulu people earnestly pray that this arrangement may be carried out immediately, because they have been neighbours of Natal for so many years, separated only by a stream of water, and no question has arisen between them and the Government of Natal; they know that where the boundary is fixed by agreement with the English there it will remain.<sup>5</sup>

If the colonists and Sir Bartle Frere were right in their estimate of Cetywayo's intentions, they were certainly justified in demanding urgently and inexorably under penalty of war the proofs of his good faith which he had agreed to give; and this right of precaution would still remain to them, even though the Zulu King had received in the past great provocation at their hands, and had only quite recently resolved to emulate the warlike deeds of his predecessors, Chaka and Dingaan. It cannot be denied that, when the war began, the British and colonial troops, in spite of the alleged 'scare,' showed a disposition to underrate rather than to overrate the power for mischief which Cetywayo possessed. At a fearful price they learned the lesson that his warriors could not be despised. It was found then that he had regiments regularly trained and habits of discipline certainly not acquired without practice, and we are told, and cannot refuse to believe that he was proud of his military power. While human nature is what it is, Cetywayo with his large army of magnificently brave men, hating as he had good cause to hate the dishonest and unfeeling Dutchmen, and grievously disappointed in the English whose aid he had so long solicited in vain, might be pardoned for dreaming so obvious a dream as that of taking the law into his own hands and righting his wrongs for himself. There were hundreds of thousands of dusky tribesmen who would rise at the news of the first great success achieved in a war of extermination of the white man. The idea once conceived would gather strength from each new demand or evasive answer, until his reverence for British prowess died away in the conviction of

<sup>5</sup> Frances E. Colenso, pp. 151, 152.

his own invincibility. From himself we have learnt how bitter was the undeceiving. He had thought himself more powerful than he was, by a mistake almost inevitable according to the only standard of comparison which could have been present to the thoughts of an untutored barbarian. He had men armed like the whites with rifles, if they preferred them to their own deadly assegai, and his men were, or soon would be, far more numerous than their enemies, while, man against man, they were more active and stalwart, and not less valiant. Cetywayo may have been free from all sinister designs upon the colony until a very recent date, but if the sincerity of his friendship two years ago were better ascertained than it is, there would still be need to show that he had not changed his mind, for proud and irresponsible savage chiefs do not take long to form great resolutions. Bishop Colenso's family, living at Bishopstowe, near Pieter-Maritzburg, at some distance from the frontier, cannot contradict the colonists with an authority derived from actual observation, and to argue about Cetywayo's latest proceedings from antecedent convictions is to beg the whole question.

Where there has been so much of actual grievance to provoke the Zulu King, and so much of military preparation on his part, it is very easy to account for the war without considering it part of a deep-laid and most flagitious scheme devised by Sir Bartle Frere. The following words contain an accusation so grave that only one who can read the hearts of men has any right to make it. Miss Colenso, it is plain to see, having lost her temper, has rushed into print before regaining it.

Perhaps Sir Bartle Frere could not so easily have produced a war out of the materials which he had at hand but for the assistance given him by the popular cry in the colony, and the general fear of the Zulus, which called forth England's ready sympathy and assistance. But it must be remembered that the panic was not a genuine one, nor even one like that of 1861, produced by the folly of the people themselves. *It was distinctly imposed upon them by those in authority, whose policy was to bring about a collision with the Zulus, and who then made use of the very fears which they had themselves aroused for the furtherance of their own purpose.*<sup>6</sup>

Even a High Commissioner, nay, even a colonial bishop, may fail to read the signs of the times or to understand the purpose of a savage chief, and acting under an erroneous idea,

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 7. The italics are mine.

he may adopt measures not warranted by the actual state of affairs, but to declare that English statesmen laid their heads together to slander and entrap to their ruin a people, whom they knew to be guiltless alike of serious offence or sinister intention, is to outstep the limits of useful invective. The shoulders of the Boers are broad enough to bear the larger part of the moral responsibility of the events which led to the war; and, although even they are not quite as black as they have been painted by their enemies,<sup>7</sup> it is no calumny to say of of them that they have deserved no mercy at the hands of the Zulus. It would have been well for our English colonists in South Africa if these psalm-singing Dutchmen had been driven into the sea, before we were obliged to undertake to settle for them in their own despite the troubles into which their wicked practices had brought them.

Evidence was adduced that the Transvaal Boers, who by the Sand River Convention, and in consideration of the independence which that convention assured to them, had solemnly pledged themselves to this country (England) not to re-introduce slavery into their Republic, had been in the habit of capturing, buying, selling, and holding in forced servitude, African children, called by the cant name of "black ivory," murdering the fathers, and driving off the mothers; that this slave trade was carried on with the sanction of the subordinate Transvaal authorities, and that the President did actually imprison and threaten to ruin by State prosecution a fellow-countryman who brought it to the notice of the English authority—an authority which, if it had not the power to prevent, had at any rate a treaty right to denounce it. This and more was done, sometimes in a barbarous way, under an assumed Divine authority to exterminate those who resisted them. So much was established by Dutch and German evidence. But it was supplemented and carried farther by the evidence of natives as to their own sufferings, and of English officers as to that general notoriety which used to be called *publica fama*.<sup>8</sup>

The Zulu War grew out of a question of boundaries, in which our annexation of the Transvaal had involved us. A system of encroachments had been carried on, for which no doubt the Bible according to Calvin would supply a sanction, but which serves, even more than occasional acts of cruelty, to show the degradation of morality compatible with long prayers and much pious conversation.

<sup>7</sup> See the vindication of the Boers by Capt. Aylward in *The Transvaal of To-day* (Blackwood).

<sup>8</sup> From an article by Lord Blachford in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, August, 1879, p. 265, quoted by Miss Colenso, p. 117.

Boer farmers had gradually deprived of their land the native possessors of the soil by a simple process peculiarly their own. They first rented land from the chiefs for grazing purposes, then built upon it, still paying a tax or tribute to the chief; finally, having well established themselves, they professed to have purchased the land for the sum already paid as rent, announced themselves the owners of it, and were shortly themselves levying taxes on the very men whom they had dispossessed. In this manner Sikukuni was declared by the Boers to have ceded to them the whole of his territory—that is to say, hundreds of square miles, for the paltry price of a hundred head of cattle.<sup>9</sup>

The dispute between the Boers and Cetywayo about the border land of the Transvaal Republic began in 1861. Cetywayo's father, Panda, was then reigning, and acting in his name Prince Cetywayo demanded the surrender of four fugitives. These the Boers agreed to sell for a strip of territory, on condition that the lives of the prisoners were spared. Cetywayo has persistently denied that he consented to any cession of land. The case, after wearying delays, was settled by English arbitration in April, 1878, in favour of the Zulus, but the award was not communicated officially to Cetywayo until the 11th of December. Meantime events were thickening, each separate act in the remote preparation for war on the Zulu side being represented by Mr. Wilmot as ominously black, and by Miss Colenso as very nearly white. Sihayo's sons crossed the river into Natal on two different occasions, and carried off two refugee women to be put to death by Zulu law. This, according to one authority, is a most grievous offence, and, according to the other, a very venial affair. Umbilini, a Swazi chief, had taken refuge in Cetywayo's territory, and from there had made marauding expeditions among the Boers, who were now English subjects, and the Swazis, who were our allies. Miss Colenso absolves Cetywayo from all culpable complicity, but Sir Bartle Frere, and even Sir Henry Bulwer, did not so judge the matter. At the same time expostulations were addressed to Cetywayo about the cruel execution of many young Zulu women. We are told by one of our historians that this was a direct violation of Cetywayo's coronation promises, and by the other that he never made any coronation promises at all. He replied to the expostulations by desiring to be allowed to manage his own affairs, and to kill his own subjects according to Zulu law. This reply assumes a very different character by reference to

<sup>9</sup> Frances E. Colenso, pp. 114, 115.



the conflicting opinions about the coronation contract, and we find it accordingly described in the one case as an insolent defiance, and in the other as a very proper assertion of independent power.

Very wrongly, according to the "Colenso view," very justly and not a day too soon, according to the judgment of the colonists, the British ultimatum was sent by Sir Bartle Frere to Cetywayo on December 11, 1878. The terms were these :

1. Surrender of Sihayo's three sons and brother to be tried by the Natal courts.
2. Payment of a fine of five hundred head of cattle for the outrages committed by the above, and for Ketshwayo's delay in complying with the request (N.B. not *demand*).<sup>10</sup>
3. Payment of a hundred head of cattle for the offence committed against Messrs. Smith and Deighton (N.B. twenty days were allowed for compliance with the above demands, *i.e.*, until December 31st, inclusive).
4. Surrender of the Swazi chief Umbilini, and others to be named hereafter, to be tried by the Transvaal courts (N.B. no time was fixed for compliance with this demand).
5. Observance of the coronation promises.
6. That the Zulu army be disbanded, and the men allowed to go home.
7. That the Zulu military system be discontinued, and other military regulations adopted, to be decided upon after consultation with the Great Council and British Representatives.
8. That every man, when he comes to man's estate, shall be free to marry.
9. All missionaries and their converts, who until 1877 lived in Zululand, shall be free to return and re-occupy their stations.
10. All such missionaries shall be allowed to teach, and any Zulu, if he chooses, shall be free to listen to their teaching.
11. A British Agent shall be allowed to reside in Zululand, who will see that the above provisions are carried out.
12. All disputes in which a missionary or European (*e.g.*, trader or traveller) is concerned, shall be heard by the King in public, and in presence of the Resident.
13. No sentence of expulsion from Zululand shall be carried out until it has been approved by the Resident.<sup>11</sup>

In the hypothesis that Cetywayo was well disposed, these demands were harsh and peremptory to the last degree, but they

<sup>10</sup> The annotations in parenthesis are Miss Colenso's.

<sup>11</sup> Frances E. Colenso, pp. 237, 238.

were framed under an entirely different notion of his desires. The Zulu military system was invented for aggression,<sup>12</sup> and if the English had no right to interfere as long as they themselves were not touched or threatened, they had, when they saw danger at their own door, that right which nature gives to a stronger man to wrench a dagger out of the hand of a weaker man who is waiting for an opportunity to strike a deadly blow.

Ten days of additional delay were granted after the 31st of December, and then on the 11th of January, 1879, war was declared against Cetywayo, the Zulus being invited to lay down their arms and take refuge in British territory, where they would be fed and protected till the restoration of peace enabled them to return to their own country. On the same day Lord Chelmsford crossed the Tugela, and the forward movement commenced in four columns, over a line stretching from Fort Pearson to the neighbourhood of Utrecht. No. 1 column was commanded by Colonel Pearson, and was directed to move towards Ekowe: No. 2 column, under Colonel Durnford, was in the first instance supposed to cooperate with Colonel Pearson: No. 3 column, under Colonel Glyn, had orders to cross the Buffalo River at Rorke's Drift: No. 4 column, under Colonel Wood, had already on the 6th of January crossed the Blood River, and was to act independently in the country near the head waters of the White Umvolosi River, holding itself in readiness to cooperate with No. 3 column as soon as Colonel Glyn began to advance to Izipezi Hill. To these a fifth subsidiary column, under Colonel Rowlands, was added. The original intention was that all these columns should converge upon Ulundi, but Lord Chelmsford, who accompanied Colonel Glyn's column, soon found that he had made his reckoning without sufficient thought of swollen rivers and obstinate resistance. At the end of a week it was already necessary to modify the plan because quick movements had been shown to be impossible.

The first fighting was on the 12th of January, in the storming of Sihayo's kraal at Ingqutu Mountain by Colonel Glyn. On the 20th of January No. 3 column advanced to Isandhlwana, leaving one company of the 24th Regiment to garrison the post at Rorke's Drift, but at neither of these two places were any entrenchments made, and half a battalion, which by the fatigue

<sup>12</sup> Wilmot, p. 39.

of the oxen had been unable to reach Isandhlwana, bivouacked in the open. The spot chosen for the camp at Isandhlwana afforded, in Mr. Archibald Forbes' opinion, formed after the event, every facility for surprise and disaster, and absolutely no precaution was taken to make it more secure. "Not a single step," says Captain N. Newman, "was taken in any way to defend our new position in case of a night or day attack from the enemy."<sup>13</sup> On the 21st of January, Major Dartnell, with a mounted party, and Commandant Lonsdale, with two battalions of the Native Contingent, were sent to reconnoitre. They saw threatening masses of Zulus, but beyond some alarms in the darkness which served to show that the Native Contingent could not be trusted in case of a night attack, nothing serious occurred. On the fatal 22nd of January, Colonel Glyn moved out of camp in the very early morning, upon a report from Major Dartnell that the enemy was gathering in great force. The camp was left in charge of Colonel Puleine, and Colonel Durnford was summoned to his support. Colonel Durnford, just before arriving at the camp, about 10.30 a.m., met Lieutenant Chard, who had ridden over from Rorke's Drift "for orders." By this time the distant hills were alive with Zulus, and so many points had to be defended that an immediate dispersion of the little garrison seemed unavoidable. Colonel Durnford having sent one troop of Natal Native Horse to reinforce his baggage guard, and two other troops to reconnoitre the hills to the left of the camp, set off in person to prevent a large body of Zulus from effecting a junction with the King's army which he supposed to be then engaged with Lord Chelmsford's column. Although all these detachments were called back in time to meet the enemy in front of the camp, the mischief had already been done by presenting to an overwhelming force so tempting an opportunity of attacking an almost undefended military station. Just at the most critical moment the ammunition began to fail, and the camp was carried about 1.30 p.m., most of the Natal Native Horse and a few of the other defenders making good their escape across the Buffalo River five miles below Rorke's Drift. The particulars of the last gallant stand, as no one lived to tell the tale, were not known till the place was revisited four months later, when the relative positions of the unburied bodies gave a significant account of the death struggle.

<sup>13</sup> Frances E. Colenso, pp. 404, 277.

In happy ignorance, meanwhile Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn were pushing the Zulus steadily back from one hill to another, getting an occasional sight of the camp through the telescope from higher ground, but little suspecting in their earlier march the danger of its little garrison, and not knowing that, when to one observing from ten miles away "all seemed quiet" at 2 p.m., Durnford and Pulleine and many a brave man of the 24th were lying dead in the thick grass, while Melville and Coglan were being assegaied below on the banks of the Buffalo. After fixing a site for a new camp and ordering General Glyn to bivouack there on the following night, Lord Chelmsford, with Colonel Russell, taking about eighty mounted men, started on his return to Isandhlwana, intending to help Commandant Lonsdale and his battalion of the Natal Native Contingent to "brush through" the intervening Zulus. At 4 p.m., when he came up with Commandant Lonsdale, he learned for the first time that the camp at Isandhlwana was in the hands of the Zulus. Colonel Glyn was called back at once, and Colonel Russell rode forward to judge for himself what had happened, returning just before 6 p.m. with the melancholy news that "all was as bad as could be." A few minutes later Colonel Glyn arrived. The troops were formed in fighting order, and advanced quickly with a spirit which would have carried them through any enemy, but before they arrived at the camp the Zulus had left it to the silence of death, and Lord Chelmsford, wisely declining to depress the spirits of his men by showing them that scene of horror, turned aside and hurried with the first gleam of dawn to Rorke's Drift.

The well-known story shall be told once more. The mission station at Rorke's Drift, of which one building was used as a hospital, was on the Natal side of Buffalo River, and was held by one company of the gallant 24th, under Lieutenant Bromhead. On the 22nd, at 2 p.m., Major Spalding rode off to Helpmakaar for reinforcements, leaving Lieutenant Chard in command. An hour after his departure two men, Lieutenant Adendorff and a carbineer, rode furiously to the other side of the river and shouted to be ferried across. They brought the terrible news of Isandhlwana, and meantime orders had been received at the station to hold the place at all costs. The ferryman Daniells and Sergeant Milne of the 3rd Foot, bravely offered to moor the pont in mid-stream, and with a few men defend the ferry. The offer was declined. An officer riding

up with about a hundred men of "Durnford's Horse," asked for orders. He was told to throw out advance parties to watch the fords and ponts; but his men, tired and dispirited, instead of obeying him, rode off sulkily to Helpmakaar. Some of the Natal Native Contingent followed their example. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, and Mr. Dalton, of the Commissariat, worked hard to make the best of their means of defence. They loopholed the buildings, connected them by walls of mealie-bags, and threw up an inner line of biscuit boxes. Before even these flimsy ramparts could be completed, the Zulus were upon them. About 4.30 p.m. five or six hundred came rushing to the attack, but they could not come to close quarters at first, for a withering fire mowed them down as they pressed forward with determined courage into the death-circle of fifty yards from the mealie-bags. A few got behind the cover of some outbuildings where they could use their rifles, and the rest swept round the hospital and made an attack from the other side, which was unfortunately skirted by the uncleared bush. They were driven back after a desperate struggle. Meantime fresh bands continually arriving, occupied a rising ground and ledges of rock which overlooked the station, and kept up a distressing, although very ineffectual, fire on the handful of white men, who numbered one hundred and four fit for fighting and thirty-five invalids, who were worse, than useless—one hundred and thirty-nine souls in all. The assailants made repeated efforts to force the hospital, and at last set fire to the roof. It was a work of great difficulty and danger to move the sick men, and in spite of the most gallant endeavours five could not be rescued. The rest were saved, most of them being lifted through the window of the burning house, while four men held the doorway with the bayonet. The destruction of the hospital made it necessary to raise another rampart of mealie-bags. As the darkness fell, the enemy came crowding round, but the light of the conflagration helped the defenders to direct their aim, and the bayonets did what else was needed. The struggle was maintained in all its fierceness till midnight, and when at last some respite was granted, a desultory fire still showed the presence of the enemy. At 4 a.m. the firing ceased, and when day broke the Zulus were out of sight. They had left round that most wonderful fortress more than three hundred and fifty dead upon the field, and, according to the best calculation which it was possible to make, they must have been at least three thousand strong. Of the garrison fifteen were killed and

twelve wounded.<sup>14</sup> The gallant defenders of Rorke's Drift<sup>15</sup> were not the only brave men there. The spirit which carried the poor Zulus, man after man, into that fierce rain of bullets, would, under good education, infallibly produce not only admirable soldiers, but worthy Christians. It makes the heart bleed to think how little has been done of all that might have been, to gain the good will of men who, in spite of degrading habits of vice, have shown that they can "die for an idea," and in their simple loyalty and excellent patriotism offer a contrast so splendid to the sordid selfishness of the modern pagans who infest our great cities and disturb the peace of the civilized world.

Lord Chelmsford arrived at Rorke's Drift at 8 a.m. in time to frighten away a second attack which then seemed likely. Without delay he pushed on with his staff to Helpmakaar, for he did not yet know that the resistance at Rorke's Drift had, in its effect on the native mind, almost undone the disaster of Isandhlwana. The prospect was, to the judgment of all at that moment, black indeed. The colony thrilled from mountain to sea with an undefined terror: "The Zulus are coming."

So soon as the news of Isandhlwana reached the colony, a terrible panic was the result. The inhabitants fled to the towns, laagers were formed in every direction, while in D'Urban and Pietermaritzburg entrenchments and fortifications were at once erected. The heroic defence of Rorke's Drift, and the providential flooding of the Tugela River, were the means of saving the colony. Flushed with victory, nothing would have been able to withstand the Zulu armies, if they had crossed the boundary, and in their well-organized form entered Natal.

<sup>14</sup> We are told that some Zulu prisoners, not more than seven and not less than five, were "killed in cold blood" the next morning. It is satisfactory to learn that this blot on the heroism of the night was the work of native soldiers, who when the Zulus were most generously set free with a parting recommendation to "run for their lives," chose, as it would seem, to interpret these good-natured words into a permission to shoot down the fugitives—a proceeding which they wished to imitate on another occasion, but fortunately could not. The crime was not prevented at Rorke's Drift because it was committed before any one was aware of the intention to commit it, and if the reclaimed savages who did the deed ought to have been put to death, yet, all the circumstances being considered, even Miss Colenso in the height of her wrath might forbear to demand reprisals upon reprisals in such a state of things, and at such a moment.

<sup>15</sup> It has been asserted that the larger number of them were Catholics. I give the assertion for what it may be worth, and leave it for verification or disproof.



As a result of the Isandhlwana disaster, the native allies could no longer be trusted, and melted away by means of desertion. Lord Chelmsford was obliged to report that large British reinforcements were absolutely required if the operations against the Zulus were to be carried to a successful issue. Three British infantry regiments, two cavalry regiments, and one company of Royal Engineers, as well as one hundred artillerymen, were asked for. When the request reached England, it was immediately granted, but a fearful period of suspense and anxiety intervened. It is difficult to pourtray in words the feelings of the white inhabitants of Natal, who every moment expected to hear that a savage, ruthless foe was in full march for the purpose of utterly exterminating the hated white race. Sixty miles only intervened between D'Urban and the Tugela River; Pietermaritzburg was still more exposed. Numbers of people fled to the seaboard and thence to the neighbouring colony; while behind laagers and hastily constructed fortifications, the people waited in expectant terror for every item of news from the theatre of war.<sup>16</sup>

The first help which came from a distance was a detachment of six hundred men, sent off by the Governor of St. Helena at the very first intimation of distress. They arrived on the 6th of March, and within a week from that date all fears for the colony were set at rest by the arrival of one troop ship after another. The danger of extermination was past, because the colony was now sufficiently strengthened to beat back any native invasion, but the war was by no means at an end. The movements of the other columns showed that the massacre of Isandhlwana was due to bad management, but it was also clearly proved that the Native Contingent would have been a very feeble and uncertain protection to the colony if the hour of its need had come. On the same day on which the camp was taken at Isandhlwana, Colonel Pearson was entirely successful on the Inyezane River, and he arrived at Ekowe without difficulty. Colonel Wood, on the 29th of March, gained a great victory over the main army, twenty thousand strong, at his camp of Kambula, but part of his column had met with a terrible reverse the day before on the Zlobane Mountain, where Colonel Buller, when he found his force surrounded on all sides, gave the order to dash for the only path which was still open, and there followed a headlong flight down a steep and rugged hill, horses and men rolling over together, and the Zulus closing round to kill all who could not mount and ride. It is most unjust to describe

<sup>16</sup> Wilmot, pp. 67, 68.

this race for life as a panic among our young soldiers directly resulting from the short service system. That system is rightly made answerable for a good deal of bad soldiering, but this particular *stampede* had no connection therewith. The peril was actual and extreme. The alternative was to remain and be killed, for, as the battle of the next day proved, the Zulus were present in overwhelming numbers, and in a few moments the cordon would have been completed and escape almost impossible over such ground with nearly every "baboon path" blocked. An orderly retreat was out of the question, but the "running away" was very indecorously performed by the greater part of the volunteers. Captain D'Arcy, of the Irregular Horse, gives a vivid description of this unpleasant adventure in Zululand.

My troop was leading, and Blaine, myself, and Hutton got them to go quietly down the hill, which was really a fearful place. I had, of course, to stop on the top of the hill, as we were retreating; the Zulus all this time were giving us awful pepper from Martini rifles. I saw, I thought, all our men down, and then considered I had to think of myself. I got half way down, when a stone about the size of a small piano came bounding down. I heard a shout above, 'Look out below,' and down the beastly thing came right on my horse's leg, cutting it right off. I at the same time got knocked down the hill by another horse, and was nearly squeezed to death. I had taken the bridle off, and was about to take the saddle (I mean I was going up the hill to take it off my horse), when I heard a scream; I looked up and saw the Zulus right in among the white men, stabbing horses and men. I made a jump for it and got down somehow or other, and ran as hard as I could with seventy rounds of ball cartridge, a carbine, revolver, field-glass, and heavy boots. I went some three hundred yards, when a fellow called Francis got a horse for me, but no saddle or bridle—a rein did for both—when one of the Frontier Light Horse got wounded through the leg, and I had to jump off, put him on my horse, and run again. Colonel Buller saved my life by taking me up behind him on his horse; then Blaine, who had been keeping the natives off in the rear, saw me (as after I got my breath I got off the Colonel's horse), and he nearly cried when he met me, all the fellows thinking I had been killed on the top of the hill. He behaved as he always does, and stuck to me and pulled me through the second time. The third time a major in the artillery, Tremlett by name, took me up behind. Our men and officers all behaved well, but the other volunteers were what Major Robinson would call a big rabble. We lost ninety-three white men and a number of natives. The Frontier Light Horse lost

three officers and twenty-four non-commissioned officers and men, and sixty-six horses. Each of our men arrived in camp with another man behind him.<sup>17</sup>

On the day following this melancholy discomfiture, great masses of the enemy, afterwards computed as more than twenty thousand, were seen by General Wood from the camp at Kam-bula advancing slowly across the plain, in the Zulu order of battle, that is to say, in a crescent with well-developed horns and a densely packed phalanx in the centre. There was no mistake now about their intentions. The affair of the Zlobane Mountain had given them confidence, and they were pouring forward in what the Paris Communists called "torrential warfare," to sweep away from the face of the earth that little band of foolish invaders who had come to insult their great chief, Cetywayo, in his native fastnesses. Colonel Wood, when the right horn of the enemy was at a distance of about two miles, sent off some mounted troops to fire at them and retire, and so entice them away from the centre. The feint succeeded, and the savages rushed forward in hot haste. They were soon greeted by a tremendous discharge of shot and shell from four large guns. For a little time they advanced with amazing courage, but the bullets came so thick and fast that, in spite of themselves, they wavered and broke and fled, and all was over. Amid tremendous cheers the cavalry charged the routed army and pursued it for seven miles, while shrapnel and case-shot poured terrible destruction through the disorganized mass.

The Native Contingent ran away before the fight, but the Basutos stood steadily at their posts and fought well. The flower of Cetywayo's army, consisting of young unmarried men, was engaged in this attack, and more than 1,200 were slain. No fewer than 785 bodies of Zulus were buried in the immediate vicinity of the camp. It is noteworthy that they had many kinds of breechloaders—Martini, Snider, and Mitford's patterns being all represented. It was a grand sight to see the great moving mass of more than 20,000 Zulu warriors advancing straight amidst a withering fire. They shouted out when near the camp, "We are the boys from Isandhlwana!" and retreated under circumstances where no European forces in the world could have advanced.<sup>18</sup>

Five days later, on the 3rd of April, Ekowe was relieved, and then, with the mournful episode of the death of the Prince Imperial, which in no way affected the general course of events

<sup>17</sup> Wilmot, pp. 97, 98.

<sup>18</sup> Wilmot, p. 100.

in Africa, the war dragged on its weary length till Lord Chelmsford, in the last days of his command, gained the decisive victory of Ulundi on the 4th of July, after which nothing remained to be done except to catch Cetywayo; but that was something. A brief account of these final incidents of the war is needed for a fair statement of the South African Question, of which this much at least is certain, that we have not seen even the beginning of the end. When years have rolled, and centuries if the world shall last, over the graves of Sir Bartle Frere and his contemporaries, South African affairs will be not less, but very much more important to the world at large than now they are.

By the end of April, the effective force assembled to put an end to the war numbered more than twenty-two thousand, of whom nearly sixteen thousand were white men. These were formed into two divisions, No. 1 under General Crealock, to operate near the coast, No. 2 under General Newdigate, to have its head-quarters near the Blood River at Dundee. General Wood retained his command, and his force was to be called the Flying Column. All April, May, and June were spent in making entrenched positions, transporting stores, and disagreeing about the mode of attack, until at last the Government at home lost patience, as well it might, and sent Sir Garnet Wolseley to do something decisive. The news of his approach seems to have helped to hasten the march to Ulundi. From the utter improvidence of the first movements of the invading army a transition had been made to the opposite extreme, and it was considered necessary to secure every step of the march, and leave no room for possible mischance. "If Colonel Wood had been reasonably reinforced and allowed to go forward, there is good reason to believe that he could have finished the war."<sup>19</sup> On the 14th of May Lord Chelmsford informed the Secretary of State that all the troops were in position, waiting only for supplies and transport service. At last, after two months of no fighting, during which the Zulus, according to the one account, sued anxiously for peace again and again, and according to the other account, sent many "illusory messages," the advance began. On the 4th of June one of these messages, serious or intended to amuse, was brought to Lord Chelmsford, who was with the Second Division, and had established his head-quarters at Kopje Allein on the Blood River. Cetywayo's three messengers

<sup>19</sup> Wilmot, p. 171.

were sent back on the 6th of June with the answer that something more than words was wanted. The chief guarantee of the sincerity of his submission was to be his sending one regiment to the camp to surrender their arms, and Lord Chelmsford promised to wait for an answer. No answer came, and the advance was resumed as far as the Upoko River, where a halt of ten days was made to wait for General Wood, who was on his way with supplies, and who arrived on the 17th of June. The march began in good earnest on the 19th, when the combined forces left the Upoko River, taking the road from Rorke's Drift to Ulundi. Messengers with peace-offerings were continually arriving during the rest of the journey, but Cetywayo never proposed to do what was demanded. Lord Chelmsford consented to accept the restoration of one thousand captured rifles instead of the stipulated surrender of arms by one of the regiments, and on the 30th of June telegraphed for instructions to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had just landed in D'Urban. It is conjectured that at this stage of the war Cetywayo was personally anxious for peace, but was held back by those under him; for a large herd of the King's white cattle, which were seen moving towards the English camp, were driven back before they had proceeded far on their road. The 3rd of July had been fixed as the last day for receiving the one thousand rifles. No signs of submission were perceptible. On the 4th both armies marched out to the encounter. The British troops were in hollow square, the Zulus in their crescent formation. The battle was a very simple affair. As at Kambula and at Rorke's Drift, the savages rushed forward with wonderful intrepidity into the storm of fire, and, when flesh and blood could endure it no longer, they turned and fled. The rout was complete, the carnage fearful. The King's kraal was found deserted, and was burned. "The prisoners state," says Lord Chelmsford in his official despatch, "that Cetywayo was personally commanding and had made all the arrangements himself, and that he witnessed the fight from Qikarzi kraal, and that twelve regiments took part in it. If so, twenty thousand men attacked us." After this, remembering that he had been superseded, Lord Chelmsford (very inexplicably) thought that he should be carrying out the wishes of Sir Garnet by marching back at once. It would have been a much easier thing to capture Cetywayo then than it was nearly two months later. Mr. Archibald Forbes, though suffering from a wound, carried the news of the

victory in a most adventurous ride of one hundred and ten miles in fourteen hours through dangers of every kind.

From the 14th to the 28th of August the country was being scoured in search of Cetywayo. The strength of character of the natives, which had been shown so often in their brave bearing in presence of death, now showed itself still more honourably in their refusal to betray the fallen King. Neither promises nor threats could move them to tell where Cetywayo lurked. On more than one occasion the pursuers had recourse to modes of intimidation which are no doubt consistent with the laws of war, but which cannot be justified upon Christian principles. To flog a man for the express purpose of making him do what his conscience forbids is an act which no necessity can justify, because it is intrinsically evil. At last, not by flogging, a traitor was found, who volunteered a mysterious hint in figurative language; and then, the 'dirty work' being finished, the chase became pleasantly exciting. Major Marter, who only started on his quest on the 27th of August, arrived the next day at the Ibuluwane River. A Zulu said to him suddenly in the course of a conversation in which the King had not been alluded to: "I have heard the wind blow from this side to-day," pointing to the Ngome forest, "but you should take that road," pointing further to the north-east. That was all they needed. Major Marter obtained two guides at Nisaka's kraal. They took him far up the mountain, and then, halting the party behind a cover of trees, crept forward with Major Marter to the edge of a precipice, and showed him a kraal fifteen hundred feet below in a basin, nearly shut in by steep wooded slopes. It appeared to Major Marter impossible to approach from the open side without the King perceiving the attempt in time to dart into the forest, and he therefore resolved, in view of the importance of the stake at issue, to attempt the perilous descent from where they were. They managed to scramble down in some fashion, over huge boulder rocks, and roots of trees, and sudden declivities, with no more damage than two horses killed and one man badly hurt, and at a distance of six hundred yards from the kraal, in a little dell, were able to mount unobserved. They rode straight at the cluster of huts and surrounded them. Major Marter seeing that the men in the kraal had firearms, made the interpreter say that if there was any resistance he would shoot them all and burn the kraal, and then dismounting, he walked coolly into the enclosure, accompanied by



a few of his men. The King after some delay, seeing that resistance was useless, surrendered, telling Major Marter that the capture could not have been effected in any other way, because he had posted spies in the forest to give notice of all attempts to approach the kraal by the open side, while he had taken it for granted that no troops would ever try to come down the steep descent behind. He was told that his life would be spared, but that he would be taken as a prisoner to the white chief at Ulundi. And thus at last the Zulu War was completely finished. What, then, are its lessons?

We may leave different people to hold different opinions about hidden motives known to God alone, but the experience gained in the war is quite sufficient to show that Cetywayo, when provoked, was not a pleasant neighbour, and that it was a matter of supreme importance to the colonists of Natal not to make the mistake of supposing that a tiger crouching for the spring would yield to words of gentle remonstrance. Perhaps in his heart he did not mean to do much harm, but those do not deserve strong words of reprobation who, sincerely convinced that he was preparing war to the knife, would not allow him to choose his own time. The Zulu War is only the latest incident in a struggle which has been almost perpetual wherever in any region of the earth the extremes of civilization and barbarism meet face to face upon a debateable border-land. Spaniards, and Dutchmen, and Englishmen of other days, have resolved the special problem in their own cruel fashion, and Indians and negroes have faded away in contact with white races. Englishmen under Elizabeth were cruel among the cruel,<sup>20</sup> and some of them actually received high honours at Court from that odious woman for deeds of oppression of the poor which have sunk their souls and hers deep in the fiery flood; but Englishmen now are changed for the better, and at least with the voice of their public opinion they hate all brutal tyranny and love fair-play. Let American border settlers break as they will the treaties which Congress makes in vain with the persecuted Indians; let Dutch Boers, as long as they are their own masters, filch the lands of the Canaanites and capture the children of the dispossessed; but Englishmen cannot do such deeds with impunity. If through fear or avarice the subjects of Queen Victoria propose to do what honour and humanity forbid, a

<sup>20</sup> On this subject consult the *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by William E. H. Lecky.

jealous Government at home recalls them to their senses. So it has been and so it will be. Of none but Englishmen, among civilized nations, we may rest assured, has it ever yet been said by light-armed savages, that for twenty years, with only a narrow stream for a boundary-line, no encroachment had been attempted; but still this is not enough. We may wish to deal fairly with the natives, but the problem remains unsolved. With the best will to see justice done, how can any Government promote by one and the same act the essentially conflicting interests of border farmers and of restless savages? On the one hand, if the farmers are to be effectually protected, it will never do to wait till the savages, obeying some wild impulse have begun to kill their victims; and, on the other hand, if the savages are to have a fair chance given them, they ought not to be punished or pinioned on mere suspicion. The difficulty is a most real one; and when we consider that it is exceedingly easy to find fault, and very perplexing indeed to discover the best thing to be done, we ought to judge kindly of the blunders that have been made, and not to ascribe every false move to malice aforethought, as Miss Colenso does through all the pages of her thick volume. We can however say with the fullest confidence that the best thing to be done has not been done so far, and that it never will be done until steps are taken for spreading instead of suppressing Christianity. The saddest feature in the Zulu conflict is the ungodly settlement in which, although it represents the united wisdom of England and Natal, there is not a faint suggestion that the Imperial Government cares in the least degree whether these great tribes, which have proved themselves worthy foes in battlefield, are invited to draw nearer to, or are almost forced to recede farther from, the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Yet in religion lies the only hope of a permanent pacification of the border-land. There is no sign of large wisdom in the measures taken for the establishment of good order. The power of the savages for mischief has been diminished for some time to come, but no attempt has been made to improve the occasion for higher purposes, of helping them to rise from the mental and moral wretchedness of savagedom. Rather it would seem that they have been driven back into denser darkness.

A. G. KNIGHT.

*When George the Fourth was King. No. II.*

---

THE Minister had pointed out, in a debate in the House of Commons, that no renunciation of her royal prerogative or privileges was required; she was but to abstain from using them. This declaration was acknowledged in a cordial spirit, and she seemed inclined to agree, on this basis, suggesting that some one of position should be named to prescribe the place of residence and terms generally. It was this that suggested to Mr. Wilberforce the hope of arrangement, for, as he said, the claim as to the liturgy was only urged as a recognition, and if this could be secured by other means, the end could be gained. Accordingly, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh met the Queen's advocates. After many discussions, the important concessions were made that "official announcement of her position" was to be given to the various Courts; she was to leave in a King's ship; an address of congratulation from both Houses to her and the King to be passed; in short, a *pont d'or* as satisfactory as could be desired. But these were declined as insufficient, and the demand still pressed that her name should be restored to the liturgy. The matter was therefore broken off.

The excellent Wilberforce incurred much odium for his share in the transactions that followed, for he was eager that she should resign the claim to be prayed for. He accordingly proposed that the Houses should "address" her to this effect. He thus had the air of deserting the popular side.

The secret history of this transaction is that he had received a letter from her, "bad in composition, vulgar and foolish," in which she wondered how "a religious man" could propose such a thing. Brougham remonstrated with her on this step, and she owned that she "had got into a scrape." He engaged to get Wilberforce to do something. She then wrote a letter, and in clear terms threw herself upon the House, and engaged to comply with their request. And it is infinitely to his honour

that, when the matter failed, he should never have vindicated himself by producing this authorization, which the weak lady ignored.

Accordingly, on June the 22nd, the motion was proposed and carried, with the approbation of Ministers. Four delegated members waited on her, having to run the gauntlet of an incensed mob who were expecting them in front of her residence. The Queen received them "sternly and haughtily," but declined to comply on the ground that whether she would accept any proposed measure or not was to be decided by her own feelings and conscience.

Mr. Brougham tells that he had no part in this refusal, and that he had not even seen her reply, which was drawn up by Lushington or Vizard. Indeed, he adds that he had assured Mr. Wilberforce "she will accede, I pledge myself." He was even anxious she should do so. The deputies were received by an enormous crowd in the most opprobrious fashion, saluted with cries of "rogues, villains, hypocrites, Cantwells." They and their carriages were spat on, and they were with difficulty saved from violence. When it was known that the Queen had refused, the shouts might have been heard at Charing Cross.<sup>1</sup>

It would almost seem that the fate of the Queen was really determined by the decision taken on this occasion. She herself was ready to adopt whatever course would be thought the most prudent. All her friends, however, including Brougham, Grey-Bennett, and others, declined to advise her, telling her that she knew her own case best and what truth there was in the charges—a rather artful suggestion, if they thought that the agitation was to be profitable. Alderman Wood was seen in the House of

<sup>1</sup> MS. Diary, Grey-Bennett. It seems probable that her adviser was accountable for this, though he affects to lay the blame upon her *camarilla*. But Mr. Wilberforce says that "he had every reason to believe she would have acquiesced but for circumstances which I had rather state to you in person than by letter. It was plain from the first that they had nothing like full powers from the King. Nor, indeed, had we from the Queen; for, upon some alarm being given her by the meddling folks whom she saw, she complained that she was not informed of the whole of the negotiation. Acting under the influence of Lady Anne Hamilton, one of her ladies, she sent letters to the Speaker, or rather formal messages, beginning Coraline R., which Lady Anne's brother, Lord Archibald (our stanch supporter) and myself were never aware of till an hour before they were [to be] read by the Speaker." His behaviour was inconsistent with this theory. There was, however, a disturbing element of which account must be taken, viz., the King's frantic determination to concede nothing that would favour a solution. The Chancellor declared that he was determined to get other Ministers, if the present ones would not aid him in getting rid of his Queen.

Commons going about and canvassing for opinions.<sup>2</sup> Had there been one thoroughly disinterested, capable adviser, he would have certainly influenced her, and the disastrous issue might have been avoided.

The excitement of "the mob," as it was fashionable to call the lower classes of her supporters, grew to be a nuisance, and became a serious trouble to those who did not share their feelings. The Chancellor, changing horses on his way to the country, was saluted with yells of "Long live the Queen," and was in other ways marked out for annoyance. When a suitable house was being selected for the Queen—for the Government had agreed to find her one—her friends with some malice pitched on one in Hamilton Place, next door to the Chancellor's. He appealed, almost in an agony, to Lord Liverpool, and declared that if the project was persisted in he would give up, not merely his house, but his office. When they, of course, declined to purchase this mansion, the Queen's friends, bent on harassing the old man, set a subscription afoot to secure it; and the Chancellor could see no other way to save himself from this persecution than to buy it himself. He disposed of it, however, again without loss. More serious ground for apprehension was in the behaviour of a battalion of the Guards—the Third—which at this unfortunate moment became mutinous. The Queen's friends insisted that this was owing to their sympathies with her; while the loyal party attributed it to the harsh orders of the Duke of Gloucester, their Colonel, who had harassed them with new severe regulations—the roll being called four times a day. This made them mutinous. They were ordered out of town the next day, to Portsmouth.

But [says Mr. Grey-Bennett] the story soon got wind, and in the evening some thousands of persons assembled opposite to the barracks in the King's Mews, Charing Cross, shouting "Queen for ever," and calling to the soldiers to do the same. The people made every coachman and footman of the carriages passing by, take off their hats to the barracks in honour of the soldiers, and there was evidently a very bad feeling among them. I mixed in the crowd coming up from the House of Commons, and heard many unpleasant observations. The Life Guards at last came, and the people dispersed; but I believe one or two people were wounded. The 3rd Guards on the march to Portsmouth behaved in a most disorderly manner. My neighbour, Sir Thomas Williams, told me that some were quartered at Collen, near

<sup>2</sup> MS. Diary, Grey-Bennett.

his house, and that he went towards the village in the evening, and heard them shouting "Queen for ever," and I have been told the same took place at Kingston, where they drank the health of all the popular leaders in the alehouses where they were billeted. As usual, all this was denied by the Government and the officers; but it is true, and no doubt a strong feeling of compassion for the Queen existed in the minds of the soldiery. Even the 10th Hussars, the King's Own Regiment, showed it, and a person of credit told me he walked into the Toy Tavern, Hampton Court, where the regiment was quartered, and passing by the tap saw twelve or fourteen soldiers sitting in it, where, one of them taking up a pot of porter, said, "Come lads, 'the Queen,'" when they all rose and drank her health.<sup>3</sup>

No wonder that the witty Luttrell declared that "the extinguisher was taking fire."

It must be said, that whatever hesitation Mr. Brougham had shown, he from this moment threw himself heart and soul into her cause, conducting it in the most intrepid, as well as masterly manner, showing tact, resource, and courage and ability of the most extraordinary kind. Nor did his client owe less to the calmer virtues of his coadjutor Denman, whose character and talents were no less valuable. The episodes that followed were of the most stirring character. There was seen her advocate warning, and even threatening the House of Lords, and yet with infinite adroitness keeping within due bounds.<sup>4</sup>

The Chancellor indeed contrived ingeniously to obstruct the popular cause as much as he could. For when the Queen sent to him to say she would come in person to present her petition, he answered, that she must apply to the House for leave. When she asked him to give this message to the House, he answered that the House only received messages from the King. Then she asked him to present her petition, which he declined. "I

<sup>3</sup> "The Commander-in-Chief," wrote the Duke of Wellington, "has felt great uneasiness respecting the Coldstream Guards, and was afraid of again being surprised by a mutiny." He also heard "of the cry of disaffection of The Queen being raised on the march." He did not know whether there was foundation for this; but Mr. Greville was assured by Lord Worcester that he heard the soldiers utter it (*Despat. Cor. and Mem. Duke of Wellington*, vol. i. p. 127; Greville, vol. i. p. 30).

<sup>4</sup> Brougham, however, all through made a distinction between the Queen and the woman, and he wisely never identified himself with the *camarilla*. We find him cautioning the Mintsters, through Mr. Arbuthnot, as to the payment of witnesses, counsel, &c., which he said should be done by responsible persons, who should see that the proper parties received it. He hinted that she was being "plundered by Wood and others," who he was afraid would get hold of this Government allowance. He entreated that this communication should not transpire. No wonder Mr. Arbuthnot remarked upon "the extraordinary footing he must be on with his client" (*Life of Lord Liverpool*, vol. iii. p. 93).



am resolved not to be employed in any way by this lady," he wrote. "They must get another Chancellor," he added, "if he should be required to do work of that kind." But he put this more strongly. Those near him, when he was being harassed by Brougham's fierce attacks, heard him muttering, that he "would be damned if he would act as Chancellor if such things were permitted."

One of the most interesting incidents in this exciting episode was the behaviour of Mr. Canning, which offered a refreshing instance of consistency and loyalty. It was a surprise to hear one of the prosecuting Ministry standing forth in praise of the accused, though

With great ingenuity he let out all the private communications made by Brougham in the preceding summer, and pushed the argument very hard. A most remarkable passage in his speech was his protesting he would not be an *accuser* of the Queen, and that his respect and affection remained undiminished; and that she was the grace and ornament of every society. As may be imagined, these expressions created the greatest astonishment in the House, and I never saw Castlereagh so agitated. It is said that he complained loudly of it, declaring that he considered Canning to be a partner to all their proceedings.<sup>5</sup>

In private also he expressed the same opinions—

Brougham has had his game too. . . . He dreaded compromise. He thought he saw how it might be effected. He barred that course by offering mediation. He thus got the thing into his own hands; and having got it there, he let it languish till success was hopeless.<sup>6</sup>

It was not surprising, therefore, that Canning should feel his position untenable, and when Mr. Wilberforce's compromise was rejected, he waited on the King, and placed himself at his disposal. The following is the account of the interview sent to a friend, the real names being originally disguised as "Marcus," "Mars," "the Magdalen," &c. He explained that while he approved of all the steps up to the present, he could not join in any further proceedings owing to the old intimacy and the confidence she had placed in him. He submitted whether it was then desirable that he should remain in the Ministry; though he did not offer his resignation.

The King expressed his strong sense of the manly proceeding of Mr. Canning on this occasion, and his especial satisfaction at his having

<sup>5</sup> Grey-Bennett Diary.

<sup>6</sup> *George Canning and his times.* Stapleton, 299.

come at once to him with this communication, instead of conveying it through a third person. He acquiesced with perfect cordiality and good humour in the adoption by him of the line of proceeding which he had announced with respect to the Queen's affairs, said it was what he had expected, but plainly intimated, at the same time, his impression that Mr. Canning had not told all his reasons for declining to take a share in the hostile proceedings against the Queen. With respect to the question of retirement, as it affected the general interest of the King's service, the latter declared that it was full of difficulty, and that he should wish to have a few hours for the consideration of it before he returned a final answer to Mr. Canning's communication. After a conversation of more than an hour, in the most friendly tone, they shook hands at parting, and the King again assured him of his entire approval of his conduct; that whatever might be the King's decision upon this matter, whether to adopt his advice with respect to his retirement or not, he should never cease to feel the sincerest regard for Mr. Canning. He said further, that if ever he should hear (as he probably might) reflections thrown out against him for stopping short after having gone so far in the proceedings against the Queen, he should uniformly declare that Mr. Canning had acted in the most manly, and honourable, and gentlemanlike manner.<sup>7</sup>

The next day he was informed that he must remain and follow what course he pleased as to the Queen; and further, might assign the King's pleasure as the reason for his remaining. This showed what high favour he enjoyed. In a fortnight he was addressing the most earnest remonstrances to Lord Liverpool, over whom he exercised extraordinary influence, against the divorce. His arguments seem unanswerable, the main one being that the consequences of such a clause would alarm every one, and shipwreck the Bill. All through the proceedings he gave warning in this sense, appealing with justice to their own Cabinet addresses to the King, in which this very step was depreciated with forcible arguments. But his strongest point was his appeal to the Duke of York's case. For if the divorce were dropped, he argued, it became a question of private morality unworthy the investigation of the House; the very argument so vehemently pressed against the opposition when it was the interest of the Court that the Duke's "green bag" should not be opened. Again and again he prophesied, "The Bill will not pass," and he advised withdrawing it frankly in the Upper House—a course which Lord Liverpool later was to adopt.

<sup>7</sup> Yet the King declared later that on this occasion Canning had been forced on him, and that it had given him the greatest pain, &c.

He felt, however, the awkwardness of his situation, and withdrew from the scene, remaining abroad till the matter terminated.

On the amiable Denman, who seems to have viewed the whole through an atmosphere of romance, the Queen and her trials had left an impression of deep pity and sympathy.

He was looking on when she entered London on that eventful day. Her equipage, he says, was mean and miserable. On the box of one carriage was a man with a turban, in the others Italians, "with enormous moustachios"—a rather unusual spectacle, and always considered "outlandish." There was scarcely a well-dressed person in the crowd, while among the few on horseback he recognized a sheriff's broker, and his own "bankrupt cousin."

A touch of character that a dramatist would relish was to be noted in the remarks made by husband and wife of each other on this occasion. The King said indignantly, "That beast Wood sat by the Queen's side!" This being reported to the Queen, she said, "*That was very kind of him!*" "She pertinaciously," says Denman, "cherished the hope of a reconciliation, and related with pride a compliment paid her by the Prince, twenty years old, when speaking handsomely of a bride, he had declared, 'she was just like the Princess of Wales.' She might well treasure up these meagre testimonials. They had been few. She looked at me," he goes on, "with uncommon earnestness, and said, '*I know the man. Well, mark what I say, we shall be good friends before we die.*' Her bearing," he says, "as she appeared on the balcony was most noble and attractive, firm and graceful, with a fixed courage in her eye. She kept repeating again and again, 'If he wished me to stay abroad, why not leave me in peace? So here I am.'"

Almost to the last, however, the Queen had a rooted distrust of her advocate, Brougham, and suspected he had acted a double part. She made the significant declaration, "Had he come over to me at Geneva, I had been spared all this." And on the very eve of the trial she thought seriously of dismissing him. It does, indeed, seem that while Denman was the advocate of her cause, Brougham merely considered himself as "holding a brief," as it were, "instructed" by an attorney. Even when he left her on her arrival, she said, "He is afraid."

In the interval between the debates in the Houses and the trial, the Queen removed to Brandenburg House, not long before the residence of a rather eccentric lady, the Margravine

of Anspach—Lady Craven—whose matrimonial relations had also been of a disturbed character. This was a large villa at Hammersmith, on the edge of the Thames, and hither she removed in the first week of August. The owner could scarcely have congratulated himself on his new tenant, for from that hour the house was almost daily invaded by large mobs in charge of addresses, who spread themselves over the flowers, coming up to the windows and freely entering the drawing rooms and other portions of the premises. These testimonials of attachment were sent from all parts of the kingdom, and the list is certainly an extraordinary one; but there was a sad loss of dignity incurred from the familiarity of the proceedings, and the proletarian character of this sort of popularity. The poor lady, however, never flagged in her resolute energy of her part, receiving all comers with unfailing enthusiasm, and welcoming all “the greasy rogues” that arrived “in their thousands.”

Quiet retirement with an air of suffering would have been far more politic. As it was, all this afforded an opening which those opposed to her were not slow to turn to account, and a newspaper which had been recently established, the *John Bull*, whose chief *raison d'être* was to expose her failings, was now rendering, under the clever direction of Theodore Hook, most valuable aid to Government.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> So successful was this journal that the editor was receiving £2,000 a-year. Its personality may be gathered from this specimen—“The visit of Mrs. Muggins” to Brandenburgh House.

Have you been to Brandenbnrgh, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?

Have you been to Brandenburgh, ho?

O yes, I have been, ma'am, to visit the Queen, ma'am,

With the rest of the gallantee show, show—

With the rest of the gallantee show.

And who were the company, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?

Who were the company, ho?—

We happened to drop in with gemmen from Wapping.

And ladies from Blowbladder Row,—

Ladies from Blowbladder Row.

What saw you at Brandenburgh, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?

What saw you at Brandenburgh, ho?—

We saw a great dame, with a face red as flame,

And a character spotless as snow, snow—

A character spotless as snow.

And who were attending her, heigh, ma'am, ho, ma'am?

Who were attending her, ho?—

Lord Hood for a man—for a maid Lady Anne,

And Alderman Wood for a beau, beau—

Alderman Wood for a beau, &c.

The fire never slackened an instant; wit, or coarse *persiflage*, was poured upon her; as when the Braziers of London, presented their address, and declared that they would “find more brass there than they carried.” And it was stated that these bitter and unscrupulous attacks had the effect intended, viz. of frightening away any of the higher and more respectable classes who were inclined to support the Queen.

The incidents of this extraordinary trial were, as it may be conceived, full of a dramatic interest; and conspicuous above all was the singular courage and resolution displayed by the chief personage concerned. Next to her, all interest was drawn by the matchless exertions of Brougham, whose conduct of the case and masterly exposure of the witnesses was beyond all praise.<sup>9</sup>

Almost the most dramatic incident was the appearance of the notorious "Majocchi," of *Non mi ricordo* memory. When he came forward this strange incident occurred. "The Queen," says one who witnessed the scene, "stood up close to him and threw her veil completely back, held her body very backward, and placed both her arms in her sides. In this position she stared furiously at him. For some seconds there was a dead silence, and she screamed out 'Theodore!' in the most frantic manner, and rushed violently out of the House. I think she is insane, for her manner to-day chilled my blood."<sup>10</sup> This seems to point to what was so often said by her family and others, that there was some madness below all her eccentricities. On the evidence of this Majocchi and that of Demont, both discharged servants—the latter her *femme de chambre*—rested the chief charges, which, as is well known, related to her behaviour to Bergami, a man who, from being her courier, she had made her chamberlain. Her proceedings in this connection raised extraordinary presumptions of guilt; yet it could be argued that the instance most insisted on, that of having her courier's and her own bed placed in a tent on the deck of a vessel showed

<sup>9</sup> That unclean band he, with delightful irony, described to the House. He apologized for "seeking" to elude a Bill "supported by so respectable a body of witnesses as those assembled in Cotton Garden. Judging from their exterior," said he, "they must be like those persons with whom your lordships are in the habit of associating. They must doubtless be seized in fee-simple of those decent habiliments—persons who would regale themselves at their own expense, live in separate apartments, have full powers of locomotion, and require no other escort than their attendant lacquais de place."

<sup>10</sup> Some declared that she said "Traditore!" And the graphic sketch of the present Lord Albemarle's father written on the day of the occurrence, was no doubt the true version. "Some consider it proof of conscious guilt, forgetting that the Queen knew well that he was to be examined: others, an indignant protest at seeing her servant dressed up and turned into a gentleman on the next day." "I never," says her admiring counsel, Denman, "saw a human being so interesting. Her face was pale, her eyelids a little sunken, her eyes fixed on the ground, with no expression of alarm or consciousness but with an appearance of decent distress at being made the subject of such revolting calumnies." This demeanour, however, would naturally have been the result of a reaction after the outburst of the preceding day.

from the publicity of the proceeding, an insane recklessness as to public opinion.

On the part of the prosecution, it was insinuated that all her English suite had left her within a few months. This included Mr. St. Leger, Sir W. Gell, Mr. Craven, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Satisfactory reasons were given by all these persons for their retirement. On the other hand, there was a long roll of Italian testimony coming from persons of the highest rank in her favour—secured, indeed, too late for the trial.<sup>11</sup>

The re-entry into her service, when the trial came on, of Sir W. Gell, and Kepple Craven, that of Lord and Lady Llandaff was certainly evidence in her favour. But then it was urged, against their testimony in the witness-box, that they had been with her but a few months, and previous to her extravagance. There can be no doubt that Bergami was of a good family. His father was a physician, in possession of a good property, lands, and houses, which had got involved and had to be sold, on which his son enlisted in an hussar regiment. It is remarkable, too, that his whole family—mother, brothers, sisters, cousins, to the number of eight or nine—were established in this strange woman's service.

But what taints the whole proceeding was the mode—almost unavoidably under the circumstances—in which the evidence was secured. When it was known that all who could tell anything or find out anything would be taken to England, paid for their time and services; that the Hanoverian Minister, Baron Ompteda, had eagerly taken on himself the duty of "ferretting out" evidence; that there was an Italian lawyer, Vimercati, employed to visit all "likely" persons, employing Italians to bring forward the diffident or reluctant; when it was known, in short, that the "King of England" desired aid, who could doubt that a premium was set on falsehood and exaggeration?

But still the course of her admitted proceedings—her extraordinary ill-regulated defiance of public opinion, her reckless patronage of those she liked, her taste for associating with the lowest, and her instinctive repulsion to those who were respectable and decorous—all this, carried on in a distant land, warranted the evil opinion held of her, and made her accountable for it. The public, not having time or inclination to

<sup>11</sup> The most complete view of the investigation will be found in Wilks' *Memoirs*, where a fair analysis of the charges with reference to the evidence by which it is supported, and the reply, is set out.



appraise nice distinctions, for its own convenience, holds a particular sort of conduct to be significant of evil, throwing the onus of disproof on those who exhibit such behaviour. Much of this was owing to the consciousness that she was surrounded by spies, proved by the fact that at Baden an official of the Court was engaged in taking notes of her proceedings, which at the trial, by direction of the Grand Duke, he declined to produce. This seemed mysterious, and the conclusion was that their record would have damaged the prosecutor's case. But Miss Wynne, the agreeable diarist, was told by Lord Redesdale that at Baden, when a *partie de chasse* had been made for her, she appeared "with a half pumpkin on her head," to the amazement of the Grand Duke. She explained that it was the coolest sort of *coiffure*! If the spy-diarist had this fact upon his notes, it is needless to say that it would have shown she was scarcely accountable for her actions.

The intrepid Brougham, as we have said, confronted this hired miscellany, though with an interpreter interposed. One of his *coups* was masterly. He learned by the merest accident that Rastelli, one of the King's witnesses, had been allowed to go away, and instantly turned it to profit, by desiring to have him recalled to clear up some point. It will be seen what could be made of this. For the tribunal he was addressing he made no secret of his contempt, crushing interruptions with a fierce sardonic tone, that made the offender appeal for protection to the House. The very interpreter he would address with studious politeness as "Marquis"—he had been a teacher—affecting to put him on a level with the noble persons round him. It was thought a great hardship that he had been compelled to declare whether he would call witnesses before being allowed to open his case—as he desired to conduct his case in his own way, to make his speech so to neutralize the admirable one made by the comparatively obscure Williams, who had admirably summed up the evidence for the prosecution. The Attorney-General was considered to have made but a weak display. The Chancellor, however, had insisted on his announcing the course he had decided on. By the adjournment for three weeks, the startling evidence had time to circulate, without antidote and uncontradicted. Mr. Greville's comments express happily enough the view of an ordinary observer of the day.

There is no one more violent than Lord Lauderdale,<sup>12</sup> and neither the Attorney-General nor the Solicitor-General can act with greater zeal than he does in support of the Bill. Lord Liverpool is a model of fairness, impartiality, and candour. The Chancellor is equally impartial, and as he decides personally all disputes on legal points which are referred to the House, his fairness has been conspicuous in having generally decided in favour of the Queen's counsel.

The struggle being vital, no one was to be spared, and the strokes at the King were of the most unsparing personality. In his splendid speech—the peroration of which he had written again and again, Mr. S. Percival suggested to him the happy *apropos*, asking who was the secret instigator—the airy, unsubstantial being who was behind—he wished to encounter—

This shape—

If shape it could be called—that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb. What seemed its head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

This Parthian dart—piercing where the King was most sensitive—was never forgiven, though his Majesty long after said that Brougham had only done his duty. But Denman carried this license of quotation beyond decent limits. Dr. Parr, who had ardently taken up the Queen's case, had bidden Denman look into Bayle's Dictionary for suitable classical allusions, under such headings as Julia, Judith—and the name of Octavia, the wife of Nero, at once flashed upon the counsel, and, as he tells us, he determined to make her his heroine, of course elaborating the parallel. In the classical story is given a retort by the "honest chambermaid" not fit for ears polite, which he determined to use, meaning to apply it to Majocchi. No one can doubt Denman's truth; but the public most naturally applied the gross insinuation to the King, who was, further, dubbed "Nero" in the newspapers—his palace "Nero's Hotel." This, as will be seen, was also never forgiven, or, rather, cherished with undying rancour. The Duke of Clarence, to whom he

<sup>12</sup> In the course of the trial, in order to show that the Queen had associated in Italy with ladies of good character, it was stated that a Countess T— frequented her society at Florence. On cross-examination it came out that the Countess spoke a provincial dialect, anything but the purest Tuscan, whence it was implied that she was a vulgar person, and Lord Lauderdale especially pointed out this inference, speaking himself in very broad Scotch. Upon which Lord —, a member of the Opposition, said to the witness, "Have the goodness to state whether Countess T— spoke Italian with as broad an accent as the noble Earl who has just sat down speaks with in his native tongue." The late Sir Henry Holland was present when this occurred, and used to relate the anecdote.

made the well-known apostrophe, "Come forth, thou slanderer," was magnanimous to dismiss it from his recollection.<sup>13</sup>

The ingenious device by which the Queen's friends supported the divorce clause, knowing that it was odious to the orthodox, in spite of the effort of the Government to withdraw it, was successful. It is amusing to find that, though "the bishops'" consciences were exercised, they obeyed the instincts of party rather than of conscience, and supported the Bill, divorce and all. By these tactics the majority on the third reading sank to nine, on which the Prime Minister announced that he would withdraw the measure. At this moment of triumph a supporter of the Queen's met her

Coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not indeed proceed, for she had a *dazed* look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great staircase, she began to descend, and I followed instinctively, two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Four or five persons came in from below before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them; but I was in indescribable confusion. The great globe itself was shaking under me. I rushed past, and out into the hastily assembling crowd. The pressure was as in the valley of Jehosaphat that shall be. I knew not where I was, but in a moment a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the house were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer, but at first there was a kind of stupor: but the sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street; every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge were unsluiced. "The generous exultation of the people were beyond all description.

Brougham and Denman drew her into a room to sign a petition to the House to be heard by counsel. Then it was that the woman, victorious and triumphant, as she wrote her name, "Caroline," added "*Regina*, in spite of them!"

PERCY FITZGERALD.

<sup>13</sup> Not less unfortunate was he in other allusions—as in his finale, when he talked of repentance, and bade her "go and sin no more," an awkward point, which gave rise to the pleasant epigram—

Gracious lady, we implore  
That you will go and sin no more;  
Or, if the effort be too great,  
Go away at any rate.

The likening her to "unsunned snow" caused merriment.

## *The Genesis of Error.*

---

### PART THE SECOND.

IN setting ourselves to seek out the causes of error which the mind carries within itself, we give ourselves no easy task. The action of the mind eludes in great part the most earnest and watchful observer. In this sphere of research, cause and effect are joined by links so impalpable that they are mostly hidden from view. In addition, the interaction of the various mental influences is so complicated that the most patient student is speedily driven to despair of counting them all. Who shall trace the growth of a single thought through all its stages of progress? A word whispered in the ear gives it its origin. It lies hidden in the mind for years, not making itself distinguishable in the field of consciousness. All the while it is silently assimilating the elements which will make it grow and expand. New thoughts come to settle beside it, to influence it, and to be influenced by it. New experiences come to modify it, to check its development, or to hasten its advance. It grows, rapidly or slowly, according to the character of the soil in which it has been cast, and the character of the forces which surround it, until at length it comes to be a prominent element in the spiritual life of the man on whom it has seized. It helps to make good or bad the soul in which it is established, and extends its influence for good or evil to the souls of others. The processes of material nature are complicated to a degree which baffles all our methods of observation. We are puzzled to follow the lowliest organism through the first phases of its life. We must not, then, be surprised that the spiritual world should present us with phenomena of growth and development which we are still more at a loss to explain. In our present inquiry the difficulty increases, from the fact that we have to do with what is really an abnormal growth, a something which is produced in opposition to the laws which guide the healthy action of the mind. The mind of man is made for truth. It is the purpose of nature

that every exercise of intellectual energy should issue in a new accession to the sum of our knowledge, and knowledge deserves the name only in so far as it is the possession of truth. If it were not thus, we should all be doomed to hopeless scepticism. We dare not admit that nature has so made the mind that the natural exercise of its faculties can lead to error. We are certain that we hold the truth, in any given instance, only in so far as we can trust our own faculties, exercised, in that instance, according to the natural law of their action. Did we admit that, thus exercised, they could, nevertheless, deceive us, we could never more put faith in them. There would no longer be a means of discerning truth from error. We could not hope to correct any flaws in our knowledge by revising the process through which it was acquired; the process would be found to be in accordance with the normal laws of intellectual action, and could not therefore furnish a ground for doubt. Besides, the act of revision would be itself an intellectual act, and would, therefore, be not a whit more trustworthy than that which it was performed to correct.

It thus becomes clear that our intellectual faculties, exercised in due accordance with the laws of their normal action, cannot lead to error. The state of error is an abnormal intellectual state. We arrive at it only by putting ourselves at variance with the right rule of mental action, and we persevere in it in contravention of the right rules of thought. Error is, in fact, the disease of the mind, a morbid function of the mind's energy, a condition of soul in which the forces designed for the purposes of healthy life are expended in perverted processes which produce sorrow and pain. We must bring ourselves to look on it as we look on the diseases of the physical organism, to see in it the blot and blemish of our intellectual being, one of those forms of evil which seem to be attached to every sphere of created nature, to spoil and to disfigure.

Looking at it in this light, we shall be enabled to take a comprehensive view of this dismal subject. We shall be prepared to find that error is not of one type only, or due to a single cause. We shall expect it to have its own melancholy variety of form, and its own grades of mischievous intensity. We shall be ready to see it have its seat and its source at one time in one faculty, at another in another faculty; and we shall expect to observe that it perverts in different cases the functions of different faculties.

Nor shall we hope to find that it is in all cases capable of cure. The maddened hero of the tragedy tauntingly asks the man of physical science if he can minister to the mind diseased. He spoke of the sickness of soul which springs from the sense of wrong committed, of the restless fever of remorse. There would, perhaps, have been greater subject for the implied taunt had he to speak, not of the stinging anguish which follows upon and punishes a great crime, but of the distorted vision induced by a false judgment. Most frequently there would seem to be no remedy within human reach for this supreme human evil. We can but stand by hopeless and helpless, and let the disease run its course. We can no more check or control it than we can check or control the appointed progress of the typhoid poison. Very often we would do much to obtain power over it. We see it preying upon the spiritual life of those whose fate most nearly concerns us; we see it blighting and wasting noble energies, making profitless the efforts of noble natures, or turning them to purposes of evil and destruction, and we would fain know the secret by which it might be conquered. But, as a rule, the secret is hidden from us, and we can only wait, in the hope that some accidental cause, or the high intervention of the power that rules mind as well as matter will effect, what we in our ignorance cannot achieve. It is a hard thing to stand by a friend who is wrestling for life with malignant disease, and to feel that we can do nothing to help him in the struggle; it is very hard to see him beaten in the contest and borne down, while we are idly looking on because we know not how to give assistance. But for the man who reflects upon the evil that lies in perversion of intellect, and who is alive to the awful importance of the issues that are involved in our judgments of things during life, the sight of a fellow-creature struggling and finally overpowered by the errors of his own reason is a much more piteous spectacle. The tainted organism writhing under the influence of a poisonous infection will die and dissolve, yet there is an assurance given us that it will again be restored to untainted life; but for the soul perishing in the throes of a malady which it has nurtured in itself, what hope is obtainable anywhere? Alas, that this hopeless evil should be so rife among men! that it should so mar the high resolves of youth, so misdirect the energies of manhood, so cloud the closing days of exhausted age! There is not, we may safely assert, another point at which the faith



of the thoughtful mind in the goodness of the Being that rules this puzzling world is tried as it is tried here. Mere physical evil we can easily fit into a scheme of providence not unworthy of God. We find it easy to assign it a useful place in the plan of creation, and even to admit its existence there in large measure. But for the evil which attacks the mind, which poisons its life, and perverts its highest functions, and which at last sends the soul maimed and infected into that other existence where its infirmities are fixed in their incurableness, we are at a loss to discover a purpose.

There are many who are disposed to regard this surpassing evil as a necessary shortcoming of our present existence, one with which we must be patient and which we are not obliged to cure, one which we must bear resignedly in ourselves, and one which we must pity but may not censure in others. According to this view, to be in error is to be unfortunate merely, not criminal; wrong opinions are no more deserving of punishment than the paroxysms of madness or the chill of ague. I am not now dealing with the morality of error, but with its causes; and I shall therefore bestow but a word on the lenient judgment thus passed upon it. A mental act, or an enduring condition of mind may be at once a misfortune and a crime. Guilt and misery do not necessarily exclude each other; nay, as a rule, misery follows close upon sin, or, to state the matter more strongly, sin is in itself the gravest kind of misfortune. Error, it has been already said, deserves our pity; but we may bestow pity upon it, and yet hold it to be sin. Our feeling for the hopelessly fallen drunkard is one of compassion, but we do not, for this, hold him irresponsible for the irregularity of his condition. I do not wish to imply that all error is sinful. Error, like other evils, may come upon us against our will, or at least the measure of our wilfulness may be so small that our responsibility ceases to be appreciable. But error may also result from a deliberate misuse of our natural powers, and in this case it entails the responsibility which such misuse always involves. It is not necessary to determine here the limits of this responsibility. Enough has been said to disprove the popular fallacy that error, because a misfortune, is in all cases without guilt, that because it is worthy of pity, it cannot at the same time deserve reprobation.

I have likened error in the mind to disease in the physical organism; there is, however, something more than an analogy

between the things which are here compared. The phenomena of our spiritual nature run parallel to those which are purely organic, and are, besides, intimately dependent upon them. The whole language of mental philosophy bears witness to this parallel, and is an acknowledgment that all men recognize it. The words which express our notions of spiritual being and spiritual functions are words which were primarily applied to the being and functions of matter. *Spirit, idea, intellect, reflection*, and the rest are terms which primarily signify things that are accessible to the senses. It would seem that we can reach the deeper nature of immaterial acts and essences only by studying them in comparison with their counterparts in the tangible visible world. The writings in which philosophers attempt a science of spirit are proof that this need has been uniformly felt and uniformly obeyed. The schoolmen in their persevering attempts to analyze the process by which ideas are generated fall back upon the familiar art of picture-painting, and reproduce in their system the stages of the artistic process, and the terms which describe the growth of the image under the painter's hand. In their language the intellect is a *tabula rasa*, a clean sheet of canvas, ready to receive any impression made upon it; the action of external objects, reaching it through the senses transfers to it the material of the mental image (*species impressa*); whereupon the intellect by its own native virtue, from the material thus supplied depicts within itself in living lineaments (*species expressa*) the forms and shapes of the objects without it. How far all this is an analysis of what it professes to analyze has been often questioned. But whatever be its merits besides, the system of these philosophers has at least this merit, that it exemplifies the course which all are led to follow who seek to know the workings of the mind. They have followed the lines on which all research into the normal action of the mental faculties must be conducted, and their example suggests to us the idea that we had best follow the same lines in our inquiries into the conditions of abnormal action in the same faculties. Under pain of becoming sceptics, and of enduring the consequences of scepticism, we are forced to regard error as an abnormal mental state, we may, then, take it for granted that we shall best obtain an insight into the phenomena it presents to us by studying them in the light of the kindred phenomenon offered by abnormal or diseased organic functions. At a glance we observe that there is a

kindred efficacy for evil in the forces at work in these two spheres of inquiry ; that almost every form of physical disease has its fellow among the forms assumed by the disease of the reason. The stealthy and slowly-wasting, the sudden and convulsive, the continuous and intermittent, the inherited and the self-created, are all varieties which belong alike to intellectual and to organic disease. Even the infectious and epidemic type are found in the region of spirit. There are times and places in which a special form of error breaks out with strange virulence, and seizes wholesale upon men's minds. The whole intellectual atmosphere of an age or a country becomes laden with it. A temper of soul prevails which is peculiarly favourable to its growth, and it spreads abroad absorbing the energies of entire generations. In time its violence abates, and at length it dies out, leaving behind it only the history of a folly which provokes the laughter or the contempt of succeeding ages. What man is now moved by the oracular utterances of the first Reformers ? Who now is stirred to hear that the Pope is Antichrist, or that Rome is the Babylon of the Apocalypse and the mother of abominations ? What has become of those watchwords of the great religious revolution ? Their power over men is gone, they have been added to the great charnel-house of dead human follies, have taken their place with the secrets of the astrologer and the magic of alchemy. They are monuments of a mental epidemic which has worn itself out, or which, under new conditions, has manifested itself in new forms.

The affinity thus existing between the forms of mental and organic disease is primarily traceable to the fact that a marked affinity exists between the purely intellectual and the purely organic economy of our nature. In both the central perceptive faculty communicates with the outer world by many channels, and gathers its perceptions by means of all. In the vital organic functions the soul is accessible from many sides. The sensory nerves that travel to the surface of the body are so many pathways along which the impulses of the outer forces are borne to the soul ; every thread of muscle feels its influence, and reacts upon it. The complicated mechanisms of the eye and the ear are fashioned to conduct external impressions to the point where they can be taken up by the conscious faculty of sense, and to the same point, perhaps, other impressions of the same objects are travelling at the same time by other systems of conducting channels. The inlets of sense are countless in number and

very varied in form; and the impressions they admit are too numerous for consciousness to take note of, and varied as the structures formed to receive them.

It is the same with the soul in its intellectual functions. Intellectual perception—knowledge is not attainable by one means only; intellectual truth does not enter the soul by one channel. It is a grave mistake to think that only the knowledge which can be expressed in severe logical formulas, and drawn out at need in detailed logical order is intellectual knowledge; and it has added not a little to the bewilderments of philosophy that philosophers have spoken so as to imply that all efforts of intellect are made in the forms prescribed in our text-books of logic. Intellectual knowledge is neither more nor less than the right apprehension of our relations to things without us and of the relations of these things to one another. It is wholly immaterial whether these relations are made manifest to us by a process of reasoning conducted according to approved rule, or whether they are reached by a hurried method of which we cannot trace the successive steps, nor even attempt any analysis. Provided only we have apprehended the relations of things aright, our knowledge, however gained, is intellectual, in the truest sense of the term. We can well dispense with the tediousness of logical processes, if only we can find a shorter and equally sure way to truth. There are men of the rigid philosophic school who speak of the visions of the poets as fantastic vagaries, and describe the emotions of enthusiastic musicians as unmeaning ecstasies. But this is the language of exaggeration. There are, no doubt, very foolish poets and musicians, as there are very foolish philosophers. But the genuine poet or musician has a faculty as real, and as true in its indication of the nature of external things, as is the disciplined reasoning faculty of the logician. Nor is it by any means clear that the balance of truth attained will be on the side of the man of severe method. "A *musical* thought," says Mr. Carlyle, "is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it—namely, the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech

which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."<sup>1</sup>

And again :

"Poetry, therefore, we will call *musical* thought. The poet is he who *thinks* in that manner. At bottom, it turns still on power of intellect ; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep enough, and you see musically ; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

It is the same with all the powers which give men pre-eminence in literature or in art—with the powers which we know under the names, "refined taste," "delicate feeling," "discernment of character," "sympathy with nature," "appreciation of the sublime," "sense of the beautiful," and the like. They are all alike manifestations of intellectual energy, forms in which intellectual force is put forth. Each of them represents a channel by which intellectual truth finds entrance into the soul. They are the higher powers by which the rhythm and harmony of external things are made known to the mind, and are therefore channels which convey to the soul the truth of nature ; for rhythm and harmony are true elements of nature quite as much as the matter and spirit which they govern. As a rule, these powers act with a lightning-like quickness which does not permit us to follow them through the stages of their action. But not for this do they cease to be intellectual ; nay, precisely because of this, they are intellectual in the highest sense of the word—they are a form of genius. The act by which the poet or painter discovers the beauty of the blending evening shadows on the mountain's side is, to say the least, as truly intellectual in character as the effort by which the schoolboy establishes the truth that two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third.

The same holds good in intellectual acts of a higher order, as, for example, in the spontaneous judgments in which we decide the moral rightness or wrongness of our own actions or those of others. Some writers have found it necessary to attribute judgments of this kind to a special faculty, more nearly allied to sense than to intellect, which they have named the "moral sense." It is clear, however, that a judgment passed upon ourselves or others is an exercise of intellect, not of sense ; nor will the spontaneous character of the act, nor its association

<sup>1</sup> III. *Lectures on Heroes.*

with the sensations of fear or remorse, justify us in assigning it to a lower faculty.

It is worth while clearly to realize these truths—to understand that every exercise of intellect does not take the form of logical reasoning, that our intellectual standard is not determined by our power of abstruse investigation, that our capacity for truth is measured by our intellectual excitability, by the quickness with which our faculty of mind responds to impressions from without, however these impressions be conveyed.

Mr. Ruskin has written :<sup>2</sup>

"What do you yourselves mean by 'vulgarity?' You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; in true inbred vulgarity there is a dreadful callousness, which, in extremity becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without honour, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy—of quick understanding—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the 'tact' or 'touch-faculty' of body and soul: that tact which the mimosa has in trees, and which the pure woman has above all creatures—fineness and fulness of sensation beyond reason—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself."

If the line of thought we have been pursuing be not wholly wrong, there is a deep depth of truth in this passage. It contains the key to much that is worth knowing, and will help us to justify more than one of the mysteries of the providence of God. At times it may seem to us that the poor and the illiterate have not given them a fair chance of knowing their destinies and duties in life, of realizing their position in the world; that they are marked out as the victims of imposture, and must become the sport of the follies of abler men. At such times it is worth while to remember that the untaught man or woman, in whom the powers of intellect which Mr. Ruskin includes under the term "tact" have not been perverted by misuse, may, in reality, have a more unerring instinct for truth and a surer power of attaining it, and as a fact may have a larger knowledge

<sup>2</sup> *Sesame and Lilies*, p. 36.



of the external world, of its cause, and of the eternal laws that govern it, than the philosopher whose faculty of reasoning has been exquisitely cultivated, but to whom other and equally important channels of intellectual light are closed.

But it is not for purposes of this kind that the passage is quoted here, but only because it puts well before us the correlation of our various powers of intellect ; this we must have clearly in view in studying the causes that disturb them.

THOMAS A. FINLAY.

## *Belgium and the Holy See.*

---

THE true history of the controversy which has ended in the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Court of Brussels and the Vatican is now before the world, and to many persons it will perhaps be disappointing in its extreme simplicity. The fact is that the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs has been persistently making diplomatic statements which he knew to be altogether untrue; and the first good result of the strong measure, which he has taken after much meditation, is that it releases Cardinal Nina from any further necessity of being careful not to tread too heavily on the gouty toes of M. Frère-Orban. As long as that gentleman was able to hold out his favourite threat of withdrawing the Belgian Legation, it was the duty of the Cardinal Secretary of State to make every sacrifice consistent with duty and honour to save a Catholic country from the consequences of its own egregious folly. It is less difficult for Catholic Englishmen to find excuses for a party-leader who, after all, is only carrying out his programme in a fashion which his friends approve, than it is to forgive the great body of voters in Belgium who consign the destinies of their country, and too often also the faith and purity of their children, to the discretion of men whose primary object is to de-catholicize the population. For the sake of Belgium, until these latest days so faithful to the Church, and even now so fondly cherished, the Holy Father while hope remained used every exertion to avert the impending blow. He carefully avoided every word that could cause offence or afford a pretext for aggressive measures. He even withdrew a document which M. Frère-Orban, as we shall see, found inconveniently precise. The Minister could not make the Roman statement harmonize with his own published assertions, and therefore, as it did not suit his plans to unsay what he had said, he with calm insolence took advantage of the Holy Father's evident anxiety to keep on good terms with the Belgian Government, and made the immediate suppression of

the obnoxious despatch a condition of the continuance of friendly intercourse; and at this very time he was making loud profession of his earnest desire to preserve a good understanding between the two Governments. His own more immediate supporters were perfectly well aware of his insincerity, but by constant reiteration of an unproved and unprovable assertion he had induced many persons who were not in the secret to believe that there really was a considerable difference of opinion between the Holy See and the Belgian Episcopate about the working of the law of Primary Education proposed in January, 1879, and passed in June of the same year. The documentary evidence published by Cardinal Nina makes it clear to all who are not pre-determined to reject whatever emanates from Rome, that the alleged misunderstanding was a figment of M. Frère-Orban's imagination, and that no one knew this better than himself.

On June 28, 1880, the Cardinal Secretary issued his *Statement, supported by Documents*.<sup>1</sup> This was necessarily followed by a counter-statement from M. Frère-Orban, which took the shape of a circular note addressed to the various embassies, intended to diminish the unfavourable impression produced by the disclosures of Cardinal Nina. His Eminence without delay despatched a refutation of this letter to the diplomatic agents of the Holy See, asking them to use all their opportunities of making the truth better known. As usual in this wicked world, the false account is likely to travel farther than the true. M. Frère-Orban is not a far-seeing statesman, or a man who can rise above party tactics, but in the humbler sphere of mere diplomacy he is a master. He possesses that particular kind of architectural skill which is required for building up an edifice of falsehood on a basis of truth. By a clever confusion of three pairs of perfectly distinct ideas he has contrived to put both the Bishops of Belgium and the Pope of Rome into the wrong, representing them as the aggressors and himself as a pattern of injured innocence, patient and forbearing. (1) By applying to the law of Primary Education what was said about the Constitution, he endeavours to show that in June, 1879, the Holy Father was not disinclined to accept the new law; (2) by

<sup>1</sup> *Esposizione documentata de' fatti relativi alla quistione dell' insegnamento primario nel Belgio e alla cessazione de' rapporti diplomatici tra il governo Belgo et la Santa Sede.* In our extracts from this Statement, and from the subsequent Circular Despatch, we shall have recourse to the translations which have appeared in the *Tables* of July 24 (Supplement) and August 7, 1880.

refusing to see any difference between an exhortation to speak civilly and an order to comply with unjust demands, he tries to establish the fact that the Bishops in their opposition to the law were acting directly against the desire of Leo the Thirteenth; (3) by ignoring the ordinary jurisdiction of Catholic Bishops, and seeing in them only such delegated authority as he recognizes in his own subalterns, he throws upon the Pope the final responsibility of their conduct; and, affecting to believe that the refusal to censure their energetic resistance is a contradiction of the frequent counsels of gentleness and peace, he arrives at the conclusion that, since the Holy Father instead of coercing the refractory Bishops into acquiescence, has so far forgotten his duty and his dignity as to change his mind at their dictation, and support them in their rebellion, nothing remains to be done except (with extreme reluctance) to send orders to the Baron d'Anethan to demand his passports and make the best of his way back to Belgium. This is the ostensible account of the cessation of diplomatic relations, the truth being that M. Frère-Orban was pledged from the first to take the step which he has taken, and that all the subsequent demonstrations of peaceful desires and the final discovery that peace was impossible were only the development of a pre-determined policy.

I. A correspondent from whom we have before received valuable information about Belgian affairs, writes to us:

"When, after the General Elections of 1878, the Liberals came into office in Belgium, they described their Ministry as a Fighting Government and as a Government for the National Defence of the free institutions of their country. At first sight, as externally no war likely to harm Belgian interests threatened, and internally the country was peaceful and prosperous, it was not clear what all this sound and fury meant. Men had not long to wait for an explanation. They were reminded of the saying of one of the new Ministers—the one who was to have charge of Public Instruction—that 'Catholicism was a corpse it was a ministerial duty to bury.' Now, as Catholicism in Belgium is still a very lively reality, such a burial as was threatened was impossible without a struggle. This was begun when the new Ministry brought forward its Bill on Primary Education. Its hostile intentions were then manifest. Still there was a further step to be taken before it could be said that the Belgian Government had not merely shown its hostility to religion, but had officially declared war on the Head of the Catholic Church.

That step, decided upon from the first, was taken when diplomatic relations ceased, last June, between Brussels and the Vatican."

Our knowledge of this determination to bring about in any case and at all costs a rupture, which M. Frère-Orban prefers to ascribe to a recent change of view at the Vatican, does not rest upon assertion or conjecture. Cardinal Nina, in the *Statement, with Documents*, speaks as follows :

That the recall of the Belgian Representative accredited to the Holy See was already determined upon, so that the law on Primary Education was only its occasional cause, appears clearly from the way facts relating to it originated, and from a simple statement of them.

The Catholic Ministry last but one, which remained in power for the space of eight years, was the object of a lively opposition on the part of the Liberal party, which assembled all its forces to offer it a decisive battle in the General Elections of June, 1878, and was victorious by a small majority.

The grave apprehensions with respect to the maintenance of diplomatic relations with the Holy See, which were excited by the advent of the new party to power, were soon confirmed by facts. M. Frère-Orban, when he communicated to M. le Baron d'Anethan, the Belgian Minister accredited to the Holy See, his own appointment as Minister for Foreign Affairs, hastened to declare to him that, the party which had in the Chamber voted three times for the suppression of the Belgian Legation having now come into power, the Ministry kept in reserve the intention of acquainting him with the time at which he would be recalled. [*Note*.—"The party which the will of the country has just placed in power has several times had occasion to manifest in the Legislature views on the change which the political events in the peninsula necessarily introduced into the diplomatic representation of Belgium in Italy; three times, in 1872, 1873, and 1875, it voted for the suppression of our Legation to the Holy See. The Ministry, only just formed, has not yet deliberated on the epoch at which this measure can be effectuated. I have therefore in reserve the intention of addressing to you a communication on this subject at the proper time" (Diplomatic Correspondence exchanged between the Belgian Government and the Holy See. Presented June 21, 1879.)] And in his speech in the Legislative Body on November 18, 1879, the same statesman confirmed this by stating that "the Ministers, in taking possession of the Government, had unanimously acknowledged that it would be proper to recall our Legation to the Vatican."

The declarations of the new Cabinet could not be clearer, nor more explicit. The recall of the Belgian Minister was resolved upon in order to execute the will of the dominant party; it only remained to fix the day.

It is in the light of this foregone conclusion, which M. Frère-Orban does not, because he cannot, deny, though he tries to keep it in the background, that we are to read his *Exchange of Views* with the Vatican, if we wish to know which is the wolf and which is the lamb in this precious specimen of diplomatic craft. "Sir," said the lamb, "it cannot be as you say, for the water, you perceive, flows from you to me. It was that June law of yours which made the stream muddy." "I don't care for that," said the wolf; "it is all your fault: you have forced me to proceed to extremities." The Belgian Minister has been at infinite pains to construct an excuse; yet, if his reasons were as true as they are false, they would not justify, or even save from being extravagant, the step which he has taken. Cardinal Nina puts this in the clearest light. There never was, he says, so slight a motive as this for so grave an act as the interruption of long-continued amicable intercourse.

The Holy See, animated with that spirit of patient charity of which at all times it has given such bright examples, taking no notice of the offence, did not refuse to take into kindly consideration the demands which M. Frère-Orban was about to make of it. It considered that it could, with propriety, accede to the first of these demands. In fact the question was, whether it was lawful to the Belgian Catholics to observe faithfully, to maintain and to defend in practice their national institutions. The notorious fact of a fidelity which during a half-century has never failed, on the part of the Catholics, showed clearly what would be the reply of the Holy See to this question.

M. Frère-Orban declared himself satisfied, and it therefore seemed then that the condition attached to the maintenance of diplomatic relations with the Holy See ought to be considered as verified and fulfilled. Vain hope! There arose in Belgium the question about primary education, in consequence of a new Bill prepared in the Masonic Lodges, accepted by the Ministry, and having for its evident aim the bringing up of Catholic youths in the maxims of rationalistic indifference. It was the imperative duty of the pastors of souls to raise their voice and to combat this very fatal legislative project. Under the usual threat of an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations, M. Frère-Orban demanded of the Holy See to give counsels of calm and moderation to the Bishops who are there fighting for the good cause. It complied even with this, and, with that prudence which the gravity and the delicacy of the case permitted, counsels reached the Bishops intended to moderate the fierceness of a strife which they had not provoked. M. Frère-Orban interpreted these counsels in his own way, and insisted on interpreting them as a BLAME cast by the Holy See upon the Belgian Episcopate, and as a real and formal disagreement between the Pope and the Bishops.



But his pretensions did not stop there. He demanded, under the usual threats, that the Holy See should accept his interpretation, and that, declaring it agreeable to the truth, it should cause it to be accepted by the Bishops and by the Catholics, and that it should transform its former advice, interpreted in his sense, into rigorous and severe orders.

That was not enough; disclosing further his intentions, he declared in his despatch of the 5th of June, that the maintenance of diplomatic relations will even in the future depend upon the use which the Holy Father may make of his high influence in the service of the measures which the Government of Belgium, for the time being, may be about to adopt. That is to say, that if the duties of his exalted ministry obliged the Holy Father to approve of the resistance which the Catholics opposed against one or other project injurious to their rights and their beliefs, that would suffice for determining the rupture of diplomatic relations.

In truth, no Government, even among the most powerful in Europe, has ever presented itself before the Holy See with such exaggerated pretensions; no Government has ever put so hard a price on the continuation of official relations with the august Head of the Church. It is not possible to explain so unusual a proceeding without admitting in him who adopted it the obstinate determination to find at all cost a pretext for a rupture.

The desired pretext being found in the unalterable fidelity of the Holy Father to his sacred duties, the object now is to maintain at all costs that the conduct of the Holy See has not been, from the beginning to the end, consistent with itself, and in order to establish this pretended change of attitude, a demand is made of it that, in order to a right understanding and interpretation of its meaning, letters written by the Holy Father and despatches which I have caused to be communicated to the Minister for Foreign Affairs should be put aside, and that no account should be taken of anything but the reports of Belgian agents, interpreted as M. Frère-Orban pleases. The mere statement of such pretensions is sufficient, I think, to prove at once their exorbitant character.<sup>2</sup>

The Apostolic Nuncio also in his reply to the dimissorial letter of the Belgian Minister, speaks of "the rupture without precedent," by which the Government of the King of the Belgians cancels a friendship of long standing, "because the correspondence interchanged on a special subject did not turn out in accordance with its wishes, and because its diplomatic relations with the Holy See were displeasing to the party which supports the existing Ministry!" To help ourselves to appreciate the absurd littleness of the alleged reason and the outrageous insolence of the act, we may reflect with honest pride

<sup>2</sup> *Tablet*, August 7, 1880, pp. 171, 172.

that such a folly could not occur in England. What should we think of Mr. Gladstone's behaviour, if, instead of giving a very humble explanation of some words which had fallen from his lips in the heat of an electioneering circuit, he had endeavoured, on his accession to office, to offer in the name of the whole nation, a gratuitous insult to a friendly power, simply and only because that friendly power had incurred the dislike of his party, dominant for the moment, but opposed by another very large party in the country whose views, not only on affairs in general, but upon that point in particular, were completely at variance with his own? It certainly does not mend matters in the case of M. Frère-Orban that he could promise himself impunity. An outrage offered without a motive does not become more reasonable, or less odious, when he who strikes the blow knows that he is in no danger of having it returned. The illustration, absurd as it is from an Englishman's standpoint, does not come up to the Belgian reality, for M. Frère-Orban's clique not only has a large party in the country averse to its views in general, but it has the *immense majority* of the population averse to its action on this particular point; and yet, because by "the skin of its teeth" it gained a slender majority at the elections, it proceeds to trample upon the religion of a Catholic nation which with untold folly has consented to make the lasting welfare of the country and eternal interests subservient to what was supposed to be a commercial advantage on a special occasion, and has placed itself and its rising generation at the mercy of a set of pitiful little tyrants fully determined to improve their opportunity, by reason of their not knowing how long it may last.

It is perfectly true that the Holy Father made many polite speeches before and during June, 1879, and that he counselled submission—but submission to what? Not to the new law, but to the Constitution.

"Catholics," said Leo the Thirteenth to Baron d'Anethan, "ought to pay respect to the laws of their country; and they ought to do so the more readily, when these laws, as in the case of your fundamental law, are favourable to the Church. Your Constitution is a contract, an agreement loyally accepted by all parties; all, therefore, are bound to maintain it and defend it. For the rest, the Pope and Catholics in Belgium possess important liberties and rights. I have the direct nomination of the Bishops, and I am not hindered in my

government of the Church in Belgium."<sup>3</sup> The Holy Father repeatedly expressed similar views, and M. Frère-Orban has interpreted the words to imply that there was at one time not very much difference between the Holy Father's sentiments and those of the "dominant party." The distance which severed them was as that which divides the east from the west, or the zenith from the nadir. Leo the Thirteenth praised the Constitution for that which was good in it; but, if anything could disenchant sensible men with institutions which have succeeded pretty well for nearly fifty years, it would be that they could open the door to such fanatics as M. Frère-Orban and his upholders, to whom nothing is sacred, except the interests of their own little band of conspirators. "During half a century," says the Apostolic Nuncio to M. Frère-Orban, in the letter already mentioned, "Belgium has had with the august Head of the Church relations which corresponded to its position in Europe, to its highest interests, to the inmost feelings of its religious population, and which clearly witnessed, by their very continuity, as your Excellency equally admits, that they were not contrary either to the institutions of the State, or to the exigencies of doctrine, of which the Holy See is appointed the Guardian."<sup>4</sup>

The Belgian Constitution had secured for a long time, not indeed a state of ideal perfection, but a highly-tolerable condition of things, and one which it would be more easy to change than to improve. The Holy Father was of opinion that Catholics ought not to take the initiative in disturbing that respectable arrangement. It is certainly not the same thing to advise the Bishops to "let well alone," and to advise them to welcome an innovation which makes all the difference between *well* and *ill*. Yet this is the first of the three little 'economic' confusions of thought upon which the astute politician builds his sophism.

While, however, the authoritative direction of His Holiness was causing the press of Belgium to desist from inopportune discussions about the Constitution, the Government of the King presented to the Legislative Chambers, January 20, 1879, a new Bill on primary education. The episcopate, the clergy, and the whole Catholic press rose up in protest against the deplorable project. Nor could that illustrious Hierarchy, which had already, in a Pastoral Letter of the

<sup>3</sup> *Le Correspondant*, 10 Août 1880, p. 398.

<sup>4</sup> *Statement, with Documents*, p. 16.

7th of December previous, condemned the new scheme of scholastic regulations, remain an indifferent spectator of the proposed legislation, which, by withdrawing religious teaching from the authoritative supervision of the sacred pastors, and by separating instruction from Christian education, and the school from religion, was an offence against the sacred rights of the Catholic Church, and placed in great peril the faith and morals of the young.<sup>5</sup>

II. At once the situation was changed. The Holy Father neither would, nor could, refrain from condemning a law directly intended to injure the Catholic religion, nor yet would he, or could he, strive to repress the indignant and most righteous protest of a Catholic country against an act which is an embodiment of the proverbial "arrogance of brief authority." But what he could do he did; that is to say, he tried his best to soothe the inevitable irritation of feeling and to promote as much of conciliatory language and respectful demeanour as was consistent with the absolute refusal to cooperate in iniquity. He was willing to admit that in the excitement of a contest on the issues of which it was felt that life and death depended, words had been used which were not within the limits of Parliamentary decorum. He, for one, regretted it, though no one need pretend to be surprised at it, and he implored the champions of the faith to be more discreet; but while they continued their resistance implacably, and employed every lawful means to procure the speedy repeal of an edict expressly intended to hurt Catholics—the bulk of the nation—he wished them to consider whether it might not be possible in some instances, even in the midst of the conflict to diminish with a little industry the actual danger to the souls of the young, by endeavouring to distinguish between school and school, so as to mete out a different measure of reprobation to different degrees of perversity. This inquiry the Bishops answered in the negative. They were of opinion that any such attempt to discriminate would weaken the resistance by introducing divided counsels, and would in practice be found from the first ineffectual, and in the sequel ruinous. The Holy Father did not push the suggestion farther, because he considered that the Bishops on the spot were the best judges of all practical details, and he had not even gone so far as to propound an opinion on the subject, he had only asked a question. He and they were entirely of one mind about the

<sup>5</sup> Preamble to the *Statement, with Documents.*

principles involved, and it was not his duty, or his desire, to make them depart from their opinion about the best manner of giving effect to those principles.

The doctrinal condemnation of that project of law was so explicit that M. Frère-Orban himself has several times acknowledged that the judgment of the Holy See was, from the dogmatic point of view, entirely in accord with that of the Belgian Episcopate. With reference, moreover, to the request that the opposition of the Bishops and clergy might be checked, it was observed that the Holy Father could not object "to the Catholics combating with all their efforts laws which were a menace to their creed;" that "to seem to disapprove, even indirectly and as regards the form, however regrettable that form might be, the line of conduct adopted by the Belgian prelates was impossible," and that the Holy See must confine itself to giving the Bishops counsels of calm and moderation.

M. Frère-Orban has contrived, by the use of his second pair of ideas confused for the purpose, to form out of this doctrinal agreement joined with a transient doubt upon some practical points his pet theory of a fundamental disagreement between the Holy See and the Bishops. If the divergence of opinion, he thinks, can be considered as touching only discipline, that must surely arise from the fact that there is no doctrinal necessity in the matter, and that the question from end to end is purely disciplinary. "See," he says, "how elastic is the the action of the Church in other countries."

The Cardinal-Secretary (May 3, 1880,) shows the connection between doctrine and discipline as it affects this subject :

If in Belgium the consequences of this mode of action have been more grave than in other countries, the cause is to be sought in the different conditions of Belgium. In other countries the schools were either chiefly in the hands of the non-Catholics, or the faithful were fewer in number, or the toleration of such schools was more frequent owing to the want of Catholic schools and the impossibility of establishing them. Hence the action of the Bishops in such places made less noise than has been the case in Belgium, where in a country eminently Catholic the faithful have been under the protection of an education law which, if not perfect in every respect, left, when fairly carried out, sufficient influence to the Church in regard of instruction. On the contrary, under the new régime, thousands of Catholics would be forced to cooperate with the intentions of a party which has been at little pains to conceal its manifestly hostile intentions in regard to the Church, and has deprived it by this new law of rights of which it has for so many years been in peaceful possession.

Nevertheless the Holy Father, who had nothing more at heart than the pacification of minds, taking into consideration the repeated assurances of the Belgian Ambassador, and having confidence<sup>6</sup> that the Government would find the way of keeping the public schools free from anything that might cause just offence to the consciences of Catholics, directed his efforts to moderate as much as possible, the asperity of the contest. In this matter he gave the Bishops to understand that, although the new education law was in itself to be condemned, nevertheless on the ground of the assurances he had received, it might happen, *in fact*, that this or that school might be free from the apprehended dangers, in which case it might be possible to admit a distinction between school and school, and whilst the general principle was to be maintained of forbidding the use and the support of such schools, some indulgence might in practice be extended in favour of those only which gave no cause for fear in a Catholic point of view.

The illustrious Belgian Episcopate recognized in general the wisdom of these observations. But, all things considered, it appeared to them that the above distinction, however admissable in theory, could never be realized in practice; because, although a school here and there might for a time be free from the dangers attendant on the new system, such a case, they thought, must be always exceptional and contingent, transitory and uncertain, considering the nature of the legal provisions and the heat and violence of the adversaries of the Church. And as these violent aggressions of Liberalism excited alarm in the faithful, so it could not fail to stir up the zeal of the pastors, and excite them to apply all their energies to defend that purity of the faith which was so seriously threatened. And, moreover, although in particular cases in the heat of the conflict the fervour of the faithful might not have been restrained within the bounds of strict moderation, yet they ought not on that account to be formally taken to task, especially if the grave nature of the danger were considered, and if their mode of action were contrasted with that maintained by their opponents.

III. We may notice briefly, how M. Frère-Orban manipulates the remaining string to his bow—that third pair of distinct ideas which he has maliciously confounded. Having proved to his own entire satisfaction that there was at a certain stage in the controversy a grave dissonance of sentiment between the Holy Father and the Bishops, he at a subsequent period, when the *denouement* was impending, declared the Holy Father guilty of an unpardonable offence—one which left no course open except the withdrawal of the Belgian Legation—because instead of imposing his opinion upon the Bishops, he

<sup>6</sup> This confidence was dispelled at an early date, but it was not until November, 1879, that the Holy Father had positive proof of the deep insincerity of M. Frère-Orban's overtures for peace.



had gone over to their view. This is the masterpiece of the whole inspired scheme. Because the Holy Father does not take the entire business out of the hands of the Bishops to whom it immediately belongs, and because he does not use his authority (in an uncanonical manner) to bring back to their duty and to repentance the adversaries of M. Frère-Orban, he is held accountable to the Belgian Minister as the prime offender. This is centralization 'with a vengeance.' It is amusing to follow the arguments of men who have no principles except the expediency of the passing hour, and who consequently are sure, within some not long space, to contradict themselves. Many times we have heard of the terrible nature of the despotism which the Vatican Council inflicted on the world, but here we have a Liberal Minister going far beyond anything that the Vatican Council ever dreamed of acknowledging, and conferring upon the Holy Father not only the power, but the right and the duty of superseding all his bishops and parish priests through the world, and instead of seeing that their work is properly done, making their work his own. On no other hypothesis could M. Frère-Orban have found any imaginable reason in the conduct of the Holy Father for interrupting friendly relations, and therefore, as a reason had to be found "by hook or by crook," he could not help adopting this hypothesis, which does honour to his head but not his heart, for alas, and alas! he knew supremely well all the time, that the Pope had been in all important points at one with the Bishops from the first, and that the Bishops were acting within their right even if they had, though they had not, acted upon their own separate responsibility in a matter which the Holy Father recognized as a merely local application of principles admitted in the universal Church.

With a proof of these assertions we conclude. It has been shown abundantly clearly that there was no grave discrepancy. It shall be shown no less abundantly clearly that M. Frère-Orban was cognizant of the truth of the matter, and was, we regret to be obliged in the interests of truth to use such a term, "telling lies" in the Chamber with deliberate malice.

Trust in thine own good sword,	Rather than prince's word ;
Trust e'en in fortune sinister,	Rather than prince's minister ;
Of either trust the guile,	Rather than woman's smile ;
But most of all eschew,	To trust in <i>parvenu</i> .

We cannot find better words than Cardinal Nina's for

bringing home to M. Frère-Orban the charge of dishonourable double-dealing.

As the time of the re-opening of the Belgian Parliament drew near, notice was received that the Minister of Foreign Affairs would denounce from the tribune the Belgian Episcopate as in opposition to the Holy See, and that he would endeavour to strengthen this accusation by the documents of the *échange de vues*, concluding from it that the conduct of the Bishops had been blamed at Rome. It was on that account necessary that the Holy See should reject by anticipation those conclusions with a suitable communication, in order to remove every foundation for the pretended antagonism. And this necessity made itself felt the more in that it was perceived that some despatch contained in the *échange de vues*, and especially that of the 5th October, which summed up in a few paragraphs the ideas exchanged in a long conversation between the Cardinal Secretary of State and Baron d'Anethan, did not report entirely the thoughts expressed by him to the Minister, as the Cardinal himself had expressly made them known to him several times. To prevent, however, even equivocal interpretation, the Nuncio was directed to read to M. Frère-Orban and leave him copy of a despatch in which the fundamental ideas of the *échange de vues* were stated, and the supposed difference between the Holy See and the Belgian Bishops with regard to the law on primary education was disproved.

But on the 14th November the Apostolic Nuncio telegraphed and confirmed by letter the intelligence that the Minister for Foreign Affairs had refused to give an official reception to that despatch, and declared that, if it was not withdrawn, at least provisionally, he should propose to the Chamber the recall of the Belgian Legation from Rome. On the same day Baron d'Anethan received and communicated to the Cardinal Secretary of State a corresponding telegram from M. Frère-Orban, which repeated the notice given by the Nuncio.

If the patience proper to the Holy See then advised that deference should be paid to the demands of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, although they appeared to be excessive (Doc. n. ii. iii.), yet the importance of the facts narrated cannot escape any one. It is easy to deduce from them :—1. That the despatch of the 5th of October did not resume in a complete and satisfactory manner the matter of the preceding conversation between the Cardinal Secretary of State and Baron d'Anethan. 2. That the Holy See repudiated the interpretation given it by M. Frère-Orban, of an antagonism between it and the Bishops of Belgium, or of rebuke of their conduct. 3. That if that despatch was withdrawn, yet "the moral effect" of it was obtained, it having, in fact, brought to the notice of the Minister the true spirit of the principles which had inspired the *échange de vues*.

The Holy See, however, held it to be a less evil to consent to the withdrawal of that explanatory despatch than to see the Belgian Embassy

suppressed at that moment; since the equivocal or inexact expressions of the despatch of the 5th of October might be cleared up or corrected in other modes also; nor was it to be doubted that the interpretation of it, following and perceptive of the correlative facts, would exclude the deductions of M. Frère-Orban (Doc. n. vii. § 7.).

M. Frère-Orban, having procured by a threat, which he knew was feared by the Holy Father in the interests of souls to be saved, the withdrawal of the disagreeably truthful document of November 11, 1879, immediately spoke in the Chamber as if he had never seen or heard of the statement of facts therein set forth. "Therefore it caused great surprise," says Cardinal Nina,<sup>7</sup> "that the Minister in his speech of November 18, 1879, to the Legislative Body, drew from the *échange de vues* such deductions as the Holy See must repel as accusations without foundation, and in the highest degree injurious to the Belgian Episcopate. Nevertheless at that moment of political passion, it thought proper to observe silence."

Is it credible, though true, that such a provisional withdrawal of a despatch *under threat* was actually quoted by the Belgian Minister as a formal recognition of the invalidity of the argument therein contained? The Cardinal Secretary may well go on to say with the crushing satire of simple truth:

Applying myself now to examine the reasons with which the Minister essays to do away altogether with the value of the despatch of the 11th of November, your Excellency will see very well how these are all founded on the withdrawal of it, ordered by me a few days after. But the provisional withdrawal of a document simply *explanatory*, a withdrawal intended solely to hinder the rupture of relations then threatened, could not cause M. Frère-Orban to lose the certain knowledge of the mind of the Holy See concerning the conduct of the Bishops in the school question. The document was signed by me; it was, however, a manifestation incontestably authentic of the dispositions of the Holy See. And let it be observed that if the despatch was withdrawn provisionally, the Holy See itself was always prepared to repeat the same declarations if M. Frère-Orban had not from that day shut himself up in rigorous silence without any more calling forth so much as an exchange of ideas. And, in fact, when for the first time, in his official despatch of the 7th of April, he demanded of the Holy See categorical declarations which would put an end to ambiguity, it was rejoiced to seize the occasion of repeating in substance, in the answer sent on the 4th of May, the declarations contained in the despatch of the 11th of November. It is, however, evident that the Minister now

<sup>7</sup> *Statement, with Documents*, p. 3.

attempts to give the withdrawal of that document a significance that it cannot have, and attributes to a diplomatic formality an effect, in changing the substantial meaning, which no man of good sense could admit.<sup>8</sup>

Since M. Frère-Orban's honesty may be assumed to stand or fall by his relation to this withdrawn document, it shall be given in full :

*Despatch of H.E. the Cardinal Secretary of State to Mgr. Vannutelli,  
Apostolic Nuncio at Brussels.*

*(Withdrawn.)*

[*Note.*—As has been mentioned in the *Statement*, the present despatch was withdrawn at the instance of M. Frère-Orban, under the threat of immediate rupture of diplomatic relations. It is published nevertheless, not as an official document, but only in order to place in evidence the FACT, hitherto not known, that ever since November 11, 1879, H.E. the Secretary of State took great pains to explain to that Minister his true meaning, and to repudiate by anticipation the conclusions which it was intended to draw from the despatch of the 5th of October.]

November 11, 1879.

Illmo. e Rmo. Signore,—In a conversation which I had the day before yesterday with the Baron d'Anethan, I came to the conclusion that M. Frère-Orban intends, when he next lays before the Chamber documents relating to the Education question, to make use of the private correspondence which has passed between him and that diplomatist. In order, then, that no doubts or misunderstandings may be occasioned by the public reading of documents which are certainly not easily intelligible to everybody, and were not intended for publication, it is most important to place in a clear light the true ideas which it has been intended to bring out, whether in conversations or writing, concerning the question of education.

And it is of especial utility to call to mind that the Holy See has always deplored the proposal, and still more the success, of the new law on Education, as bad in itself, and calculated to disturb the conscience of Catholics, above all of the Bishops, whose duty it is to watch over the safety of the faith and of the healthy morals of the faithful intrusted to their care.

It has further always acknowledged that, in the publication of their Pastorals and instructions, the Bishops have fulfilled a strict duty, that of placing the faithful on their guard, and of preserving particularly the young from the fatal consequences which must result from the execution of that law. By their acts they have certainly not proclaimed new theories or a new morality; on the contrary, they have adhered closely to the maxims laid down by the Holy See for similar cases, maxims

<sup>8</sup> *Tablet*, August 7, 1880, p. 170.

which are based on the Christian moral law, which has been in force as long as the Church of Jesus Christ has been in existence. It is, therefore, absurd even to imagine that the Holy Father should intervene in this question to prevent the Bishops speaking, or to cause them to speak in any manner other than that imposed upon them by their own duty. The Holy Father knows far too well that Bishops, when they have once received from him their lawful mission, are free in their action and the government of the people intrusted to them, in conformity with the Sacred Canons; and that they can then only be corrected in their acts, when they depart from their duties, and, instead of guiding and feeding the flock, scatter and abandon it to the will of ravenous wild beasts. At this point it is evident that there never has been, nor ever can be, any difference of opinion or disagreement between the Bishops and the Pontiff; there is, on the contrary, a perfect uniformity of views, since, as has been already pointed out, the theories promulgated by the Bishops are the theories established by the Holy See. And in fact the Holy Father, far from making remonstrances on this head, has, on the contrary, on several occasions approved the conduct of the Belgian Episcopate, as well adapted to the requirements of the circumstances in which the Catholics stand in face of the new legislation.

The interference of the Holy See in the matter in question could, at the most, consist only in counsels and suggestions of prudence and moderation in the practical application of the instructions. And, as a fact, these counsels were listened to by the Bishops, who were firm in their resolve to carry them out as the Holy See intended, according to the dictates of their conscience. Hence, as a consequence, the circular ought to have remained secret; but it was published by an intemperate act of their opponents. Another consequence was the strict injunction that the clergy were not to utter a word either in public or elsewhere against either the law or the legislators; besides which, provision is made for the cases in which the attendance at the Government schools of teachers, fathers of families, and their children, might be tolerated; and prudent rules are laid down to be followed in doubtful cases.

Moreover, whatever any one else may, according to his particular views, think of the dispositions contained in the circular, it is certain that no one has ever thought of overriding the Bishops—and the expression of an opinion is not a command—nor of disapproving another's views; particularly in a matter in which it is obvious that the Bishops are in a better position to know what is expedient, by reason of the full knowledge which they possess of the circumstances, places, and persons.

From these considerations it follows: (1) That it is a baseless and even malicious insinuation for which the journals endeavour to gain credit—that there is a disagreement on this question between the Belgian Episcopate and the Holy See. (2) That, so far from the Bishops being the cause of the present conflict, it is they who have been attacked and have to defend themselves. Opposition to civil laws

is just or censurable, according as the laws are bad or good ; and in the former hypothesis the individual finds in his conscience, informed by the principles of Divine and ecclesiastical law, a repugnance to conforming to them. It is here that the efficient cause of the conflict is to be found. And, therefore, it would be neither prudent nor politic to pretend to blame in this matter the line of conduct which the Bishops have considered themselves bound in conscience to follow. (3) That no argument can be drawn from a particular incident, which may arise from the more or less correct view taken by an individual, to support a censure on the whole episcopate and clergy. Much less when it is a case of misrepresentation of facts, such as that contained in the appeal presented by a schoolmistress at Liège.

Your Excellency will, therefore, call the serious attention of the Minister to the above considerations, and will use your efforts that he may estimate them with his clear-sighted intelligence at their just value, leaving him for this purpose a copy of the present despatch.

I have, &c.,

L. CARD. NINA.

Finally, it appears that M. Frère-Orban was perfectly well aware that the Holy Father was not responsible for the action of the Bishops on the hypothesis (a false one) that their action was illegal ; whence it follows that the Rupture of Diplomatic Relations was an act without a motive. The proof is in his own words. Does he think that he knows better than the Head of Christendom what are the canonical relations between the Holy See and the Episcopate ? He is very far indeed from being so simple-minded, but it suits his purpose to pretend to think so.

But lately [says the Minister of Foreign Affairs] the Sovereign Pontiff did not approve of these measures : [This we need not explain afresh.] but he has alleged his inability to have them recalled ; he could not restrain the Episcopate, he said, from acting otherwise. I could not admit this impotence, and I said in my despatch of the 7th of April why I did not admit it.<sup>9</sup>

The Holy See never quarrelled with the Bishops of Belgium : the Holy See does not and cannot directly accept any anti-Catholic law : the Holy See can, and did actually, try to make the best of a bad business : the Holy See ought not, and did not choose, to disturb the Bishops when they were simply doing their duty : the Holy See, by merely refusing to interfere between a civil Government and the Catholic subjects of the

<sup>9</sup> *Statement, with Documents*, p. 9.



same, does not make itself responsible for the conduct of the latter ; the Rupture of Diplomatic Relations between Belgium and the Holy See is with full certainty to be referred to a pre-determined policy, and in no degree whatever to the reasons which M. Frère-Orban has found it convenient to invent.

To conclude we quote the masterly summary of the *Statement, supported by Documents*. M. Frère-Orban may disprove it if he can. He has not yet done so.

From what has been set forth thus far, the following conclusions manifestly result :

1. That the Holy See, no less than the Belgian Bishops, has several times expressly condemned the new law on primary instruction under a dogmatic or doctrinal aspect.

2. That the Holy Father has, in the midst of the strife, always inculcated on the defenders of the truth, with his authoritative advice, never to separate charity, prudence, and moderation from firmness and zeal.

3. That the Bishops of Belgium, by opposing the new law in order to render it less disastrous to the faithful in its application, obeyed a sacred duty of their ministry, and could not be on that account disapproved by the Holy See.

4. That the counsels of moderation and temperance given by the Holy See were, as always, received by the Bishops reverently, and put into execution to the extent that circumstances allowed.

5. That, all the practices of the Government to obtain from Rome a word of blame against the Episcopate turning out vain, resort was had to artifice in order to induce persons to credit the false notion of a disagreement between the Holy See and the Belgian Bishops.

6. That when the Government placed the Holy See in the alternative of choosing between the recall of the Embassy and the acceptance of the false deductions drawn from the *échange de vues*, the Holy See did not hesitate at all to undergo the former and to repel the latter.

7. That under such circumstances the cessation of the Belgian Embassy to the Holy See assumes the character of an unjustifiable outrage, so much the more evident inasmuch as it was announced to be a political necessity from the day in which the present Minister rose to power, though in this day it is desired to make it pass for a consequence of a supposed contradiction on the part of the Holy See.

But "Europe," as the Nuncio nobly concluded in his reply to M. Frère-Orban, "will render justice to the deep condescension of the Holy See, and to the splendid proof it has given of its unalterable desire for conciliation and peace. This was its duty, and this will form its honour in history, not to have lowered its Divine mission to the level of certain bargains, the price paid for which would have been the faith of rising generations, and perhaps that of an entire people."

May such statesmanship as that of the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs keep far away from Old England for many a long day! We have not fallen so far as that, since we still profess to prize honesty, and still declare our detestation of lying lips. The Holy Father and the bishops of Belgium come out of the contest with conscience clear and honour safe: they have been true to their Master, Christ. M. Frère-Orban has the joy of success and the praise, dear to little minds, of cleverness and sagacity: he has been true to himself and his cause. The Catholic electors of Belgium taken collectively, the good and faithful being dragged in the mud by the half-hearted, have themselves to thank for the sorrow which hangs over the heads of their children; for, if they had sought first the Kingdom of God and His justice, such men as M. Frère-Orban would never have risen to the power of which they make so wonderful a use in thus imposing an anti-Catholic law upon a Catholic people.

*The Faith of Catholics always the same.*

---

CARDINAL NEWMAN, in his memorable reply to Mr. Gladstone's attack on Catholicism, remarks that in nothing is the Church's title of *Semper eadem* more remarkably illustrated than in the correspondence of her ancient teaching with her teaching of to-day, as set forth in those truths which are called developments of Christian doctrine. It is precisely for this reason, no doubt, that these evolved doctrines, affording, as they do, a signal proof of the Church's claim to unchangeableness, have been singled out as the battle-cry of repeated attacks on her oneness of faith and teaching. Again and again has she been arraigned of having betrayed the sacred trust confided to her by tyrannically imposing new dogmas on the belief of mankind, or "of having practically abdicated her office of witness and guardian." In our own days, we have had more than our share of these cries of innovation in doctrine, and the charge has been met so often, that it does not seem easy to acquit of wilful misstatement and bad faith such caricatures of the Catholic law of development, as have been put forward for its received expressions. To-day, we hold, with the Council of Trent, that there are seven sacraments; to-morrow's sun may dawn upon a world forced to change that belief and accept a new sacrament. The Vatican Council defined the Pope's Infallibility; that being settled, what guarantee have we that future Popes will not claim impeccability or any other super-human gift they may fancy? Such would appear to be the view of doctrinal development current outside the Church, as smartly formulated in the epigram: "A system of development, through which somebody's private opinion of to-day may become matter of faith for all the to-morrows of the future."

It was not to be looked for that a controversialist of the type of the Author of *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome* could forbear from reproducing the hackneyed charge. Accordingly, amongst other statements in connection with

Infallibility, we read the following: "There are usages and doctrines now current which are not developments at all, but blank contradictions of the ancient faith and practice."<sup>1</sup>

This, and other such assertions are but an echo of the clamour of 1854 and 1870, which only served to bring into greater prominence the consistency of the Church's modern teaching with that of the first centuries; and we might wonder at the persistence with which her enemies return to the attack, if we did not remember that it is one of the unconscious functions of opposition and heresy to bring out in stronger relief the purity and unity of the teaching of truth.

That unity and purity are most clearly illustrated by the history of the Church's two latest definitions. Round these, consequently, the battle has raged most fiercely. We propose then to go over the old familiar ground once again, and, glancing at the principles of doctrinal evolution, its subject-matter and scope, show that a gradual unfolding of the truths contained in the legacy of Revelation is not only quite compatible with absolute agreement between the faith of to-day and that of eighteen hundred years ago, but that, moreover, such growth is the very law of the Church's life.

Before we explain the laws which regulate the growth of dogma, we must premise a few remarks on the source from which it is drawn.

The source and starting-point of dogma is the Divine Revelation. The Church claims no power to impose any truth as binding on the faithful which is not contained, either clearly or in germ, in the primitive deposit of faith. This deposit, or the whole body of truths comprised in the Divine Revelation, is to be found in the inspired writings, and in the unwritten instructions which the Apostles received from the mouth of Christ, or from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Attached to the Apostolate, was the mission of first making known to man the revelation thus received, so that as long as the Apostles were alive, the work of promulgating it was not complete, and new declarations were still possible. On the death of the last of their number, Revelation entered, so to speak, on a new phase of existence. It was sealed up and handed over to the successors of the Apostles, as a sacred legacy, by them to be religiously guarded, to be kept whole and entire, while they taught and expounded it. Hence we

<sup>1</sup> P. 153.

find the Apostles bidding those whom they had themselves ordained and appointed to be their successors, guard the deposit, and avoiding novelty of doctrine, teach what they had learnt from them.

The Church, then, does not and cannot create dogma. It is her duty and right to guard it, to witness to it, to teach and defend it, and in the hour foreseen and appointed, in order to allay the excitement of internal wrangling, or, more commonly, to check the advances of error from without, to declare and define it; but create it, she cannot. Her office in regard to dogma has been aptly described as that of a trustee, divinely commissioned, and divinely secured from failure in the discharge of her trust. "The Church of Christ," says St. Vincent of Lerins, "is a watchful and zealous guardian of the dogmas intrusted to her; she makes no change in them, she adds nothing to, and takes nothing from, them."<sup>2</sup> In her eyes, to add one jot or tittle to the deposit of faith, would be forgery of the blackest dye, as to allow the minutest particle of the sacred treasure to perish, would be worse than sacrilege. This is more than enough to account for the Church's attitude to dogma, which the modern world finds it so hard to understand, and her inexorable severity towards those who are rash enough to tamper with it; a severity which does not spare those who from within her own fold think to defend her rights or promote her interests by doctrinal assertions or practices of devotion not in harmony with revealed truth. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.* Once more, then, the definition of the Church does not call into being new revelations, and every article of Catholic faith must be drawn from the deposit, where they are all found, some more clearly than others, some less so.

Yet, though dogma be no creation of the Church, it is not on that account incapable of growth. This is easily gathered, as well from the nature of the truths left to the Church, as from the constitution of the society which its Divine Founder appointed to be their legal trustee. For if all knowledge is capable of extension and enlargement, why should the science of faith or theology be condemned to stand still? And it is neither necessary nor possible that the faithful of a later age should be content with just the same insight as those of an earlier epoch, neither more clear nor more definite, into the many-sided features and consequences of the truths of faith.

<sup>2</sup> *Commonitorium*, cap. xxxii.

Again, the Church is a living body, made up of living members. As such, she has a soul or animating principle, which is faith in the one creed once for all delivered to the saints.<sup>5</sup> But the light of faith is only a forecast and beginning of the light of glory, and will never cease to grow till it is lost in the unclouded sight of God, face to face.

This subjective growth of faith has been illustrated by St. Vincent of Lerins, in the well-known twenty-third chapter of his *Commonitorium*, by the analogy of growth in the animal world, where the limbs and proportions of the body in its full-grown condition correspond with those which it had in its undeveloped stages. "There is a wide difference," he says, "between the freshness of youth and the ripeness of old age; yet he who is now laden with years is the same as he who was once young and vigorous: the state, the condition is changed, yet the person, the nature is one and the same . . . so that there is nothing in the old man which had not previously existed in a latent state in the newly-born babe." In like manner, "the understanding, the knowledge and wisdom of individuals, as well as of the body, of each member as of the whole Church, must increase and develop freely from age to age," yet never leaving the lines traced out by Revelation, so that the full-grown defined truth of later ages must be the legitimate development of doctrine contained in a rudimentary form in the deposit.

We now see in what sense dogma admits of expansion and enlargement, and in what sense it does not. While, then, it is true to say that "no simply new truth has been revealed since the death of St. John," it is also true that the Church's subjective understanding of truth grows with the increase of a more formal and distinct knowledge of the object of faith. In this sense, the well-known words of St. Augustine, spoken of God Himself, have been applied to His Revelation: "A beauty ever old, yet ever new."

There are some truths which are of the very essence of Christianity, and which accordingly are written in such unmistakeable characters on the page of Revelation, that they have never for a moment been lost sight of in the Church. Indeed, they never could have faded from the minds of the faithful, since they are truths of a kind which immediately dispose us to eternal life, such as the mysteries of the Blessed

<sup>5</sup> Fr. Harper, *Peace through the Truth*, First Series, p. 7.



Trinity, the Incarnation, and the like. Explicit faith in mysteries such as these, the Church requires from her children; hence, as we find them on the surface of Revelation, so we meet them on the surface of Tradition, explained and taught in every age and in every clime where the Gospel has been preached.

But there are other truths which it is neither necessary nor, humanly speaking, possible for the bulk of the faithful to know or profess explicitly. Some of these are logically deducible from doctrines that have been from the first notoriously and openly taught, and as such come within the scope of the Church's infallibility, without becoming articles of Catholic faith; others are more or less obscurely hinted at in the teaching of various epochs; others, again, are proposed rather by the practice of the Church than by open formal preaching, until such time as, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost and the pressure of heresy or discord, she who is the legitimate exponent of dogma adds them to the direct object of faith by a solemn definition.

Clearly enough, each such authoritative declaration increases numerically the articles of Catholic faith. But inasmuch as they are nothing but applications of doctrines previously held, they have been well said to bear much the same relation to the Apostolical deposit, as the rulings and decisions of judges bear to the written law and statutes of the realm. In the one case, as in the other, the original laws reach farther, though in neither has any new principle been brought into play.

The history of Councils teems with illustrations and applications of these general principles, ranging from the *Consubstantialis* of the fourth century to the Papal Infallibility of the nineteenth. If we single out the Church's two latest utterances, it is because they more than any others have roused the ire of her enemies, and having been promulgated in our own times, bring more vividly before the mind the laws at work in doctrinal development.

It has been shown, again and again, by Catholic writers, that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception mentioned in Scripture—though not so clearly as not to need the interpretations and explanations of the Fathers—is contained from the first in the deposit, is found in germ in the Patristic idea of Mary, in the glorious titles and lofty position assigned to her in the economy of the world's redemption, and so taught from the earliest ages

of the primitive Church. Thence it has been traced downwards, century by century, "gradually forcing itself in its explicit fulness on the consciousness of the Church; anticipated in one place, backward in another;—yet ever developing like all things else that have life, till it was stereotyped in the Catholic creed by the solemn definition of 1854."<sup>4</sup> Yet, long before that date, the tradition, aided by the light thrown upon it by the inquiries of theology and reason (a light which was only intensified by the opposition of a great and learned school) had taken so firm a hold on the belief of Christendom, that the only question was whether the time and moment were come for the definition, or rather, whether it were possible any longer for the Church to refrain from solemnly declaring that the doctrine she had ever believed, maintained, and defended, was a portion of the Divine Revelation. This unanimity of belief on the part of the faithful previous to the definition is matter of history. From more than six hundred bishops, scattered throughout the world, there came the most unequivocal testimony as to the actual and universal persuasion of the Church. Far, then, from imposing a new dogma, the Pope did but set his seal on an already unanimous belief—a belief, it may be said *obiter*, which in itself was a sufficient proof that the doctrine was of divine, not of human origin.

To come to the decree of 1870. It has been made so clear that there was absolutely nothing new about it, beyond its formal proposition as an article of Catholic faith, that we shall only refer to it as an instance in point of a phenomenon in the growth of doctrine, known to theologians as the obscuration of dogma—a phase in which a great dogma, accepted in theory and practice in the Church, may come to be partially obscured, so as to be called in question, theoretically at least, within the limits of the Church herself.<sup>5</sup>

By virtue of their infused habit of faith, the Apostles were endowed with a full and clear insight into every revealed dogma, no matter when, where, and how to be defined. All these truths they taught the faithful, though not necessarily, of course, in the precise terms of the later definitions. These, for the very reason that they are the outcome, mainly, of the exigencies of this or that epoch, naturally adapt themselves to the new modes of thought or language, or to the special form of error, which

<sup>4</sup> Fr. Harper, *Peace through the Truth*, p. 400.

<sup>5</sup> *Franzelin de Traditione*. Thes. xxiii.

summons them into existence. Now, although it is true that no one of these doctrines can at any time disappear altogether from the Church's preaching without the promises of her Founder being falsified, it may well happen—as, indeed, it has happened more than once in the nineteen centuries of her history—that some of them have become partially, that is, locally and temporarily obscured, until they have come to be doubted, or denied by those who are still within the pale of the Church.

Thus the dogma of Papal Infallibility, clearly taught in Scripture, witnessed to by the Fathers in an unbroken line from the dawn of the Christian era down to the days of St. Bernard, claimed both in theory and practice by the Popes themselves, was the universally accepted doctrine of Christendom, and was never questioned by a theologian of eminence before the Councils of Pisa and Constance. Speaking of the teaching of theologians on this head up to the beginning of the fifteenth century, Sardagna writes: "No writer of any note can be quoted who, before the Councils of Pisa and Constance, taught that the Roman Pontiff can, as universal teacher, err in faith and morals;"<sup>6</sup> and elsewhere he quotes from Gerson himself, the pioneer of Gallicanism, the admission that no one could have done so without being at once condemned as a heretic.<sup>7</sup>

The fact of these Synods, which met to put an end to the Great Schism which had so long distracted the Church, putting themselves, not above the lawful successor of St. Peter, but solely above all pretenders to the Papal Chair, in the famous clause, *etiam si Papalis dignitatis existat*—first gave birth to the idea that Councils were above the Pope, whose decisions were only binding conditionally on the acceptance of the Church. Then was sown the seed of Gallicanism. These novel views rapidly gained ground in France, where, in due time, the ambition and absolutism of the Great Monarch, seconded only too readily by the servility of the clergy, gave them a definite shape and form in the notorious Four Articles of 1682. We have seen what was the unanimous teaching of theologians up to the beginning of the fifteenth century. Between that date and the Gallican Convention of 1682, an overwhelming majority of theologians continued to defend the ancient tradition as to the prerogatives of the Holy See, which was beginning to be

<sup>6</sup> Vol. iii. p. 151.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* p. 101.

obscured in France. From amongst many that might be brought forward as witnesses to the view then taken of Papal Infallibility, we will refer only to two, Suarez and Bellarmine, both of whom wrote in the century that closed with the rise of Gallicanism. The latter, speaking of the doctrine, says: *est sententia certissima et asserenda*; and though he does not think the contradictory is "strictly heretical," he calls it "altogether erroneous" and bordering upon heresy.<sup>8</sup>

Suarez goes still further, and, as we wish to point to the subsequent obscuration of the teaching of his day, we give the whole passage in his own words: "Veritas Catholica est, Pontificem definientem ex cathedra esse regulam fidei quæ errare non potest, quando aliquid authentice proponit universæ Ecclesiæ tanquam de fide divina credendum. Ita docent hoc tempore omnes Catholici doctores." And then he adds his own opinion: "et censeo esse rem de fide certam," which can be proved from Scripture.<sup>9</sup>

In this suggestive passage this great theologian tells us, first, that the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff was taught in his day by all Catholic theologians, and secondly, that in his opinion the dogma is certain with the certainty of Divine faith. Hence, in his view, its denial would be heretical.<sup>10</sup> In other words, we gather that there is a *consensus* of theologians in affirming the doctrine, though they are not agreed as to the precise degree of theological certainty attaching to it.

We now pass on to the obscuration, and in search of evidence of it, we need not go beyond these islands. We may measure the extent to which the teaching we have seen to have been general in the Church in the seventeenth century, had become obscured in the eighteenth, if we set side by side with the weighty words of Suarez the very different words used of the dogma by Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1793, in the

<sup>8</sup> *De Rom. Pont.* l. iv. cap. ii.

<sup>9</sup> *De Fide. Disp.* v. s. viii. n. iv.

<sup>10</sup> Theologians commonly teach with De Lugo (*De Fide Disp.* xx. s. ii. n. lvi.) that, since whatever is revealed in Scripture is *eo ipso* proposed to the faithful as matter of faith, once it is manifest that a truth is contained in the Inspired Writings, it is no less manifest that that particular truth is proposed by the Church to the belief of all. Hence, to deny it would be heretical. On these grounds, those who held with Suarez the dogma of Papal Infallibility to be of Divine faith might have reasoned thus. The dogma is clearly taught in Scripture, and cannot be denied by any one who analyzes the passages in question, without rejecting inspiration; therefore it is sufficiently proposed by the Church, and cannot be denied without at least objective heresy: or, as De Lugo says, such denial cannot be excused from heresy *ex defectu propositionis Ecclesiæ*, though it may be excused on other grounds.

Pastoral which is referred to by Cardinal Newman in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.<sup>11</sup> The Archbishop there speaks of it as "a question of the schools," and of the two sides of the question as "opinions which are open to discussion." The contrast is so striking that comment is hardly needed. That which, previously to the outbreak of Gallicanism, is called a Catholic truth, by some proximate to faith, by others of Divine faith, is, after the poison of Nationalism has had time to do its work, put on a par with some minor question, say of grace, which is agitated in the schools, and looked upon as an opinion open to discussion.

Thicker still must have been the mist which in this country had gathered round a dogma, declared in the seventeenth century by an immense majority of theologians to be proximate to faith, at the moment when, in 1789, a great number of the Catholics of England, including the Vicars-Apostolic, signed the Protestation, in which they assured their Protestant fellow-countrymen that they "acknowledged no infallibility in the Pope." The mistake indeed was soon nobly rectified and fully atoned for. Immediately after its publication, the Protestation was withdrawn by the four Vicars-Apostolic, who condemned the oath to be founded on this repudiation of the Pope's infallibility. Yet the fact remains to witness to the "baleful influence" of Gallican tenets. We know what Suarez would have thought of such a declaration, and after events, and the subsequent development of the doctrine, show that he was right in his estimate of its theological value.

Now-a-days, with our present lights, it is not at first sight easy to understand how things could have come to such a pass as this, or even how theologians could have been found who in their treatises gave the arguments for and against the subject, as though it were a mere matter of opinion; even when, like Tournely, they equivalently acknowledge the hopelessness of withstanding the mass of evidence adduced in favour of the Papal prerogative.

But it must be borne in mind that Gallicanism was not stamped out in the day on which the Bishops who signed the "liberties of the Gallican Church" retracted them, and sent a letter of recantation to the Sovereign Pontiff. Its traces long remained as fruitful seeds of mischief by no means confined to the country of its birth. With regard to these islands in particular, "we must recollect," says Cardinal Newman, "that

<sup>11</sup> P. 12.

at that time the clergy, both of Ireland and England, were educated in Gallican opinions. They took those opinions for granted, and they thought, if they went so far as to ask themselves the question, that the definition of Papal Infallibility was simply impossible."<sup>12</sup>

That a man of learning and eminence like Dr. Troy should, while apparently holding the doctrine himself, have yet spoken of it as an opinion open to discussion, is the best proof of what we are insisting upon, that the full truth of the dogma had become partially obscured. Were further evidence of this needed it would be easy to bring it forward. But the fact cannot be questioned, nor is there any reason why Catholics should be afraid of looking that fact in the face.

Meanwhile, and until the mist lifted, it must never be forgotten that the successors of St. Peter continued to use the prerogative they had ever claimed, fearlessly, yet prudently, condemning error. Nor was their right to do so in practice disputed. As before the era of Gallican liberties the followers of Jansenius did not question the Infallibility of the Holy See in condemning the heretical propositions, but sheltered themselves behind miserable subterfuges as to the sense in which they were condemned, so now during the period of obscurity no one dreamt that he could in practice appeal from the Pope's condemnation and yet remain within the Church's pale.

At length, with the return of peace and the revival of energy in theological schools, the sun broke through the thick clouds of doubt and darkness, to shine with ever-growing brilliancy, until it reached its zenith in the definition of 1870. Then the development was complete, and Peter spoke through Pius. The third of the three stages traceable in the growth of many a dogma, and sharply defined as early as in the days of St. Augustine, had been at last attained by the Papal Infallibility. The first was a time of peace and rest, anterior to controversy, when the doctrine was taught more by practice than by distinct and express teaching, though this was not wanting. This was followed by a second period, in which doubt and denial called in question the healthier traditions of the past, and succeeded in bringing about a partial eclipse of the sun of truth. Then came the third and final stage, the outcome of the second, when error and heresy forced the Oracle of Revelation to pronounce its solemn judgment on the Divine origin of the dogma.

<sup>12</sup> *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, p. 13.



To sum up briefly what Catholics hold with regard to development of doctrine. Revelation was completed, and the deposit was sealed from the beginning. Nothing therefore substantially new is to be looked for, but only the gradual unfolding of dogma and a subjective growth in understanding. In the words of the Vatican Council—"The Holy Ghost was not promised to the successors of St. Peter in order that by His revelation they might make known a new doctrine, but that by His assistance they might religiously guard and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith handed down by the Apostles." All the Church does is to explain, develop, repeat **what** has been already revealed. She applies general truths to particular instances, and that infallibly. But she invents nothing, adds nothing, subtracts nothing, changes nothing. She is a witness and guardian only of revealed truth. And to the taunts and sneers of those who talk of the private opinion of yesterday being matter of faith to-day, or of blank contradictions of the ancient faith, the Catholic may listen unmoved, or calmly reply in the terse phrase of St. Vincent of Lerins—

Retenta est antiquitas, explosa novitas.<sup>13</sup>

FREDERICK O'HARE.

<sup>13</sup> *Communitorium*, cap. vi.

## *Catholic Review.*

---

### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—PATRONS AND CONGREGATIONS IN THE ESTABLISHMENT.

IT does not become Catholics to mix themselves up too much or too frequently in the troubles which vex the various parties and sections of the Establishment, or to rejoice over those troubles. We have our own affairs to look after, and may well enough leave others alone. But we trust it is not impertinent to remark, from time to time, on phenomena in the daily life of Anglicanism which tend to show it to be what it is, and the true view of which may help those who are within its pale to recognize its true character. The means by which this kind of conviction dawns upon various souls are multitudinous, and it may sometimes be an act of charity to point out an aspect of a question of the day which may be new to some of those who are very much annoyed by the existence of the question itself. One thing is clearly true about the Anglican Establishment in our time. Providence does not leave it in a state of stagnation. The various and conflicting elements within it are rampant and noisy, and refuse to be hushed to sleep by the gentle voice of such authority as reigns within it. To those who love the thousands of good souls of all parties who are at present among its members, it cannot but be a matter of anxious interest to watch a conflict in which so much good is struggling to free itself from so much evil and so much worldliness.

Bournemouth is a place where High Churchmen have of late years been somewhat fond of congregating. It is a beautiful seaside residence with the driest air in England. It is somewhat too much of a model town, from which all "nasty" things, such as poor people, beggars, and the like, are carefully banished, and from which all vulgarities such as excursion trains are excluded—a very paradise for those who do not require too much

excitement and can live without publicity. It is well furnished with excellent doctors and with an abundance of churches, at which Anglicans of every colour under the sun can find their tastes catered for. Even the poor Catholics have a well-served chapel, or rather, "oratory" of their own—so called, it seems, because the building is so odd in form as scarcely to resemble a church. We have heard it called a mosque—but it is in truth a rather eccentric building, which people soon get used to, and which those like the most who use it most. But the Anglican visitor to Bournemouth, if he is in search of ecclesiastical specimens in the way of architecture, will not linger long before he is attracted to the fine Anglican Church of St. Peter's, which stands in a most conspicuous and commanding position, grand and noble in its proportions, a very good instance indeed, to the ordinary eye, of modern Gothic, with its lofty tower and now, we believe, its equally fine spire, standing in a churchyard, a part of which is an abrupt slope, and is intersected with walks well kept, winding among graves all of which are surmounted by stone crosses. St. Peter's certainly looks as if it were *the* Anglican Church, or at least as if a good part of Bournemouth belonged to it, and the interior is as striking as the exterior. It is a monument of the zeal of the late incumbent of Bournemouth, to whom, we believe, the town owes a great deal in many various ways. Mr. Bennett spent large sums upon this church, and is said to have administered it with much zeal and energy, and to the great satisfaction of a large congregation, whom he trained to a certain "modified" kind of Ritualism—of what special depth of colour we are not able to say. Some months ago, this good man died, and the incumbency of St. Peter's fell into the hands of the patron, Sir George Meyrick. Heartburnings at once commenced. Sir G. Meyrick was known to be a Low Churchman. It was immediately feared that he would exercise his right of presentation in favour of a clergyman of his own party, and thus scatter to the winds the congregation which Mr. Bennett had so carefully educated. The poor Ritualists felt much as the husbandman in Virgil's First Eclogue. Was all this to pass into the hands of a Puritan?

Barbarus hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?  
 Impius has segetes? en quo discordia cives  
 Perduxit miseros! en, queis consevimus agros!

The fear proved only too well founded. We need not go into all the ins and outs of the transaction. The Low Church

clergyman who was first appointed found that the place might be too hot for him, and took himself back to the parish whence he came. But the patron found another Low Churchman equal to the occasion, Bishop Ryan, a man who has shown his disinterestedness by resigning a very good piece of preferment in the north of England for the sake of undertaking what must certainly be a difficult task at Bournemouth, and with little prospect of any pecuniary advantage. The incident has been followed by remonstrances and deputations, the Bishop of the diocese has been appealed to, and cannot of course, interfere, there have been a certain number of letters in the *Guardian* and other Church papers, and a good deal has been said about the evil of the present system of presentation in the Establishment, with not a few threats as to what may be the consequence.

Now we have not the slightest intention of laughing at these good people. No doubt, it is a serious grievance to them to have a death-blow aimed at what they call "our very moderate amount of ritual," and to have to go back to the style of Divine Service to which every single Anglican who is past fifty must for a long time in his life have been contentedly accustomed. We shall not pause, either, to inquire whether the doctrine that seems to underlie the protests and complaints of the High Churchmen of Bournemouth—the doctrine, namely, that the congregation is to choose its own rites and ceremonies, and that its moral, if not legal, rights are invaded, when a Low Church style of service is "forced" upon them, after they have been accustomed to a High Church style—be not tainted with the defects of a certain congregationalism of a new kind, and would not be at once condemned by any truly Catholic standard. Certainly, it was not the doctrine of High Churchmen of old days, that people were to choose for themselves in these matters, which so nearly concern doctrine, and which it belongs, by all manner of right, to the authorities of the Church to decide. The remarks which we shall permit ourselves to make will only touch aspects of the subject as to which there can, we think, be no dispute.

In the first place, then, we notice a difference between the "Churchmen" of the present day and those of a former generation, to which it may be well to draw attention. In old times, it was no doubt a great grief to a congregation which had been accustomed to what was then considered High Church teaching to have a new incumbent thrust upon them, whose views, to use

a common expression, were—to take an example—those of the famous Mr. Simeon. But then it was the preaching, the doctrine, the utterances in the pulpit, which were the main sources of suffering or complaint, and, at the outside, the new “views” might affect the congregation in other ways, chiefly in the more rare administration of Holy Communion, or in the dropping of week-day services, rather than in anything else. Now, as far as we gather, the fears at Bournemouth do not feed themselves upon the doctrine which Bishop Ryan may be expected to preach. It is the ritual, the musical services, surplised choirs, the singing of the *Agnus Dei*, and perhaps the use of vestments—though as to this we are not certain as to the practice of the church in question—which appear to be in danger and to cause alarm. It seems almost as if doctrine went for nothing—as if Bishop Ryan might preach any heresy he chose, so long as he kept up “our moderate ritual.” This, if it is so, is a matter of very serious difference between the modern and the elder High Churchmen—a difference which does not suggest comparisons very favourable to the disciples of the late Mr. Bennett.

Further, it is obvious to remark, that we used to hear a great deal about the definite and uniform standard of orthodoxy in the Establishment, and about the beautiful manner in which its “simple and unadorned ritual” bears witness at once to the ancient Catholic faith, and against the overgrowth of superstition and the corruptions of Rome. It now turns out that there are such very grave defects about this “simple and unadorned ritual,” as our High Churchmen were accustomed to consider it, that when a clergyman comes to a living and is supposed to have the intention of cutting down whatever is beyond the “simplicity” which has been so much vaunted, he is thought, not merely to differ from his congregation and his predecessors in matters of taste, but to violate their sacred rights and even to threaten their faith. It does not matter, then, what he preaches—that he may do as he likes about. But if he touches Ritual, he assails the faith. We say this, because we cannot suppose that all the strong protests which we have seen in the papers are called forth merely by points indifferent in the eyes of the complainants. It seems to us that the protesters against the expected proceedings of Bishop Ryan are in this dilemma. The points on which he will differ from the practice of the late incumbent are either vital or not vital. If they are not vital, then

why all this turmoil? It is not the faith which is in danger, but the tastes of the worshippers as to immaterial points. But if the differences are vital, then the protesters are drawing public attention, in the most pointed way, to the fact that the Establishment admits equally within its ample fold two different sets of doctrines about the most sacred truths, and allows either of these contradictory doctrines to be publicly expressed by the rites and ceremonies observed in Divine worship.

It has, in fact, come to this—and the truth of what we are going to say can be ascertained by any one who happens to have among his acquaintance any family which contains strongly Ritualistic members—the freedom assumed by the Ritualists, of developing in their own favourite direction, has led to the greatest possible divergencies of practice among Anglicans, so that it is now the simple truth that one Anglican church differs from its next door neighbour in all the externals of worship, quite as much as a Catholic chapel differs from a Dissenting chapel in these respects. People also attach, as it is natural they should, under the circumstances, a quite undue importance to their own developments or discoveries in the matter of ritual, just because they are their own, and just because they are novelties. It comes, therefore, to this—that there are often in the same family, and constantly in the same neighbourhood, persons who cannot worship together at the same services of the Anglican Establishment. When a family goes to a seaside place, or to reside in a new neighbourhood, the first question is whether there is a sufficiently Ritualistic service for Amelia, and a sufficiently Low Church service for Matilda. As for Amelia and Matilda agreeing to go together to the same service, that is impossible. One of them cannot bear the Popery which suits the other, and the other cannot abide the cold Puritanism in which alone her sister can acquiesce. The Anglican Bishop of Winchester is quite aware of the damning effect of this state of things on the claims of the Establishment. He protests, good man! in a letter lately published, that *he* cannot admit what so many others practically declare. What is so disagreeable to the people at Bournemouth is, in his eyes, the natural effect of the glorious comprehensiveness of Anglicanism.

On the whole, however, I would venture to remind you that one of the greatest blessings of the English Church is that it is so truly comprehensive, and that this comprehensiveness is that which specially subjects its members to that kind of trouble of which you are now



complaining. Narrow sects have no danger of this kind. It is the truly Catholic freedom of thought within the limits of necessary Christian truth, which characterizes our Church, and this cannot exist without the danger of division, and sometimes even of division between pastor and people. And the knowledge both of the blessing and the dangers of the comprehensive character of the Church ought to lead all parties within the Church to exercise self-restraint, and to be ready to adapt themselves as much as possible to changes which are from time to time inevitable. I have not failed to express my earnest hope, both to the patron and to those clergymen whom he has nominated to me, that no unnecessary changes shall be made in what has become from habit and conviction endeared to the people of St. Peter's, Bournemouth. Mr. Harland always expressed himself as ready and willing to concede everything which the law allowed. I have had, as yet, no personal intercourse with Bishop Ryan, but from all my former acquaintance with him I am satisfied of his high character as a Christian and a clergyman; and, though he belongs to a different school from Mr. Bennett, I hope that he will be anxious to conciliate those who do not exactly think with him, and that we shall have no reason to say that within the wide pale of the English Church there are not only two or three varieties of thought, but, as has been asserted, two or three different religions. I never can admit that one who worships the same God, trusts in the same Saviour, acknowledges the same Scriptures, repeats the same Creeds, receives the same sacraments, adheres to the same Church on earth, and hopes for the same home in Heaven, is yet not of the same religion as myself.

We fear that much of this practical wisdom will be lost on Amelia and Matilda. All this surely shows what a "happy family" the Anglican Establishment is becoming. It shows us how events within the Establishment itself are preparing the way for its destruction—how, when the attack comes to be made on it from without, there will already be so much division and disintegration within it as to make the resistance in the case of many but half-hearted. The only remedy which has been suggested with any appearance of reason, is that which is proposed by the *Spectator*—namely, that there should be different services in the same church for people of different tastes. The churches of the Establishment would in that case be somewhat like those unfortunate buildings in Germany, in which, according to the arrangements made necessary by the issue of the Thirty Years War, a Catholic congregation and a Protestant congregation take it in turns to have their service. But then the Catholic and the Protestant con-

gregations in Germany do not profess to belong to one and the same Church, to have the same definite standard of doctrine, and to believe the same truths, while they cannot worship together. This extreme absurdity has been preserved for the present generation of Anglicans.

And yet, after all, one cannot help wishing that some such concession might be made in instances like the present. There are too many good and honest folk among these High Churchmen, for the natural effect of such phenomena as would then be presented, to fail to follow. It could not be that they would not soon see the absurdity of their position, at least if the words heresy and schism are not in their minds altogether without meaning. The public toleration of such differences in the Establishment, brought home even to the eyes of men, as well as to their consciences, could not fail to impress on them, in the most vivid manner, the true character of their spiritual "Mother." Such is the fate of all those who attempt to engraft Catholic doctrines and practices upon the old Anglican stock, which knows nothing of the shoots which are forced upon it. The more successful such people are in obtaining what they want for themselves, the more openly and eloquently do they bear witness to the vital character of the differences as to most essential points of doctrine and Christian life, which separate them from so many others, who have no less right to call themselves English Churchmen, and who, by law and prescription and possession, are at least as true and legitimate children of the Establishment as the most orthodox worshippers in the most Ritualistic churches in Bournemouth or anywhere else.

---

2.—AGNOSTICS IN PARLIAMENT AND IN THE PRESS.

No thoughtful person can have watched the public press of this country for the last twenty years, without being painfully aware of the rapid progress which has been made, during that time, by infidel opinions. If we are to take the boldness and openness with which avowal is now made, and by persons conspicuous in rank and station, of disbelief both in God and in the spirituality and immortality of the soul, as an index of the extent to which this disbelief has taken hold of masses of Englishmen, we must acknowledge that Christianity is no longer the religion of a great part of the nation, and that even the

truths of natural religion are denied by large multitudes of our countrymen of all classes. It is not our present purpose to examine the causes of this change, or to consider whether the actual spread of infidelity is quite as great in extent as the increase of liberty in avowing it. We have only now to dwell on the public facts by which the phenomenon of which we speak has lately become prominent in a manner in which it was not prominent before.

At the beginning of the present (or late) Session of Parliament, the name of Mr. Bradlaugh, one of the members elected for the borough of Northampton, was in every one's mouth, and it is much to be feared that the fatal notoriety which was then given to it, has tended very considerably to advance the circulation of the pestilential works of which he is the author. This was not the first occasion on which an avowed disbeliever had been elected for an English constituency. Every one knows, from his own writings about himself, what were the opinions about God in which the late Mr. Stuart Mill had been brought up. But he was allowed to sit for Westminster without any challenge. If the same tolerance was not extended to Mr. Bradlaugh, it was because the new member for Northampton chose to parade his peculiar views in a manner which, at all events, looked like a defiance of the religious feelings of the majority of the House of Commons. We need not go through the long story of the two Committees and the votes of the House. It is enough to say that Mr. Bradlaugh has been allowed to take his seat, on affirmation, and that he is still subject to the trial of the legal question as to his right to do so.

We most sincerely hope that we have not heard the last of this legal question. It is one of the safeguards of the English Constitution, that the Courts of Law are independent of the Legislature in the exercise of their functions, and that, while it belongs to the Legislature alone to make the Law, it belongs to the Courts alone to interpret it. The resolution of the House of Commons permitting Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat on affirmation, does not make a law, and, if the legal rights of the case are against Mr. Bradlaugh on other grounds, we may be sure that the Courts will not hesitate to inflict on him the penalty which hangs over any one who sits and votes in the House of Commons without having duly qualified himself so to do. There have been occasions, as in the celebrated case of Stockdale against Hansard, in which the Courts have committed themselves to

an actual conflict with the House of Commons. In the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, there would be no necessity for this. Having been returned by a constituency, he had an equal right with any other member so returned to take his seat, if he could fulfil the necessary and legal conditions. Having claimed to "affirm," instead of taking the usual oath, he has been empowered to sit on his own peril, and the House of Commons is not committed to support him against a decision of the authorized interpreters of the Law. In case of such a decision, we shall believe that the Christian feeling of the country would support the Court, even if the House of Commons took the very unlikely course of insisting on its own resolution as equivalent to an Act of the Legislature. It has, we conceive, never done this as yet. It has used the power of refusing to admit certain persons to its benches, even when returned by constituencies who have a right to return its members. It has never assumed the power of fixing the conditions of membership.

It is not our purpose here to do more than notice this Constitutional question. It is, however, of the very highest importance. The great danger of our time is the danger of the tyranny of the House of Commons—the danger of the tyranny of a majority within it, and of the House itself with reference to other Constitutional powers. What the tyranny of a majority can be, we have before our eyes in the case of the present French Chamber, the majority of which has over and over again violated all Constitutional principle, while the Government which it supports has acted in the same way in its dealings with law and with the magistracy. It will be an evil day for England when the passions and prejudices of the House of Commons, on whatever side and in whatever cause they may be enlisted, are allowed to wield its enormous power beyond or in defiance of the law which it is the pride of all Englishmen to reverence. It is very well for the House of Commons to honour the choice of the constituencies, but it is not for the House of Commons to choose who shall sit in it. If Mr. Bradlaugh has no right to be admitted, because he cannot fulfil the conditions of admission, then it is worth while to fight against his admission, not because he is Mr. Bradlaugh, but because the law must not be violated. And the same would have to be said if he were the most devout Christian in the kingdom.

Putting aside this question, it cannot be concealed that the presence of an avowed Agnostic in Parliament is a fact of evil

omen for the state of the country. How many Bradlaughs there may be in store for us at some future General Election, we have no means of knowing. As long as the country remains in its present mind, they are not likely to be many, but the same causes which have made this election possible cannot be expected to be inoperative in the future. The presence of Mr. Bradlaugh in Parliament is a crucial symptom of the fact with which this paper began—the fact of the rapid advance of infidel opinions among the masses of our countrymen. This is the material fact, and the question for the future is, whether this advance can be checked or not. As to one thing all Catholics will feel no doubt—that the true remedy for the evil would be the increase in strength, in moral weight, in intellectual power, of the Catholic body. Anything that tends to produce this result will have the effect, at least indirectly, of turning back the advancing tide of opinions which have long since been infecting the minds of Englishmen, though they are at this moment particularly rampant. Anything that tends to weaken us or to disunite us, to hinder the higher education and the intellectual training of our influential classes, and, in general, to keep us at a disadvantage in comparison with others of our fellow-countrymen, is, in truth, so much weight thrown into the side against the maintenance of the religious element in our Government, as far as that element can be said still to be retained in it at all.

Meanwhile, it may be well for us to understand what is the true spirit of Agnosticism, in respect of the toleration which it is now content to claim as a boon to which it has an equal right with other forms of opinion. It is the old story. Nothing is so persecuting in spirit as infidelity. We have but to look across the Channel, and mark the spirit which guides the French Chambers and the French Government, and, unfortunately, the Belgian Government also. It is the old war cry, "*Ecrasez l'infame!*"—only now, while the persecuted is the same, the persecution itself is no longer carried on by calumnies in the press alone, it is taken up and enforced by the action of the civil power and the votes of what are called free Assemblies. We have been accustomed to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the English Press was hitherto as free from this spirit as the English Government, but for some time past there has been evidence that it is no longer so. A considerable portion of the Press in England, and a much larger

portion abroad, is in the hands of Jews, who are the best allies of the secret societies, as well as cordial haters of Christianity, and especially of Catholicism. But there are others besides Jews who hate Christianity, and Agnostics are among the number. In the palmy days of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, its readers were often startled by displays of extreme bitterness against all Christian belief as such,—a bitterness which sometimes took the very curious form of attacks on Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone for their supposed hostility to the Turks, which was attributed by the very discerning writer in question to the sympathy of High Churchmen for the “Greek Orthodoxy.” At other times there were violent attacks on any one, speaker or writer, who ventured to suggest that the conduct of nations one to another should ever be regulated by moral or Christian considerations of right and wrong. The *Pall Mall*, as every one knows, has lately had to take a new—and, as it seems, a very able—editor; but it has had to part with the greater portion of its former staff. Its new rival, the *St. James's Gazette*, is supposed to inherit all the traditions of the former editorship. It remained to be seen to which of the two papers, the old or the new, the Agnostic and anti-Christian element would gravitate. No doubt on this point is any longer possible. The article in which the *St. James's Gazette* attacked Cardinal Manning for his “Englishman's Protest” against Mr. Bradlaugh shows that, if the editor himself of the paper just named is not the Anti-Christian writer of the old *Pall Mall*, he at least can open his columns without any hesitation to the kind of writing of which we speak. That he can do so is perhaps an indication of the state of public feeling nearly as significant as the election of Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton. The *St. James's Gazette* is, to a certain extent, on its good behaviour. It has to force its way, and to make itself acceptable to readers at clubs and the more cultured classes generally, whose palate requires something pungent to relieve them from the pompous platitudes of the *Times*, and the turbid eloquence of the *Telegraph*. The *St. James's Gazette* knows what will go down with a certain influential class of readers, and caters for them accordingly. The protest of Cardinal Manning against Mr. Bradlaugh's admission into Parliament has furnished this new paper with an occasion for showing its colours on the Anti-Christian side. And after having savagely attacked one Cardinal, it goes on to another. This time it is Cardinal Newman. The writer



ventures to say of Cardinal Newman that he has done more than any one else "to popularize among religious persons the arguments against the existence of God." This is pretty well. He adds that the Cardinal's "whole argument in favour of the Roman Catholic Church is that only two opinions are consistent, the Roman Catholic Creed on the one hand, and Atheism on the other."

Now, we are not here concerned with the very easy task of vindicating either Cardinal Manning or Cardinal Newman. The simple and obvious truth concerning the religious and controversial writings of the latter is, that he has laboured consistently during a long life, and with singular success, in defence alike of the Christian revelation and the Catholic Church. What the writer in the *St. James's Gazette* says of him has no other foundation than the plain truth, that any one who defends Catholicism with great cogency and power must, of necessity, make it clear, in proportion as he is successful, that all the Christian evidences are evidences of Catholicism, and that anything like a half-Catholicism is logically unreasonable. What we want to notice is this. The language of this Agnostic paper is the language of the old enemies of Christianity in France, before, as is now the case, they obtained possession of the reign of Government. Now, they can persecute openly and by acts, before, they persecuted by calumny. We may learn how a Parliament of Agnostics would deal with the Catholic Church by the treatment which Catholic writers receive at the hands of the Agnostic portion of the Press. At present they can do no more than calumniate. But the *animus* of actual persecution is there, and it is quite as well that the Catholic readers of the *St. James's Gazette* should take notice of the fact.

II.—REVIEWS.

1. *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle.* By W. J. FitzPatrick, L.L.D. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons; M. H. Gill and Son.

THE "new edition, greatly enlarged and enriched," of the Life of Dr. Doyle will help to keep green the memory of one whom we ought not to forget. Dr. Doyle in Ireland and Dr. Milner in England were not less surely providential men sent into the world to fight against a special form of error and injustice than the great founders of religious orders who appeared in succession to confront new heresies and to aid the Church in the most trying moments of her long warfare. But for Milner, the wretched clique of men, who to their undying disgrace dubbed themselves "protesting Catholics," might have injured the Church in England more incurably than all the penal laws had done; and but for Doyle (or Doyle and O'Connell combined), Ireland, discouraged and broken-hearted, might have been unable to raise her head after the long night of Protestant oppression, which has now so completely passed away, though it has left unfortunately a legacy of memories too fondly cherished in day-dreams of un-Christian hatred. It has been the object of the author to make Dr. Doyle tell in his own words, where that was possible, the history of his inner life and public career and the search for J. K. L.'s letters has been carried on with ardour in the eighteen years which have intervened between the first and second editions. In the Preface to the first edition we find the remark which comes now with still greater force. "The 'Life of Dr. Doyle' is probably one of the last memoirs illustrated by correspondence which the public will have the pleasure of reading. The penny postage has multiplied the number of notes five thousandfold, but quite put an end to letter-writing. 'When an epistle cost a shilling, people used to make it worth a guinea; now that it costs a penny, it is seldom worth a cent.'"

It is passing strange to find Bishop Milner and Bishop Doyle on opposite sides in the greatest controversy of their time, knowing as we do that both were working conscientiously for the freedom of the Church. In judging of Dr. Doyle, it is absolutely necessary to take the man in the midst of his "surroundings." He lived to modify his views very considerably in several important theological and semi-theological

respects, and the change was always in the way of improvement. He would, we may be sure, have modified them still more largely if he could have passed from those days to these. His youth was thrown upon the time of effervescent thought which culminated in the first French Revolution, and some of the vague, untried theories afloat had an undoubted charm for speculative minds and generous souls. Young James Warren Doyle had a terribly narrow escape of breaking loose from the moorings and drifting out into that ocean of unbelief, which has rolled its cold waters over the lifeless form of many a young visionary before and since. He was born in Ross in September 1786, a few weeks after the death of his father. In Mistress Ann Doyle he had both father and mother, for she was a woman of masculine energy and sound judgment. After her husband's death she taught a school at Cronleigh, near Ross. Her youngest boy was eleven years old, when the insurrection of 'ninety-eight' broke out, and he was in the very midst of its central violence at New Ross, where one of the bloodiest battles was fought. On one occasion he had to hide for his life, or rather, to be hidden in a furze-bush while a skirmish was going on between the royal troops and the insurgents. At the age of sixteen he had not manifested the extraordinary power of mind which distinguished him afterwards, but he had shown considerable industry and determination. Both mind and body grew slowly in unison until he came to be tall of stature and a giant in intellect.

In 1805 he joined the Novitiate of the Hermits of St. Augustine at Grantstown, and took his vows at the end of one year's probation. He went to the Augustinian College of Coimbra to continue his studies. It was there, when his mind began to expand more rapidly, that he so nearly succumbed to the influence of the philosophy which came from Voltaire and Rousseau.

Among the lay students of the University, the damage occasioned by the hellish hurricane was of wider and graver extent. Doyle stood in the midst of a vast concourse of infidels. He breathed contagion, and was smitten. Specially gifted with a reasoning and philosophic mind, prompt and decisive in expressing his views, full of the metaphysical lore and theories of the day, he probably felt that if a man is furnished by his Maker with a sound, vigorous, and discriminating judgment, he must either exercise that glorious endowment, or abandon himself to mental sloth. Be this as it may, Doyle resolved to test

searchingly the arguments so zealously put forward by the disciples of Voltaire.

Whether Doyle was right or wrong in thus imperilling his faith, we shall not now discuss. He probably gloried in the strength of his own judgment, and reposed too much confidence in its dictates. "Those who love the danger shall perish therein," and it cannot be denied that he was for a time completely staggered by the well-put points of infidel minds. Fortunately the violence of the temptation did not last long. While he enumerated in detail the arguments on the side of infidelity, it was, no doubt, fierce and potent; but ere he had summoned to the aid of his tottering conviction one half of those which constitute the bulwark of a Christian's faith, the tempest had ceased, and all was calm as before (p. 23).

This was the turning-point of his life. It taught him, for his own advantage, a lesson of humility, and he remembered all through his life "with fear and trembling"—these are his own words—the awful danger from which the mercy of God had rescued him. Humility was very necessary indeed to keep a character like his sufficiently docile. It also taught him, for the good of others, to meet the burning questions of that period with the power which comes from experience. He issued from that terrible trial more secure in his own grasp of faith and better able to instruct others. It may have been, as far at least as it was without fault on his part, a necessary preparation for the career before him. A bishop should be "powerful to exhort in sound doctrine," and Dr. Doyle in his episcopal life was always in the field fighting with a vigour which would scarcely have disgraced St. Paul himself. He had taken arms in a more *terrene warfare* when Junot came to Portugal, and the students of Coimbra were required to bear their part in the national defence. He was not then a priest, and we do not hear of his having been in any actual engagement, but he entered fully into the spirit of his military service; and twenty years later he pointed an exposition of his views about the social duties of priests, by a reference, with evident approval to his own conduct on that occasion. He won so much favour in the course of the war, that he could have had honour and wealth and favour at Court, if he had cared for such things, but he remembered his vow of poverty, and, as soon as the state of the country and the conclusion of his studies permitted, he turned his back upon the almost regal magnificence of the convent in Coimbra, with its grand halls and libraries and sumptuous fare and learned leisure, to devote himself to a life of toil and sacrifice in his own beloved

Ireland. Although he carried away pleasant reminiscences of Portugal, and had met with great kindness from professors and superiors, he had never regarded with approval the dainty way of life of the Portuguese friars, and in a letter written in 1822 he says that "to suppress or secularize most of the convents of men in Portugal would be a good work." In 1808 he returned to Ireland, and in the following year was ordained. He and Dr. Furlong were sent to Bishop Ryan to be examined for faculties, but the good bishop, who had an insuperable objection to Augustinians, refused either to examine them or to give them faculties. We must give the characteristic story of young Father Doyle's first appearance on the scene at Carlow College, and then leave our readers to pursue for themselves the history of the man, through two closely-printed volumes which will repay perusal. The Professor of Theology at Carlow had struck for higher wages, and on refusal had absconded, leaving the President, Dean Staunton, to get on without him as best he could. The Dean placed himself in the vacated chair at the hour of lecture; but though the students, in their kind commiseration, behaved with unusual decorum, he was not satisfied with his own attempt, and when he withdrew to his room he fell into a fit of despondency.

He was sitting at the fire, his head leaning pensively on his hand, when the sudden entrance of Father Martin Doyle, afterwards P.P. of Graig, led him to look up from a volume of De La Hogue's theology, upon which his eyes had been mechanically fixed. "You need not fret so for Andrew," said Father Martin. "Call me a blockhead if I don't get you, within twenty-four hours, an abler man than ever he was, and perhaps at a lower salary." Dean Staunton's eyes opened wide. He thanked his visitor heartily, shook him by the hand, begged of him to lose no time, and, according to some accounts, put behind the fire a letter he had been writing to the absconded Professor.

As postal communication was slow in those days, Father Joice, a Franciscan, and one of the curates at Carlow, was deputed to go at once to Ross and fetch Mr. Doyle. Having opened the subject of his mission, he succeeded after a slight resistance in bearing him off in triumph. The Augustinian and Franciscan had a cold drive, and arrived in Carlow, by the Waterford coach, at the unseasonable hour of two o'clock, a.m.

It has been said of Dr. Doyle that he seemed born for the high office which he so long and so ably filled. There had always been a majesty in his gait and a lofty dignity in his tone which, though admired by many, were by some misunderstood. His loftiness of demeanour was in a great degree unconsciously borne, and those who best knew

him—his fellow-students and brother clergy—entertained no doubt of this fact.

Mr. Doyle was shown into Dean Staunton's presence. He had never before seen Mr. Doyle. He surveyed the lofty figure from top to toe, and after a momentary scrutiny inquired what he could teach. "Anything," replied Doyle, sonorously, "from A, B, C, to the *Extra Vagantes*. . . . Dr. Staunton did not quite like the confidence of the answer, nor the tinge of haughtiness which stamped his mien. Long accustomed to the tuition of youth, a rebuke flowed with ease from the President's lips. "Pray, young man," he said, "can you teach and practise humility?" "I trust I have at least the humility to feel," replied the friar, "that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known." Dr. Staunton appeared struck by the reply. He rubbed his hands, and rang the bell for cake and wine.

"You'll do," mused the Dean. "With respect to terms," he said, "there can be, I conceive, no difficulty." "Sir," replied Doyle, "I am gratified that you should consider me eligible for the office; but I am not in a position to give you a decided answer." "What!" exclaimed the old Dean, starting and nervously surveying the lofty, unbending figure before him. "My reply, sir," responded Doyle, "springs not from pride, but has been elicited by quite an opposite feeling. As a friar, I have sworn obedience to my Father Provincial. He lives at a considerable distance—in Cork. Whether he may permit me to leave my convent and accept a professor's chair in your College, is altogether a lottery. I have written to the Provincial, but an answer cannot reach me before to-morrow. Meantime, I thought it better to acknowledge your summons personally and at once. Whether I am at liberty to accept your proposal, twenty-four hours will determine." "My friend," said Dr. Staunton, "your Provincial will not, I am sure, offer any objection. I have the pleasure of knowing the Rev. Michael Sheehan, and will write to him myself. *En attendant*, I may consider that you have, conditionally, accepted my proposal.

It was indeed quite a lottery what answer would come. The Provincial at first resolved to refuse, and then before he sent his reply had thought better of it. The real humility of the young professor is admirably shown in the letter which he wrote on this occasion to Father O'Connor in Cork, asking him not to push the thing, but to try to find out the real wishes of his Superior: "Should the Provincial's views seem unfavourable, express from me at once the most unqualified submission."



2. *Fasti Ecclesie Sarisburiensis.* By William Henry Jones, M.A., F.S.A., Canon of Sarum and Vicar of Bradford-on-Avon. Part I. Salisbury, 1879.

We regret that we should give so tardy a notice of this valuable work. The building up again of the memories of Catholic England cannot but fail to be of interest to Catholic readers, and in Canon Jones' work one easily recognizes the practised hand of an antiquarian and the patient research of an historian. The volume before us, besides a valuable introduction giving the history of the see of Salisbury and the parent sees from which it sprung, contains an exhaustive list, with a short notice of the lives, of the bishops of those sees and the archdeacons of the diocese of Sarum. Prefixed to the latter portion is a preface containing a dissertation on the origin, office, and jurisdiction of archdeacons. An archdeacon's charge of the latter half of the fifteenth century<sup>1</sup> might have been drawn up by an Italian bishop of the nineteenth. When such names as St. Birinus, St. Aldhelm, St. Swithun, St. Osmund, Thomas Langton, and Cardinal Campeggio, appear on the roll of bishops, and those of Chichely, Pope Paul the Second, Robert Grostête, B. Nicholas Caracciolo—the friend of St. Catharine of Siena, on the roll of archdeacons, one cannot fail to turn to them with interest. The names of several foreign cardinals appear in the lists of archdeacons about the time of the Great Schism, *e.g.*, John de Blandiac, Cardinal of St. Mark, Bishop of Nîmes,<sup>2</sup> and William d'Aigrefeuille, both partizans of the Antipope Clement the Seventh, who himself had held when Cardinal, with other English benefices, the archdeaconry of Dorset. His successor was the B. Nicholas Caracciolo.

Canon Jones naturally and necessarily sees ecclesiastical history through an Anglican medium; hence his desire to exalt the British Church and to depress the merits of St. Augustine. However one may minimize the work of that great Archbishop, it is surely as unreasonable to say that he "had little claim to be called Apostle of England," as it would be to refuse to Christopher Columbus the glory of discovering America because the range of his actual explorations were limited to a few islands of the West Indies.

After what Lingard has said in his *Anglo-Saxon Church* on the religion of the British Church, and on its disputes with the Saxon Christians, little remains to be added. As Montalembert puts it so well, "It was in order to remain faithful to the

<sup>1</sup> P. 129.

<sup>2</sup> Nemansensis, not Neminacensis, as at p. 159.

primitive teachings of Rome" (for they had been cut off from all communications with it for so many years) "that the Celtic clergy opposed the new missionaries from Rome."<sup>3</sup> Neither can the appointment of St. Birinus by the Pope, "the independent mission from Rome to Wessex, with the direct sanction of the Pope himself,"<sup>4</sup> without reference to the Metropolitan, be looked on as a tacit rebuke of St. Augustine and his successors, but it is simply one of the many proofs of the recognition of the Universal Jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome which occur in the work before us—an authority accepted in Salisbury till, in 1535, Cardinal Campeggio was deprived by *Act of Parliament* of the see which Henry the Eighth had obtained for him from the Pope in 1524.

The two first Protestant Bishops were worthy of the time. Shaxton recanted his heresy through fear of the stake, and made way for John Salcot, who had distinguished himself while an abbot by his zeal for Henry's divorce. "Though, as King's Commissioner under Henry the Eighth, he sent several to the stake, he became a Protestant under Edward the Sixth, changing again under Mary, and then sitting as a judge on the trial of Bishop Hooper and John Rogers."<sup>5</sup> Jewell, Burnet, and Hoadly are among the more noted of his successors.

Much of the earlier portion of the history of the episcopate has already appeared in Canon Jones' brief life of St. Aldhelm, published in 1874 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, specially interesting for its notice of the Saxon *Ecclesiola* at Bradford-on-Avon, founded by the Saint, and described by William of Malmesbury. After being desecrated at the Reformation, it was lost sight of amidst a number of houses built round about it, and rediscovered and carefully restored by the learned Canon. There is perhaps not another instance of a perfect church of the beginning of the eighth century in this island. A reference to it occurs in the *Fasti* at p. 27.

<sup>3</sup> *Les Moines d'Occident*, livre xii. c. 2, p. 397.

<sup>4</sup> P. 5.

<sup>5</sup> P. 106.

## III.—NOTICES.

1. *St. Ignatius and the Jesuits.* A Sermon preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on the 31st of July, 1880. By Father Thomas Burke, O.P. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.—To an overflowing audience Father Burke told an oft-repeated story, and his Sermon was a long one; but neither the want of novelty in the subject, nor the length of time bestowed upon its elucidation, seemed to be present to the mind of those who listened to that grand Irish eloquence as it came straight and glowing from the heart of the preacher who meant every word he said. The Sermon has been committed to print, not without losing much in the process, but enough remains to show that Father Burke deserves his reputation, and that God has given to him that gift which is the special characteristic of Catholic preachers, who by the fact that they announce unchanging truth are generally tied down to much sameness of subject-matter in their sermons,—the gift of declaring *non nova, sed nove*. St. Ignatius, in himself and in his children, has amid blame and persecution never been without sincere panegyrists, but he is not what we know him to be, the saint of grateful spirit who can never leave a service unrequited, unless he procures some special grace for Father Burke in acknowledgment of such a hearty panegyric.

---

2. *Unpublished Essay by Dr. Doyle. An Essay on Education and the State of Ireland, by an Irish Catholic.* With explanatory remarks by W. J. FitzPatrick, M.R.I.A. Dublin: W. H. Gill.—Already in Dr. Doyle's time we find the epithet "interminable" applied to the Education Question. The endeavour to legislate for the right imparting of Christian knowledge on the broad basis of *quot homines, tot sententiae*, began very early to produce amusing situations. At the epoch to which this essay belongs it was gravely, and with evident good faith and benevolent intentions, proposed to make the reading of a Catholic edition of the Bible by a lay Scripture-reader, pronounced duly qualified by a Protestant board of examiners, the basis of the religious instruction of Catholic children. Permission was to be given to the Catholic clergy to supplement this principal lesson in any manner they might think right. Dr. Doyle, as may be supposed, does not spare the ridiculous suggestion, but the same reasons, no doubt, whatever they may have been, which made him unwilling to sign his name or call himself D. K. L. on this occasion, interfered also to prevent its publication at the time.





ST. JOSEPH'S  
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,

48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS AND DAYS OF OBLIGATION) FROM  
HALF-PAST TEN TO ONE, AND FROM TWO TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

---

NEW BOOKS FOR SEPTEMBER.

*A Life's Decision.* By T. W. Allies.  
*Life of King Alfred.* By Rev. A. G. Knight.  
*Life of St. Catharine of Siena.* By A. T. Drane.  
*Life of the Prince Consort.* Vol. V.  
*Anglican Schism.* By Nicholas Sanders.  
*The Anglican Ministry.* By A. W. Hutton.  
*The Greatest Heiress in England.* By Mrs. Oliphant.  
*Eight Months in an Ox Waggon.* By Sandeman.  
*Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages.*  
*Donna Quixote.* By Justin M'Carthy.  
*Memoires de Mde. de Rénusat.*  
*Records of the English Province S.J.* Vol. V.  
*The Jesuits.* By B. N.  
*Pauline Marie Jaricot.*  
*Les Philosophes Convertis.* By Charles Bussy.  
*Les Splendeurs de la Foi.*  
*Le Miracles et les Sciences Medicales.* By Père Bonniot.  
*Training of the Apostles.* Vol. I. By Father Coleridge.  
*Little Miss Primrose.* By Author of *St. Olaves.*  
*Entropia.* By Father Pius Devine.  
*Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.* By Father Strange.  
*The Beleaguered City.* By Mrs. Oliphant.  
*Life of Bishop MacDevitt.*  
*Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones.*  
*Lays and Legends of Thomond.*  
*Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages.*  
*La Saint-Barthélemy.* By M. l'Abbé Lefortier.  
*Prophecy of St. Malachy.* By Rev. M. J. O'Brien.  
*Life of D. Bartholomew of the Martyrs.* By Lady Herbert.  
*Metaphysics of the Schools.* By Father Harper.  
*Sunshine and Shadow.* By Mrs. Brassey.  
*Procès de la Reine.* By Raoul de Navery.  
*Through Rough Waters.*  
*Bernadette.* Par Henri Lasserre.  
*Per Crucem ad Lucem.* By T. W. Allies.

---

A large collection of English and Foreign Works.

Special arrangements for Book Clubs.

A Children's Library at a lower rate for circulation amongst the poor.



Wholesale 18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London. Works—Birmingham.

# PERRY & CO., LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS.

## PERRY & CO.'S PATENT NICKEL SILVER PENS.

The great success and favour these Pens are finding with the Public have induced the Patentee to publish the following patterns: the 441, of soft and quill-like action; the Nickel J, 1446,



for bold and fashionable writing; and the Cleopatra, 1448, a hard pen, suitable for Bookkeepers. 1s. per Box, or 3s. per Gross.

Sold by all Stationers.



PERRY & CO.'S  
ROYAL

## AROMATIC ELASTIC BANDS.

The universal favour that these assorted boxes of Bands have met with from the public fully justifies us in stating that they are one of the most useful requisites for the counting house or library. For domestic use they are invaluable to supersede string for jams, preserves, pickles, &c., being much more economical and convenient. Price 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and upwards, per Box.

## PERRY & CO.'S Patent Propelling and Withdrawing COPYING-INK PENCILS

Dispense with the use of Inkstand, Pen, and Copying Press. Price 6d. each.  
Sold by all Stationers.

6d.  
each.

**PERRY & CO.'S INSTANTANEOUS  
INK EXTRACTOR.**

6d.  
each.

N.B.—Directions for use are given with each Extractor.

It easily removes Ink spots, Fruit, Wine, and other Stains, Iron moulds, Discolorations, &c., from the Skin, Paper, Linen (and other fabrics), Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c. As a Companion to the Writing Desk, the Dressing Case, or the Toilet Table, and as an article for Laundry use, it is invaluable.

ROSEHAMPTON: PRINTED BY JAMES STANLEY.

## PERRY & CO.'S PATENT ALUMINIUM GOLD PENCILS.



5085. "Armstrong" Pattern, Aluminium Gold, 4s. each.  
6064. "Armstrong" Pattern, Nickel Silver, 1s. 6d. each.



5089. Telescopic Black Handle, 4s. each.

## PERRY & CO.'S METAL PUZZLE BOX.



Containing 72 Select Varieties of Steel, Patent Nickel Silver and Gilt Pens. Price 1s.  
To be obtained through any Stationer.  
Sample Box post free for 1s. 2d.

## PERRY & CO.'S Holborn Viaduct Printer.

THIS INGENIOUS APPARATUS IS THE BEST  
MULTIPLE COPYIST.  
100 Fac simile Copies can be taken in  
15 minutes.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Prices, including Ink and Sponge, in Polished  
Wood Boxes:—

Note size, 10 by 6¼, 7s. 6d.; Letter, 12½ by 10, 12s. 6d.; Foolscap, 14½ by 10, 18s.; Folio, 19 by 12¼, 25s.

In Zinc Cases:—Note size, 3s.; Letter, 6s.; Foolscap, 9s.; Folio, 12s.

Black, Violet, Red, and Blue Ink, 1s. per bottle.

WHOLESALE:

18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Wholesale—18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, London. Works—Birmingham.

